

# NEW HAMPSHIRE THE GRANITE STATE MONTHLY

Vol. 62

No. 1

**JANUARY**

New Hampshire's Population

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

The Red House on the Corner

ARIA CUTTING ROBERTS

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BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912**

Statement of *Granite Monthly* published monthly at Manchester, N. H., for October 1, 1929. State  
of New Hampshire, County of Hillsborough.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared  
Edward T. McShane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the  
owner of the *Granite Monthly* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true  
statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publi-  
cation for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in  
section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. The name and address of the publisher, editor, and business manager is Edward T. McShane,  
94 Concord Street, Manchester, N. H.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also  
immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or  
more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual  
owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and  
address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Edward T. McShane, 94 Concord  
Street, Manchester, N. H.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per  
cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security  
holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the  
books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books  
of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for  
whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing  
affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and  
security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities  
in a capacity other than a bona fide owned and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person,  
association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1929,  
than as so stated by him.

EDWARD T. McSHANE.  
EDW. I. LITTLEFIELD.

(My commission expires December 10, 1931)

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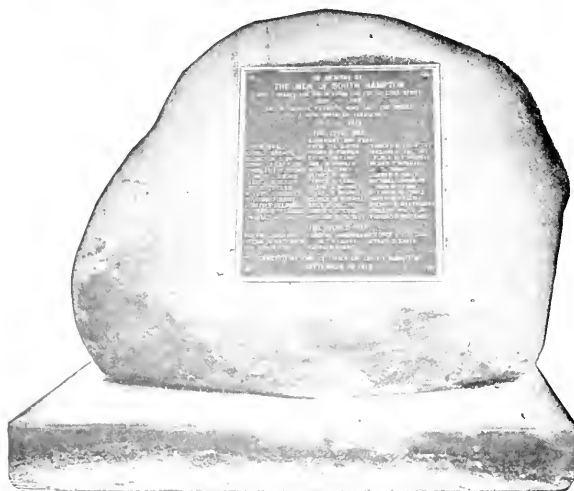
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# *The Old Man of the Mountain*

VIOLA BRACKETT BESSEY

What are you seeing, "Old Man of the Mountain,"  
As you stand on your pinnacle high?  
Your face tells no tales,  
Does the sight give you pleasure?  
Tell me true, does it e'er make you sigh?

How long have you stood there, "Old Man of the Mountain"?  
Has it been since beginning of time?  
Did man carve your features  
Or did the Creator?  
Do you ever grow weary, or pine?

Of what are you thinking, "Old Man of the Mountain,"  
As you gaze o'er the world day by day?  
Of the marvelous beauty  
God spreads out before you?  
Of the trials of men by the way?

Awe-stricken, I gaze on your features before me  
As the sun drops a kiss on your brow,  
Or the wind and the rain  
Lash about you in fury;  
You have ne'er shown a frown, then or now.

I'll tell you a secret, "Old Man of the Mountain":  
"I love your grim-visaged old face,"  
Though it fills me with shame  
When I'm weak or uncertain,  
Or tempted to lag in the race.

And so I am hoping, "Old Man of the Mountain,"  
That some day a secret you'll tell;  
E'en though, like the Sphinx,  
Your features are stony,  
And your secrets you guard just as well.



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COMPANY  
*of New Hampshire*



# *Penacook Academy*

*Dedication of Tablet in Honor of That Time-Honored Institution - A Glimpse of Its History and Its Struggle Until Purchased by the Town It Became the Home of the Penacook High School*

EDUCATION has ever been held high in the estimation of the people of New England. From the time when the first permanent settlement was made at Plymouth, in 1620, the school and the church have been refining and uplifting elements in the progress of American culture, and the establishment, upon the North American continent, of the greatest and most philanthropic as well as the richest and most progressive nation the world has ever known.

The schoolhouse has been the prime factor in our wonderful and rapid development.

Three hundred years ago the "Mayflower" brought across the stormy Atlantic a small colony of devout Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock, upon the barren coast of Massachusetts, all imbued with high ideals; high types of manhood and womanhood, bringing with them law, order and religion as well as the sterling qualities necessary to the establishment of a permanent home in the great wilderness of America. Crude were their log dwellings and few the comforts such as they had left behind; comforts and necessities that cost the lives of more than half their number before the close of their first and saddest winter in an unknown land. The church was one of the first buildings constructed. The schoolhouse followed in due time, and as population increased no community was without its schoolhouse or some provision for education.

Academies, colleges and various institutions of learning have since been established all over our broad land, and among them Penacook Academy took its place, changing its name in 1875 to Penacook Normal Academy, and undergoing another change in 1880 to Penacook Academy and School of Practice, ceasing its operations in 1883. Two years later the buildings were sold to the school district and were used as a grade school until 1910, when upon the organization of the Penacook Union School District they became the home of the Penacook High school.

## TABLET DEDICATED

On Wednesday, September 4, citizens of Penacook who were interested in the history and welfare of the community, and especially those who had received their education within the walls of Penacook Academy, attended the unveiling of a memorial tablet dedicated to the founders of the famous old Academy and School of Practice. The ceremonies were fitting and pathetic and were carried out in connection with the annual reunion of the alumni and former students of the schools.

Shortly after 2 p. m. the tablet was unveiled. Upon its face is the following inscription:

"1866—Penacook Academy—1875.

"1875—Penacook Normal Academy—1880.

"1881—Penacook Academy and School of Practice—1885.

"To honor and perpetuate the memory of those who actuated by their faith in education and their love for their community, by their wisdom, their courage and their sacrifices, founded these schools, and with their associates and their successors sustained and directed them, this tablet is erected in gratitude by former students.

campus, and opened with music by the Industrial School band. Edmund H. Brown, for many years president of the Alumni Association, presided. His introductory speech was followed by the appointment of a nominating committee including David H. Putnam, Henry A. Brown and Mrs. Julia Webster Carroll. The band then played, "The Star



HANNAH CLOUGH STEVENS GAGE

JOHN CHANDLER GAGE

#### "Founders and First Trustees:

"Nehemiah Butler, president; Isaac K. Gage, secretary; William H. Allen, treasurer; Henry H. Brown, Ira E. Kenney, Calvin Gage, William R. Jewett, John S. Brown, David Putnam, John Chandler Gage, John A. Holmes, Healey Morse, David A. Brown, William H. Gage, donor of land."

Many were deeply affected as memories were revived.

The reunion was held upon the High School grounds, formerly the Academy

Spangled Banner," following which the tablet was unveiled and the flag flung to the breeze by two of the early students, Mrs. Martha J. Flanders Buxton and Mrs. Mary Gage Hazeltine.

The tablet was presented to the Union School District by Hon. Alvin B. Cross of Concord, who delivered a brief eulogy of the men who founded these schools.

#### MR. CROSS' ADDRESS

To have a part in this program here today is a privilege and an honor. In-

teresting in itself, this occasion is of greater importance for what it symbolizes, the devotion of New England to the cause of education.

It was my good fortune as a young man to be associated with the Penacook Academy and School of Practice as a teacher. I say good fortune, not only because of the pleasant hours spent in the schoolroom and on the recreation field, but also, and mainly, because my coming to Penacook brought into my life its greatest factor, my wife. Through her and her family and the School of Practice I feel myself very closely identified with the Penacook Academy.

I will not encroach upon the time of the other and abler speakers by attempting to sketch the history of the schools which have occupied this building. I will not name any of the boys and girls who received training here which helped to make them useful men and women in all the walks of life. I will not speculate upon the benefit which has come to this community and to other communities as a result of the establishment of this modest educational plant. We know it has wrought great good. We will not attempt to say how much.

The thought that is uppermost in my mind, as we dedicate this memorial tablet at our annual reunion today, is the far-seeing public spirit and the self-denying generosity of the men who built this Penacook Academy.

Sixty-three years ago, when this institution came into existence, the Civil War had just ended. One of the greatest conflicts of history, its cost in lives and in money had been tremendous. There was grave doubt as to the future. It was a time when men of means would have been justified in husbanding their resources until the course of events was assured.

But the men and women of Penacook, whose memory we honor here today, becoming convinced of the need for an academy in their beautiful and thriving village, did not hesitate to make it possible by liberal gifts of their substance.

The reason why little New England has had national and international influence out of all proportion to its size, has been because its founders and their successors have based their daily life upon the church and the school, upon religion and education. And New England will retain its leadership as long, and only so long, as it continues to build firmly upon these foundations.

I rejoice in the fact that the Penacook Academy building is still used for the purposes of education; that it still houses a good school, a very good school, whose graduates are making splendid records in later life. I hope and have faith to believe that those whose names appear upon this tablet, today, are happy in the knowledge that the Penacook Academy they founded and maintained is still carrying on the good and great cause of education.

In behalf of the donors of this tablet I herewith present it to the Board of Education of the school district; with the hope that it may be a source of inspiration to the boys and the girls, the men and women, of Penacook, in years to come; that it may stand in the minds of all who view it for the kind hearts, the goodly and godly lives, and the splendid public service of the founders of Penacook Academy.

George W. Sumner, Superintendent of Penacook schools, in accepting the tablet in behalf of the board of education, said he considered the tablet an important connecting link between the old private academy and the new public high school.

and paid due homage to the men who made higher education possible.

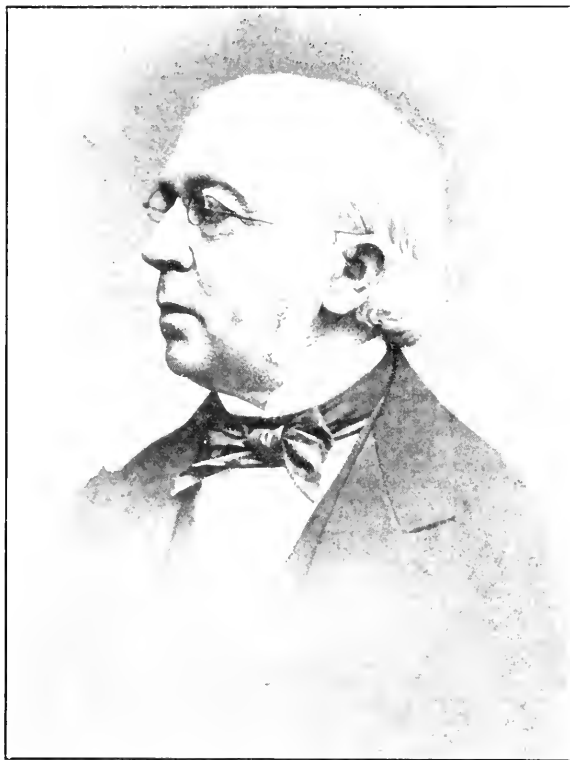
The dedicatory prayer was made by Rev. O. W. Peterson, pastor of the Penacook Congregational church.

Harry F. Lake of Concord was the orator of the occasion, and his eloquence

to launch out as a going institution on October 1, 1866.

#### MR. LAKE'S ADDRESS

Not far from where we are now standing, one day into the hayfield of the father of Daniel Webster walked, on an



REV. WILLIAM R. JEWETT

Pastor Congregational Church in Penacook, 1863-1874.  
Removed from Penacook in 1874. Trustee 1866—  
Executive Committee 1867-1873. He held one share  
of stock.

thrilled all within the sound of his voice, as he spoke of the importance of education and the immortal words of the father of Daniel Webster, "Daniel, get an education." He also referred to the first call of interested men in 1865, when nine responded, and expressed profound admiration for all who joined in the plans that enabled Penacook Academy

errand, a congressman from New Hampshire. After he had performed his errand and left the field, the father turned to his son Daniel, who was by his side, and said, "Daniel, that man is a congressman in Washington and he earns \$6.00 per day. He does this because he is educated. Daniel, get an education."

If the elder Webster had lived to this

day and learned that a recent survey of the income of those educated, supposedly, at one of our leading colleges had disclosed the fact that those who had graduated therefrom but ten years before had incomes ranging from \$10,000 to \$100,000 per year, we can imagine how much more insistent he would have been that his son get an education. It would, however, probably be unfair to assume that all that Ebenezer Webster saw in an education was mere money. Certainly the education that his great son acquired, partly no doubt though his father's insistence, and in part by his father's sacrifice, led not to much money but to great glory.

Contemplating the beginning of an institution that has contributed something to society, we think of the generation that made that contribution. There are but few of us who do not love to delve into the early stories of our people, and few of us who do not take pride in what we find there, strangers to fear but not to hardship and poverty, heirs of their father's sturdy piety and their mother's sturdy faith. Amongst these were found the best blood and brawn, the best muscle and brain that ever went into the making of a man, and certainly in some instances, these qualities developed and not dwarfed, strengthened and not weakened, they handed to their descendants.

I think of that vast company—pioneers, frontiersmen, Indian fighters, statesmen and scholars, who, following the star of empire into the west, made their way through the woods and cleared the wilderness. The land gave up its riches, the mere crossroads became a community, the statesmen laid a town hall, the circuit rider laid a church, and out of it all they formed the American Republic. These are the expected, not the unexpected accomplishments of a

people who left England for those purposes for which we now know they left the mother country. They established their homes, crude but ideal in many aspects, because they were a domestic and moral people. They established their civic enterprises as they did, because these were entirely consistent with the Anglo-Saxon thought of community life, and, of course, they planted a church in every hamlet, because their mission was to make religious liberty a fact; but to me the perfectly surprising fact is to be found in the insatiable thirst for knowledge displayed by our early population. They wanted to know things—they had an urge toward culture—they all wanted their children to have a better chance in life than they had had. They had a burning ambition for those things which they felt education alone could bring.

The advice of Daniel Webster's father to his son is typical. How far such typical advice was obeyed is seen in the statement of Edmund Burke 175 years ago that the male population of New England was a company of lawyers.

To satisfy this thirst for knowledge—to make each generation more learned than the other—to get those things which such learning made possible, came first our common schools supported by public taxation. Soon these proved to be inadequate to satisfy that thirst for knowledge of which I have spoken and shortly thereafter institutions sprang up, of which this is a type, supported by private enterprise.

There is a book found, I am sure, in the libraries of many of you, edited by Hon. H. H. Metcalf, and pleasantly and complementarily called "One Thousand New Hampshire Notables." Now, one of the very interesting things revealed by this book is the fact that a very large proportion of the men and women whom

the editor of this work has been pleased to include therein, who have been active in public affairs of this and the last generation, were in their day educated in such schools as this Penacook Academy. What had been done by the forward-looking and public-spirited men of this vicinity, had been done in many other

older people present, but to the others are only names in history.

Now the thing to remember about all these is the fact that they existed by private charity or enterprise only. I mean that they were founded by private effort and supported by endowments and the tuition of those attending. Public tax-



DEACON WILLIAM HENRY ALLEN

1815-1899. Trustee 1869— Treasurer 1866-1875, 1886.  
He held two shares of stock.

places. One can easily find between 20 and 30 names of such schools by a casual looking over the book,—Pittsfield Academy, Hopkinton Academy, Kearsarge School of Practice, Tubbs Union Academy, Mt. Caesar Seminary, Appleton Academy, McCullum Institute, Clinton Grove Academy, Elmwood Academy. These names are familiar enough to the

ation contributed nothing at all. The beginnings of this school was much like that of all the rest. May I read from the Call, the first gesture towards the formation of the school. It bears strangely no signatures. "All citizens of Fisherville who feel any interest in the establishment of a select school by the voluntary action of individuals entirely



distinct and separate from the public schools are requested to meet at the Washington Hotel on Thursday the 21st instant at 7 in the evening, dated Dec. 18, 1865." Nine people interested in the select school contemplated by the Call responded. As might be expected, one was the village lawyer and of the others two were local clergymen. In the home of one of these clergymen lived William J. Tucker, later leader in the world of education as president of Dartmouth College. The story of this school is too those interested in it too well-known for extensive review at this time. A corporation was formed—Penacook Academy—thus first using in a permanent and significant way the name of Penacook instead of Fisherville.

A school building was erected, a boarding house built and the select school ready for business. Of course this was not done without the usual differences, not to say dissensions. First, the location was an issue; should the school be on the Concord or the Boscawen side of the river? Money talked in those days, the same as now, and the man, William H. Gage, who donated two acres of land and \$1,000 out of \$15,000 of total cost incurred,—this man located the school. For some time prosperity attended the enterprise. As many as a maximum of 102 pupils who sought learning attended here at the same time, and formal graduations were held. Many prominent and worthy people are proud to have attended the institution.

Not only sunshine but shadows beat upon the school. It maintained a separate and exclusive existence only until 1871, when the Boscawen School District adopted Penacook Academy as its high school and this connection, affecting as it must the nature of the original enterprise, continued until 1883, when the relation was severed as it is understood,

in part at least, by the too pronounced or at least very vigorous activities of the principal or headmaster against the selling of liquor in this community. A rough estimate of the annual income of the school at the highest would be about \$2,000 from tuitions. There can be no judgment made as to income from the boarding house—nor whether it was profitable or not. At any rate, the trustees had to do what often happens in such matters, viz. go into their own pockets to make up deficits, but the bold recurrence of the votes by which the stockholders authorized the trustees to do this signified a remarkable confidence on the part of the stockholders and a like remarkable acquiescence on the part of the trustees. Habit, apparently, makes people used to almost anything.

Two attempts of a serious nature were made to rent the whole plant to educators willing to take it over and run it as a private venture for such reward as they could get. Even this method of procedure did not prove successful, and finally the mortgage originally placed upon the property was foreclosed and the plant sold to Penacook School District, and Penacook Academy — known at later periods under private management as Penacook Normal Academy," and still later as "The Penacook Academy and School of Practice"—came to an end.

There is one thing about the origin of the school that I think most remarkable. The call for the first meeting was December 18, 1865. The response of the nine citizens interested in a select school was December 21, 1865, and the school building was erected, a curriculum laid out, students entered, teachers engaged and an educational institution had come into existence as an established, going concern, October 31, 1866. I don't believe in all New England you can find greater expedition in the fulfillment of

high resolve than was manifested by these Gages and Browns and all the others engaged in this enterprise.

The active record of this school closes with the annual meeting of March 12, 1886—after 20 years of active, somewhat doubtful, troublous life—with the vote that the treasurer be authorized to

planned—is a source of disappointment to those who sacrificed time and money to its welfare—or who as graduates, look upon it with that affection ever found in alumni for their Alma Mater. To me, however, the change from a privately supported to a publicly supported school is not an occasion for sorrow



CALVIN GAGE, 1811-1889

Trustee 1860— Building Committee. With his brother John Chandler Gage, donated the lumber used in the buildings. He held eighteen shares of stock.

execute a quit-claim deed of all the title of the corporation to this property to Boscawen School District No. 7. And a deed was subsequently executed in pursuance of this vote.

It can be imagined at this time that the fact that this school did not become a permanent institution in this community—functioning as the originators

but of joy. The change was in line with progress.

During the life of this school most students of high school curricula or its equivalent, paid for it themselves—and hence only a small proportion of our young people had such advantages. Why, however, should so vital and necessary a thing as education be paid

for by each person for himself? Obviously, it should not—and that is the thought of the present day. The instruction and equipment in this building today is at public expense. The supervision is not by a small group of trustees, but by a community elected board of education—with, however, a constantly dwindling power and authority in school matters in favor of those experts higher up—and this too is probably in line with progress.

When this school operated as an Academy, in all such institutions in the state probably the attendance was not one-fifth that of today, when there are 13,000 boys and girls in our high schools in New Hampshire. And the wonder to me, ever growing, is that in a state like New Hampshire, not wealthy, indeed poor in parts, with a population that must look well to its dollars, I have hardly ever seen or heard a protest against the raising of money for school purposes.

In New Hampshire, the raising and wise spending of \$8,000,000 per year for school purposes is no small job.

I repeat, the eclipse of Penacook Academy is in line with progress. Instead of a boy or girl with extra ambition or ability, or out of a family of more than usual means, getting an academy education, every boy and girl may in this district come here at public expense and obtain its equivalent training and advantages. Ladies and gentlemen, some things are slow in coming, for while it is a fact that every boy and girl in New Hampshire has, under the law, the absolute right so far as school expense is concerned to a high school education—yet we should remember that such conditions did not prevail until the beginning of the present century. And it is my profound conviction that such institutions as this all over the state paved the way for universal high school education,

by showing its desirability and its possibility in a large number of given instances. Both the coming and the going of this school meant something better in this vicinity—each was a strong link in the endless chain of progress. We do well, therefore, today to recognize the men who founded and for so long a time maintained this school. They wrought much for the peace, the culture and the welfare of this community. Saying this—and saying this truly—is the highest praise that can be accorded any group of men.

Former students of the academy present were:

Tilton C. H. Bouton, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Bessie Pettingill Whitaker, Warner; David H. Putnam, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Mary Gage Hazeltine, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Emma F. Blake, Bristol; Mrs. Vienna D. Pearson, Webster; Fred A. Eastman, West Concord; Mr. and Mrs. Alvin B. Cross, Concord; Mrs. Alla Dearborn Carter and Mrs. Julia Webster Carroll of Boscawen, and Mrs. Martha J. Buxton, Edmund H. Brown, Mrs. Georgia Gage Rolfe, Miss Lucy K. Gage, Mrs. Frances G. Alexander, Mrs. Jeanette Mattice, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sanders, Henry A. Brown, Mrs. Annie K. Williams, Mrs. Mary Howe Ruunels, Mrs. Ellen Little Burbank, Mrs. Nellie Sweatland Colby and Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. Hubbard. Six of these were present on the opening day of the old academy. They were: Georgia Gage Rolfs, Elizabeth M. Gage Cross, Martha J. Buxton, Sarah Abbott Sanders, Jeanette Gage Mattice, and Edmund H. Brown.

#### HISTORICAL

The history of Penacook Academy reveals the high character of the men

and women who gave freely of their time and money, and who, with untiring energy, worked for the establishment and maintenance of this famous school, which has graduated and sent out to take part in the world's work, brilliant men and women who have achieved prominence in their chosen professions and who have made the world better for having lived exemplary and useful lives.

The little booklet, "Penacook Academy," compiled by Rev. Oscar William Peterson, pastor of the Congregational Church of Penacook, and published by Mrs. Elizabeth May Gage of Concord, N. H., contains a complete history of the life and activities of Penacook Academy. From it the author has made extracts embodied in the following historical notes:

Penacook (formerly Fisherville) took its present name in 1884.

The first meeting held for the purpose of organizing an institution of higher education in what is now Penacook, convened at the Washington House, December 21, 1865, eight months after the close of the civil war. Nine citizens composed the meeting: Henry H. Brown, John S. Brown, Rev. Ira E. Kenney, pastor of the Baptist church; Rev. William R. Jewett, pastor of the Congregational church, Calvin Gage, John Chandler Gage, Hon. Nehemiah Butler and Isaac K. Gage. Other meetings followed from time to time, and the organization was completed at the Washington House on January 26, 1866, by the holding of the first annual meeting for the adoption of by-laws and election of officers: President, Nehemiah Butler, Esq.; Secretary, Isaac K. Gage; Treasurer, William H. Allen; Trustees, Henry H. Brown, Calvin Gage, John Chandler Gage, Rev. William R. Jewett, John S.

Brown, Healy Morse, David A. Brown, Eben F. Elliott and George S. Merrill.

The board of trustees met at the counting room of the Penacook mill, February 28, 1866, and chose Calvin Gage, Henry H. Brown and Isaac K. Gage a building committee with Rev. William R. Jewett and Rev. Ira E. Kenney as advisors.

The school building and boarding house cost \$15,000. Mrs. Cross states that her father, John Chandler Gage, and his brother, Calvin Gage, being then partners in an extensive lumber business, gave, free of charge, all the lumber used in the buildings.

Following is a list of the stockholders and the number of shares:

Henry H. Brown .....	30
John S. Brown .....	30
S. E. Whitney .....	2
E. S. Reed .....	1
John Chandler Gage .....	20
Calvin Gage .....	18
Isaac K. Gage .....	1
Nehemiah Butler .....	18
William H. Gage .....	10
Healy Morse .....	6
Luther Gage .....	5
David A. Brown .....	5
John C. Morrison .....	5
David Putnam .....	3
A. G. Howe .....	3
Hannibal Bonney .....	3
William H. Allen .....	2
George H. Hinton .....	2
Austin G. Kimball .....	2
Ezra S. Harris .....	2
E. R. Manning .....	2
Eben F. Elliott .....	2
Thomas Igo .....	2
D. Arthur Brown .....	1
H. H. Danforth .....	1
Calvin Roberts .....	1
Williams R. Jewett .....	1
Asa M. Gage .....	1
George F. Sanborn .....	1
Wintthrop B. Flanders .....	1
Luke Eastman .....	1

Henry C. Perrin .....	1
David E. Jones .....	1
George S. Morrill .....	1
Ira E. Kenney .....	1
John Linehan .....	1
Samuel F. Brown .....	1
A. Tyler Gilford .....	1
John A. Colburn .....	1
Moses H. Bean .....	1
Henry F. Brown .....	1
Total: 41 stockholders, 209 shares, \$10,450.	

Interest in the school declined after a few years until in 1875 the trustees, feeling unable to continue its work, offered the buildings and property to Rev. A. C. Hardy, a Methodist Episcopal clergyman from Portsmouth, who assumed re-

sponsibility and changed the name of the school to "Penacook Normal Academy." Mr. Hardy continued the school for three years, when, for lack of support, he withdrew.

In the fall of 1878 Prof. C. A. Caldwell assumed the management of the school. Two years later Rev. John Larry, principal of the Kearsarge School of Practice at Wilmot, N. H., leased the buildings for three years and conducted upon his own responsibility the "Penacook Academy and School of Practice." In the spring of 1883 Principal Larry closed his school for lack of support and the active life of the school closed forever.

## *That's What I Love*

CLYDE KENNETH WHITSON

A cottage fair,  
High hills above  
A country home—  
That's what I love.

A rambling house  
Among the hills  
Roses of white  
And daffodils  
Swaying gently  
From morn till night,  
That's the country—  
A lovely sight!

A rippling brook,  
A cooing dove;  
Sweet solitude!  
That's what I love!

# *“Running Away From Life”*

REV. WALLACE W. ANDERSON

SOMEONE has pointed out that games which children enjoy playing have a connection with their later life experiences. The games of childhood are symbolic of experiences of adult life. For example, “Tag” expresses man’s desire to overtake and subdue a rival. “Puss in the corner” reveals man’s desire to try to capture a place in the sun when there are not quite enough of those places to go around. We all know the fascination a game of “hide and seek” has for children. This, too, expresses a deep-seated tendency in man. We try to run away and hide from certain facts in life. We refuse to face reality. We attempt to build for ourselves a world of “make-believe,” thinking that we can abolish a situation by denying its existence. We try to live in a dream world instead of in an actual one. When life brings something difficult or disagreeable or discouraging, instead of accepting it, we have all been tempted to play hide and seek with it.

We find people doing this in all sorts of ways. Here is a woman, sixty years of age, who has refused to admit that time has passed. She has not made the adjustments that will make a woman, her age, happy. Instead she acts, dresses and believes in such a way that she attempts to make others think she is nearer sixteen than sixty. But folks are never really fooled in this way! She herself is never really satisfied with her “make believe” age. She is trying to run away from facts!

Others may run away from life through drugs, or intoxicating liquor.

One who is frequently intoxicated proclaims that he is maladjusted to life. Existence is too hard for him. It may weary him, or bore him, or frighten him. He has cluttered up life until his purpose is confused. He seeks to escape from it all by frequent trips into a “make believe” world where troubles are forgotten, and the sensations that a stimulant like alcohol brings, are enjoyed. On the other hand, the man who is adjusted to life, who finds satisfaction in its abiding values, who discovers inner resources of strength to compensate for outward strain, does not run from existence by getting drunk.

This truth is seen in another way in a construction engineer who refused to build a roof on a tobacco factory because he disapproved of smoking. Later this engineer was sent to jail because of an ingenious defrauding scheme. There was dishonesty in his soul. It was a serious wrong and instead of facing it and getting rid of it, he ran away from it and left it there in his soul. Then he sought to compensate for that “big” wrong, by being fanatical in his opposition to what was for him, a “little” wrong—namely tobacco smoking. It is a psychological trick of human nature to emphasize the trivial when we are running away from something that is not trivial.

Men run away from certain moral questions by building “water-tight” compartments in which they try to hold various contradictory standards. There are skeletons in the closet that we keep locked up most of the time, refusing to admit their existence and living upon

the false assumption that they are not there. This tendency accounts for some curious phenomena that makes us say of someone—"how can he do that, professing to be this?" He has simply run away from a moral issue and lacks a unified moral sense. Illustrations come from all walks of life. There is the man in business who sanctions a financial transaction for his company, for which he would blush with shame, if he made a similar transaction in his private dealings with folk. By this same method, a successful brewer in pre-prohibition days, might sincerely subscribe towards the proper maintenance of a home for drunkards. In this same way, a church member claiming that God is love, will continue to try to worship this God, while all the time she hates some other member worshipping in the same church!

Every once in awhile, the front pages of the newspaper give us a glaring headline about some minister who has been dishonest or immoral. That minister probably was standing up week after week, talking about the higher way of life. But he was refusing to face the issue in his own soul. He was pointing out the way to a better life, without being himself put to the difficult task of trying to follow it.

So we have opened up before ourselves a real problem in human life. This tendency makes for unhappiness, maladjustment, and sham and immoral conduct. It makes us slaves to existence, not conquerors within it. Let us look at various angles of this question, noting the ways in which we do try to run from life and suggesting at the same time, means for overcoming this tendency.

In the first place, people are apt to run away from the limitations they discover within themselves.

Despite the wording of a great political document, men are not "created equal." In every democracy there must be an equality of opportunity to express whatever talents are latent in the individual. But to say that the talents are equal is false. All of us have not the same capacity to learn and experiment with the results of our learning; all of us have not the same ability to lead and take the foremost places, as a result of leadership. All of us have not the same genius for friendship, and social charm. Some of us may feel inhibited and fail to achieve what we want. Now I am not preaching fatalism, nor am I lending support to that ancient lie that human nature cannot be changed. Human nature can be changed—it is re-fashioned and re-molded by ideals and the cultivation of new habits. But we all have our limitations. We have so much cloth to cut and we must make our garments in proportion to the cloth we have been given. We must understand our individual natures, ability and need. If we are a dreamer by nature, we might be a good poet or musician, but we would make a poor clerk at a railroad information bureau, where thousands clamor for exact information every day. Our individual make-up limits us. We are kept from doing some things!

It is good to realize our limitations. It keeps us from a needless expenditure of energy. Otherwise we might be like a locomotive, upside down. The wheels are in the air and turning furiously, but the locomotive does not move because it has left the track.

It is not pleasant to face limitations, but it is less dangerous than to run away from them. Let me bring this down into the concrete. Here is a boy, who desires to be a great athlete. But his physi-

cal frame will forever keep him from being a great one—but it will allow him to be some sort of an athlete. He is barred from greatness in this field by too many limitations. That boy can do one of two things—he can train to be some kind of an athlete even if he is not a star, or he can refuse to face the facts and begin dreaming about athletic prowess. He will see himself as a world champion; he will listen, in his imagination, to his name on the end of a college cheer after he has brought the stadium to its feet by a winning touchdown. He will picture how it feels to bring in the winning run in the last inning. But notice that he has only dreamed this—he has developed no concrete athletic ability. He has become a day dreamer. He has substituted wishing for doing; fancy, for fact.

So many of us do just that, when we face our limitations. Wanting to do something, we find the limitations present, and instead of doing something where we are not thus limited—we simply sit down and wish for the other thing. Day dreaming may act like a drug. It may make us feel cozy and comfortable. But it is notoriously unproductive. It is quite another thing to have vision, and plan lines of action from constructive dreams. But day dreaming leaves everything untranslated in action. It makes a man dally and postpone, forever talking about something he never does. The only cure is to face facts. If we find ourselves blocked, turn around and walk down another street where we are not limited. We simply enter a fools' paradise when we seek refuge in day-dreaming. It gets us nowhere!

Then, too, people try to run not only from their own limitations, but away from circumstances that existence brings to them.

Life does not always give us exactly what we desire. It is a wise man who has learned to say: "The universe is stronger than I am. I will accommodate myself to the universe." No one wants to be defeated but defeats come. We are defeated in our friendships, in some of our cherished hopes; defeated in our desire for marriage, and the establishment of a home; defeated by some physical affliction when we stood facing the world in our prime. A man who is face to face with defeat, can do either one of two things. He can run away from it and try to convince himself that he was really a victor instead of a victim, and that he was running simply for exercise. But this method will prove fruitless. It will leave him no better prepared to meet future circumstances. The second method is to make use of all circumstances. Let the defeat teach you some lesson in readjustment or patience or insight, so a future victory will result from the lesson learned in a past defeat.

In order to do this, a man must learn the meaning of Jesus' words: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

The real victories are spiritual. Not in the external accompaniments to life, but in life itself, can be found power to face existence. Today multitudes have lost sight of this truth and we have the pathetic picture of men and women trying to escape from circumstances. They are bored and try to run away from boredom by a frantic round of theatres, bridge parties, restaurants, dances, noise and hurry! But only by great interests that bring meaning and satisfaction to life, can a man overcome boredom! Has life cheated us? If we feel it has, look first to what we have given ourselves. Are we finding our pleasures in those things that strengthen with the passing of years, or have we put our trust in



fleeting things? Existence may sorely try us. It may bend us, but if we face it, it can never break us! The Kingdom of God is within you!

In the third place, man has always tried to run away from sin.

When man has once felt the power of the higher up he can never rest satisfied with the lower. It is true with beauty. Let a man expose himself to the compelling charm of some great cathedral—like Rheims or Milan or Chartres. Then show him some architectural monstrosity and he will shudder, for beauty has burned itself into his soul. Other men might seek refuge in ugliness but not so with him. The same thing is true with love. Let some man feel the full sweep of unselfish love in his home, until he can understand what Mrs. Browning meant when she wrote:

"The widest land doom takes to part us,  
"Leaves thy heart in mine with pulse that  
beats double!"

Such a man will turn instinctively from all vulgar and tawdry imitations of love. His soul has been fortified by the highest!

Now what is true in the revelation of beauty and love, applies equally in the realm of right and wrong.

When a man has been exposed to an ideal, felt its uplifting power, realized its worth—that man is never quite the same thereafter. He may bury that ideal or lock it up in a closet and throw away the key—or try to run away and leave the ideal behind—but he cannot get rid of it. It stays with him, whispers to him, haunts him and demands that he pay attention to it sooner or later in some way.

Strange things happen to us when we try to run away from sin. A man stole

\$50.00, 17 years ago. No one knew he had taken it. The man from whom he had taken it had died and yet that man confessed his wrong of his own free will. For 17 years, he tried to run away from wrong—but a man can't run fast enough. Here is a young person who has violated an ideal by immoral conduct. No one suspected the conduct and out of the clear sky, a friend was sought and a confession heard. We cannot live peacefully with sin! Dr. Fosdick tells a story about what happened in France not so long ago:

A man named Pierre Cayre was a hero in the last war. His name had been engraved as one of the heroic dead on a monument. His courage under fire had been extolled. His memory was something the villagers cherished. But Pierre Cayre recently gave himself up. He was not dead but alive. He was no hero, but had been a deserter. Why should a man act like that? His wife's pride in the heroic deeds of a husband was shattered—friends who blessed his memory would curse his cowardly desertion. His reputation was shattered. But he could not live with a lie!

When man violates the ideal he holds, he sins. Now a man can live with sin, trying to run away from it. But the result is worry and the loss of all peace of mind. Or, he can confess his wrong and feel the purging effect of this act and the new relation of God which follows!

What we have been saying about running away from limitations and circumstances and sin, may be summed up in two words—"face reality." We might illustrate one dominant idea by a story.

The artist, Turner, one day invited Charles Kingsley into his studio to see a picture of a storm at sea he had painted. Kingsley burst into admiration and exclaimed: "How did you do it, Turn-

er?" Whereupon the artist replied: "I wished to paint a storm at sea so I went to the coast of Holland and engaged a fisherman to take me out in his boat in the next storm. The storm was brewing and I went down to his boat and bade him bind me to its mast. Then he drove the boat out into the teeth of the storm. The storm was so furious that I longed to lie down in the bottom of the boat and allow it to blow over. But I could not—I was bound to the mast. Not only did I see that storm and feel it, but it blew itself into me till I became part of

the storm, and then I came back and painted that picture."

That story is a parable. Life is not all sunshine. Clouds form and the tragic storms come. When they do come, we, too, are tempted to lie down in the bottom of the boat and let the storm blow over us. But if we are really going to triumph over life, we must not run away, but be tied to the mast! It is a great day when a soul says: "I will not run away from life. I will dare to accept it all—to let it blow its power and tragedy and challenge into my soul!"



# *The Red House on the Corner*

ARIA CUTTING ROBERTS

*"There's a red house on the corner  
Of a street in Sunshine Town—"*

**T**HAT'S how a poet might begin. But as I am not a poet, I must say my say minus rhyme and meter.

However, there is a dear, red house on the corner of a street in Sunshine Town. In fact, it is on the corner of two well known streets. The town itself most New Hampshire-ites should know. It is about as popular as the "Latchkey to the White Mountains."

As for the red house, it is no different than most houses. And yet it is vastly different to those who know about it. Vacant, you ask? No, indeed. 'Tis not a "house with nobody in it—" and I hope it never will be. In good condition—not unsightly—like some places we see? Oh, no! It is a fine appearing house, quite modern in appearance. Its owner lives in one part of it, while the rest is tenanted.

As the dawn of a new day gradually fills our New England streets, clearer we see the old brick path leading from the sidewalk up to the door of the red house. Now the shadows are dispelled on the veranda and in the balcony overhead, while the snow in the bush at the corner and on the ground suddenly responds in wintry loveliness. By-and-by the curtains at the windows will be rolled up, and the morning light will enter into a charming living-room. It will fall upon an old-fashioned fireplace, with shelves of books near by it; upon the table and plants in the western windows; upon the writing desk, which perhaps has a partly written letter upon it; upon the carpeted

floor, the center table, and pictures on the walls. And lastly, but not *leastly*, it will touch the white hair and busy form of a true daughter of Sunshine Town!

I wonder what "Cheerio" would say this morning—if he knew? That dear person whom but few know by name—but who is known and loved by thousands over the radio? How many of you have listened to Cheerio, whose program comes from Station WEAJ, New York, from about eight-thirty until nine by the clock, on any morning except Sunday? Those who have not have missed a great deal. For many times it is not exactly necessary to leave one's work to listen to him. "Every day is somebody's birthday," and this is Cheerio's specialty.

I'll never forget the first time I heard Cheerio. I was at the home of a friend, an old school chum, who lived some miles from the center of things. Ann is very young, but she has taken the burden of a farm upon her shoulders in order to help her brother. Together they make the farm prosper, carry on the work of their fathers (and really, I was surprised)—they are quite happy doing it! I knew once that Ann did not want to stay on the farm—did not intend to. But now there is a change. A deepness of character—a new beauty has come into the life of my Ann. In spite of the veil she casts over her life, intending that no one shall see the loneliness and sacrifices beneath, which are inevitable, nevertheless I *do* see and understand.

That golden morning last October, as I sat by the window, watching the autumnal beauty, she surprised me by saying:

"Wouldn't you like to listen to the radio?"

"Don't bother, Ann," I protested.

"No bother at all," she smiled, turning the dial. "I listen nearly every morning. People make a great mistake when they say they have no time to listen in the morning. Now I do—and it helps me a lot sometimes. Did you ever hear 'Cheerio'? His programs are wonderful. I've heard he is a personal friend of Mr. Hoover's. He makes a specialty of birthdays—and he certainly does well—"

Ann left me and entered the kitchen, but she was within listening distance of Cheerio. And what a program he had! The cheery "good morning folks!" as he addressed his little company at the breakfast table, little pleasantries, answering laughter, morning singing, the silent wish, mention of particular birthdays—and what they have meant to our nation and to the world. How could anyone help being glad after listening to Cheerio? I was glad, however, that Ann was not near when his little company sang "Mighty Lak' a Rose" in answer to a request from a lady in the nineties. It was her favorite song. Try as I might, I could not keep the tears back! Certainly that single half hour must bring balm and joy to thousands every day! One more credit to our Edison, the radio—and a blessing to Cheerio for his noble undertaking!

And now, on this day, January 3, 1930, I wonder what Cheerio would say—if he knew what I know, and what others know—about the red house in Sunshine Town? I imagine that his remarks would be fitting indeed. To be sure, he would have nothing to say about the house particularly, but about the person who lives in it!

Of course, I would not—and you would not—be interested in that red

house if She did not live in it. She? And who may *She* be? Well, She is a descendant of one of the town's first settlers. And *She* is still living in the house Her fathers resided in before Her. The land on which the red house was built was once owned by the British Crown. Noble, true, ambitious—yet very sweet withal, She has done credit to the name of Her fathers. I believe the books of the town tell how She studied languages and music abroad, how She later taught, and what part She took in the affairs of the Sunshine Town. I learned these things gradually, and *never* by book-lore, for I never was so impressed with Her past history as I was by the woman *Herself*.

I have known Her since 1917. Such a memorable year! We entered the World War in April of that year—and I met Her on Children's Day one Sunday in June, two months later. I became a member of Her Sunday School Class on that day. It was one of the greatest days of my young life, as I look back now, and consider the influence that She somehow had upon me.

Beautiful I finally knew Her to be. For a long time I was not aware of the fact that she had become a charming influence in my young life. Subconsciously an ideal, perhaps. An ideal very near to the Highest that I had as yet found on earth. And I was, as yet, only a child. Then, finally, though I admitted the fact to none but myself and one other, I became quite aware of Her. I constantly compared Her with others. I found myself wondering how She would act upon certain questions, and what Her thoughts would be on many things.

As time went on, I grew to like Her very much indeed. But somehow I dared not consider my feelings for Her to any depth, for I did not believe that

She ever thought of me only on Sundays. She always had so much work to do, so many other interests nearer to Her, that I believed that She never gave me more than a passing thought. And as for me, even then I felt that love itself was a wonderful thing, something very sacred, something not to be given unless one was quite sure that it was returned. But at Christmas time, 1921, my eyes were opened. She sent me a charming greeting card that contained considerably more than the usual Yule-tide greeting, I thought. Many of us, when we send greeting cards, often allow the sentiment on the same to suffice, and only inscribe our names. But in this instance She added: "With best wishes for the most satisfactory year of your life. May its close find you one step nearer the goal of your hopes and ambitions—" I still have that card!

For a woman of Her years, I consider that She is unusually active. And She does not go to extremes—extremes that would hurt Her. She is young, too—surprisingly so, but that is caused by Her continual contact with youth. She loves youth, and to youth mostly goes Her chosen profession. You may not believe me, but She still teaches. Not in an academy or high school, but in that corner living-room of Her red house! And at the age of about *four-score* years!

On an average forenoon She cleans Her little home, and perhaps goes shopping, or writes letters to Her circle of friends. In the winter She has an extra care, that of Her furnace. In the summer, Her extra morning care is Her garden. She thinks a great deal of her garden, and loves to work in it. After dinner, which She prepares Herself, or ordinarily from about one o'clock in the afternoon until five, as She has said: "I toil on, toil on, '*dispensing*' Latin, French and English, seasoned by a little geom-

etry and algebra." Often many of Her evenings are given up to those who desire to learn, a number of them being foreigners. In the summer Her work is heavier, caused by those young unfortunates who either did not pass examinations, or by those who desire to make a speedier progress, or by those out-of-towners who desire to keep up with their classes. Until the present time, She has always been an ardent and active worker in the old South Church, and is still an active member of the local D. A. R. Occasionally She enjoys an afternoon or an evening with friends, but She greatly enjoys Her leisure moments at home, perhaps reading a good book, or conversing with a visitor.

My "G. C. W.," (for that is what I call Her,) has done much for the Sunshine Town, and She is still doing it. Not every town is lucky in having such a fine little person for its youth to fall back upon in school-day emergencies. She is not only a wonderful teacher, but an influencing character. She has a wide circle of old friends, and, I'll warrant, a wide circle of young friends. For youth in its contact with Her, be it at church, on the street, or as Her pupil, is bound to respect Her, love Her, and if need be—help Her. To know "G. C. W." is to love Her. And I am very glad that insignificant *me* ever crossed Her path!

The world will not care, and may not even take note of what I say, but surely Sunshine Town cannot, and will not allow the good works and the beauty of this great, yet humble little woman—who now lives alone in Her selected portion of Her red house—to pass by unnoticed. This is why I observe today, January 3, 1930, Her birthday, in this way.

And I can almost hear Cheerio say:

"Come, everybody! Are you ready? Then we will give three cheers for—can you guess *Who*?"

# *New Hampshire's Population*

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

THE first census of the United States was taken in 1790 and, according to the Constitution of the United States, the *next* census will be taken in 1930. The census of 1920 was the 14th and that of 1930 will be the 15th. The first census showed that our country had a population of almost 4,000,000 of which almost 142,000 lived in New Hampshire. That is, New Hampshire was the 10th state in population in 1790. In 1641, New Hampshire's population had been 1000, in 1742 about 24,000 in 1775 about 81,000, and in 1786 its population was 96,755. Between 1786 and 1790, within 4 years, New Hampshire gained over 45,000 citizens.

The second census of the United States was in 1800. About 5,309,000 dwelt in our republic. About 184,000 lived in New Hampshire. A gain of 42,000 within 10 years for the Granite State. New Hampshire was now the 11th state in population. An average of about 20 people dwelt on each of its square miles. An average of about 6 people lived on each square mile in the United States. In 1810 there was a population of 214,000 in New Hampshire; in 1820 about 244,000; in 1830 about 269,000; in 1840 more than 284,000. According to the census of 1850, the United States had a population of 23,191,000 of which almost 318,000 dwelt in the Granite State. In 1850, New Hampshire was the 22nd state in population, its average density being 35 people to each square mile.

The census of 1860 showed there were 326,000 inhabitants in New Hampshire.

And in 1870 about 318,000; in 1880 almost 347,000; in 1890 more than 376,000; and in 1900 about 411,000. In 1900, there were nearly 76,000,000 people in the United States. New Hampshire ranked 37th among the states. It had an average of 45 inhabitants per square mile. The census of 1910 showed that the state possessed a population of more than 430,000. It was then the 39th among the states. Its average density was 47 for each square mile. The average density for the United States was about 31.

The last census, in 1920, the 14th, counted 105,710,620 inhabitants in our republic. There was a population of 443,000 in New Hampshire. It was then the 41st state in the union. Its average density approximated 50 per square mile. There were 222,000 males and 221,000 females in New Hampshire. There were 351,000 native whites and 91,000 foreign-born whites. Respecting the countries of these foreign-born whites, 52,000 were from Canada, 7,900 from Ireland, 4,300 from England, 4,000 from Poland, 3,400 from Russia, 2,000 from Italy, 1,800 from Sweden, 1700 from Germany, and the rest chiefly from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Norway.

And now there comes the census of 1930, the 15th census. We know already that the population of the United States has been estimated at 120,000,000. Respecting New Hampshire, its population has been estimated at 456,000 in 1928. According to that estimate, there should have been about 460,000 inhabitants in the Granite State, on January 1,

1930. The population of Manchester was estimated at 86,000 on July 1, 1928. If the population of New Hampshire should be 460,000 by the census of 1930, the inhabitants in this state would have increased from 142,000 in 1790 to 460,000 in 1930. Or 318,000 people within 140 years. This would be an average increase of 2271 yearly. The population of our 48 states and the District of Columbia may be 122,500,000 by the 15th census. Accordingly, New Hampshire's population would approximate  $4/1000$  of our country's population.

Four hundred and sixty thousands—

perhaps more thousands— in this Granite State. A state 185 miles in length and 90 miles in width, possessing an area of 9341 square miles. A state in which there are approximately 20,000 farmers. A state which entered the Union, June 21st, 1788. The State of New Hampshire where the Old Stone Face dwelt yesterday and dwells today majestically. Where the "old home week" is warmly welcomed, and where its beautiful mountains, lakes, rivers and seacoasts are visited by multitudes who come from near and far, from regions whose populations exceed greatly the population of the Granite State.



# *The Stars and Stripes*

FRED W. LAMB

## EARLY AMERICAN FLAGS

**M**RS. Elizabeth Kobbins Barry, in her little booklet entitled "Our Flag and its Use," says that "Although much speculation has been indulged in, and many theories advanced, the origin of the American Flag is unknown. It seems to be the outcome of a gradual process of evolution, for no record of any specific design has been brought to light and all statements embodying such have proved legendary or wholly imaginary."

In 1492 Christopher Columbus planted two flags upon the island of San Salvador, one of the Bahamas, and again in 1498 at the mouth of the Orinoco River, in South America. One of those flags was the Royal standard of Spain, emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon. It was divided into four quarters, the upper left and lower right with yellow castles upon a red ground, the other two with red lions upon a white ground. The second flag was the personal banner of Columbus, the gift of Queen Isabella. It bore a green Latin cross upon a white ground, having on either side the letters F and Y in green, surmounted by gold crowns, the F standing for Ferdinand and the Y for Ysabel.

Other foreign flags have floated over the territory now included in the United States. Jacques Cartier brought the colors of France in 1534, a blue flag with three golden fleurs-de-lis. Later the Huguenots adopted a white flag. Henry Hudson brought the "Half Moon" into New York harbor in 1609, flying the flag of the Dutch Republic—

three horizontal stripes, orange, white and blue, with the letters V. O. C. A. in the white stripes. In 1621, when the Dutch East India Company came into control, the letters G. W. C. were substituted. With the change to red of the orange stripes, the Dutch flag was in use in what is now New York until 1664, when the English flag succeeded it, save for the temporary resumption of Dutch authority in 1673--1674.

In 1638, a party of Swedish and Finnish colonists founded a settlement on the banks of the Delaware river, which they named New Sweden, under the Swedish national flag, a yellow cross upon a blue ground. This settlement was overpowered by the Dutch in 1655.

Sebastian Cabot landed at Labrador in 1497, and planted on North American soil the Red Cross flag of England, the ensign of King Henry the Seventh.

About the year 1192, Richard Coeur de Lion had asked the aid of St. George, Bishop of Cappadocia. He gave the King as a banner what is called above the Red Cross of St. George and Edward III, about 1345, made St. George the patron saint of the kingdom. The "Red Cross of St. George" was England's flag until the year 1606, over two hundred and fifty years.

The flag of England, our mother country, was our flag from the landing of the "Mayflower," 1620, until June 14th, 1777. In 1606 Scotland was added to England and the White Cross of St. Andrew was placed upon the national flag changing the field from white to blue, by order of King James I, and was used in Massachusetts Colony in 1634.



The Revolutionary battle flags of the second New Hampshire regiment, Continental army, presented to the New Hampshire Historical society by Mr. Edward Tuck, are relics of such great rarity, and of such historical interest and value to the people of New Hampshire as to merit more extended and careful description.

These flags were presented to the second regiment by the committee of safety and cost the state the then large sum of 30 pounds, 18 shillings, 9 pence. They were captured in the action at Fort Anne, N. Y., July 8, 1777, by the Ninth regiment of foot under the command of Lieut. Col. Hill, but only after the ammunition of the New Hampshire men had been exhausted, and the British forces had at the same time been reinforced by a large body of Indians. The loss of the colors under these circumstances to a largely superior force, and to a regiment noted in the British army for its gallantry in action was inevitable, and was no disgrace. The reputation of all three of the New Hampshire regiments of the Continental army for their hard fighting qualities was such that no loss on their part could have brought with it even the suggestion of stigma.

After Burgoyne's surrender, the British officers being allowed to retain their personal baggage, Colonel Hill carried the flags to his home in England, from which they descended by inheritance to Col. George W. Rogers, of Wykeham, Sussex, in whose possession they were discovered by Mr. Gheradi Davis of New York while seeking material for his book on regimental colors. On learning that Colonel Rogers was willing to part with the flags, Mr. Davis brought the matter to the attention of Governor Bass, who sought advice from the Historical society.

In this way the subject came to the attention of Mr. Tuck, who, after careful investigation, secured an option on the colors, and then, with true courtesy, stood aside to allow the state of New Hampshire to secure these wonderful mementoes if the people should care for them. Governor Bass had no public funds at his disposal which could be used for this purpose, and his attempt to raise a sufficient amount by popular subscription failed to arouse interest. Mr. Tuck then saved the flags to his native state by presenting them to the Historical society, and now, carefully mounted and framed in massive mahogany, they rest on the north wall of the lecture room in the beautiful home which the society possesses by his generosity.

When Washington assumed command of the army at Cambridge, in July, 1775, following the Battle of Bunker Hill, Col. James Reed with his regiment, the Third New Hampshire Continental Line, was stationed at Winter Hill, in Somerville. From this point a line of earthworks was thrown up extending through Cambridge to Dorchester. The works on Cobble Hill were erected by Gen. Putnam of Connecticut, and those on Miller's Hill in Cambridge were built by the New Hampshire men. Both forts were completed in a short time and each had its own flag raised above its ramparts. Gen. Putnam's flag had on one side the motto "An Appeal to Heaven" and on the other side three vines, representing the armorial bearings of the Connecticut colony. Col. Reed's the Third New Hampshire, had on one side in dark blue a picture of Mount Monadnock with a bright scarlet star just above the mountain beneath which were the words "New Hampshire Strikes for Liberty." On the other side near the top was painted a large trum-

pet and sword and in the center in large letters, "Obedience to God, Justice to All, Fealty to None."

The first striped flag was raised at Washington's headquarters, Cambridge, Mass., January 2nd, 1776. It was called the "Cambridge Flag," and known in England as "rebellious stripes. Lieut. John Paul Jones hoisted this flag on his vessel the "Alfred," and said, "The flag of America floats for the first time over an American man-of-war." Washington says, "We hoisted the Union Flag in compliment to the United Colonies and saluted it with thirteen guns."

It had thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue field.

In October, 1776, while the English troops were besieged in Boston by troops under Washington, it became apparent that we should have some sort of a flag to represent the colonies in the aggregate and show thereby that they were acting in concert; so a committee was appointed of which Benjamin Franklin was the chairman. It was determined that the flag should be called the Grand Union Flag and that it should have thirteen red and white stripes alternating to represent the thirteen colonies, and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the union to attest their loyalty to the Crown, as at that period national sovereignty was not contemplated. Preble, in his history of the flag says, on page 225, as to the stripes being used at the instance of Washington: "Without further seeking for the origin of the stripes upon our flag, it is possible that the stripes on his own escutcheon suggested them. They were also on the flag of the Philadelphia Light-horse that escorted him on the road to Cambridge from Philadelphia as far as

New York in 1775." This latter flag is in Philadelphia First City Troop. Messrs. Lynch and Harrison were Franklin's colleagues on the committee. In November, 1775, they met at Cambridge, in Washington's headquarters, and, after carefully considering all facts, adopted the Grand Union Flag above described. The first flag that was made, there being no record of the name of the maker, was hoisted over Washington's headquarters at Cambridge on the second day of January, 1776. In a letter to Mr. Reed, dated the 4th day of January, Washington wrote that "the saluting of this flag by cannon and musketry fire gave rise to a ridiculous idea on the part of the British, in Boston, who, that day having received copies of the King's speech to Parliament, supposed that the Colonial troops had also received copies, and that the salute was in honor of the King and that the rebellious colonists had submitted.

#### THE STARS AND STRIPES

The resolution establishing the Stars and Stripes as the national flag was adopted on June 14, 1777 and officially promulgated on September 3, 1777, by the secretary of congress. The first authentic account of its use was on Friday, August 6, 1777, when a flag of this design was hoisted over Fort Stanwix, commonly known as Fort Schuyler, then a military post on the present site of the city of Rome, N.Y. This flag was hastily constructed from a soldier's white shirt, an officer's blue overcoat and a woman's red flannel petticoat.

It is stated that our navy immediately appropriated the new design and flags were soon hoisted on all vessels of the United States. The first appearance was on a small vessel commanded by Capt. John Paul Jones, sailing on the

Schuylkill, displaying the new flag to show the people what their future ensign was to be.

The first ship to unfurl the Stars and Stripes and to convey them to a foreign country was the "Ranger" also commanded by Capt. John Paul Jones. He hoisted the new flag on the "Ranger" about November 1, and arrived at a French port on December 1, 1777. On February 14, 1778, the first salute was given to the American flag by foreign naval vessels.

On January 28, 1778, the Stars and Stripes floated for the first time over a foreign fortress as our navy held two days Fort Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands. Its first trip around the world was on the ship "Columbia," commanded by Captains Kendrick and Gray, which cleared Boston, Mass., September 30, 1787 and was three years in girdling the globe.

The British army and navy had used different flags for many years and it was thought that America should do the same. Official correspondence between General George Washington and the Board of War shows that it was over two years before they agreed upon a design for the army to carry "as variant from the marine flag," and over three years more before the Board of War succeeded in obtaining the necessary materials and having national colors made for our army.

Past President General R. C. Ballard Thurston in his article "The Evolution of the American Flag," points out that the details of his design are only imperfectly described in the correspondence and neither flag nor design has been preserved. It is known, however, that it contained the union and in the center was a serpent, with the number of the regiment and name of the state where the regiment was organized.

This correspondence also shows that the national colors prepared by the Board of War for the army were ready for distribution in the fall of 1782 and that they had not been distributed as late as March 11, 1783, being then held by the keeper of military stores. The Revolutionary War was practically over and there is nothing of record to show that our revolutionary army had ever carried any flags furnished by the American congress. Those that they carried must have been purely personal, each made by or for some officer, company or regiment and represented the personal sentiments of the marchers.

President General Thurston also points out the fact that the only Stars and Stripes that can be positively stated to have been carried by the American Army during our Revolutionary War was carried by the North Carolina militia at the battle of Guilford Court House on March 15, 1781, but the stripes were blue and red and the union had a white field with thirteen eight-pointed stars. Another flag which is claimed to have been carried by our army and probably correctly is hanging in the state house at Annapolis, Maryland. It was said to have been carried by the Third Maryland regiment at the battle of the Cowpens on January 17, 1781.

This flag had thirteen red and white stripes and the union was a blue field with thirteen five-pointed stars, one in the center and twelve arranged in a circle about it. In both these two cases flags were purely personal and not official. The Stars and Stripes preserved in the state house at Boston is said to have flown over Fort Independence, Boston harbor, during the Revolutionary War, but it was not carried by the army and probably was not furnished by the Board of War.

The general design of flags carried by our army during the war of 1812 had a blue field with a representation of the arms of the United States emblazoned thereon. At the beginning of this war quite a number of these flags were evidently made.

But the queerest thing of all is the fact that according to the published regulations of the War Department, no branch of our army was given the right to carry the Stars and Stripes until 1834, when for the first time the artillery was given the privilege. The infantry had carried as national colors and the cavalry as a national standard a blue flag having a representation of the arms of the United States, somewhat similar to that carried during the war of 1812.

It was not until 1841 that the infantry was granted the right to carry the Stars and Stripes as national colors and what had been previously carried by them as national colors then became their regimental colors. In 1887, twenty-two years after the close of our Civil War, the cavalry was first given the right to carry the Stars and Stripes as the national standard, although in 1863, each battery of artillery and each company of cavalry was allowed to carry a small guidon consisting of the Stars and Stripes.

On November 8, 1867, the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled in Alaska and in 1898, on the following islands captured by the United States of America from Spain, May 1 and August 13, Philippine islands; May 12 and August 17, Cuba; July 25, Porto Rico. The flag was officially raised over the Hawaiian Islands on August 12, 1898.

Vermont was added to the union in 1791 and Kentucky in 1792. In consequence of this fact two additional stars and two additional stripes were

added to the flag, making a flag of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. This was the flag of the war of 1812 and what was known as the "Star-Spangled Banner." Indiana, Ohio, Tennessee, Louisiana and Mississippi were next admitted into the union and a further change in the arrangement of the flag appeared to be necessary or otherwise it would soon grow out of proportion.

After considerable discussion in congress upon the subject, the Act of March 24, 1818, was passed and approved by President James Monroe, April 4, 1818. This act reads as follows:

Section 1. Be it enacted that, from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, that on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission

Congress appointed a committee to revise the flag and they turned this patriotic duty over to Captain Samuel Chester Reid, of the United States navy, who so heroically commanded the famous brig-of-war, "General Armstrong," at Fayal Roads, Azores Islands, in 1814 and to him belongs the honor of restoring the flag to its original design. The return to the thirteen stripes of the original flag of 1777 was due in part of the reverence Captain Reid had for the thirteen states that took part in the revolution.

The width of the flag if further stripes were added would have made the flag so out of proportion that this practical consideration was also given considerable weight. More stars could

be added in the field as new states were added, without interfering with the proportions of the flag. By this regulation the thirteen stripes represent the number of states whose valor and resource originally effected American independence and the additional stars will mark the increase of the states since the adoption of the constitution in 1789.

The first flag of the present design was made by the wife of Captain Reid, assisted by several patriotic young ladies, at her residence on Cherry street, New York city, and it was first unfurled over the capitol of the United States, on April 13, 1818. Since this time there has been no act passed by congress altering the flag. It is the same today as originally adopted except as to the number and arrangement of the stars.

The flag at its birth had thirteen stars, on June 14, 1777; in 1795 it had fifteen; 1818, twenty; 1861, thirty-four; 1876, thirty-eight; July 4, 1898, forty-five and today it has forty-eight. At the beginning and during the Civil War there was not a thread of American bunting manufactured in the United States. All bunting flags representing the Stars and Stripes were made from English bunting.

The bunting symbolized our flag only in name and not in spirit or patriotism. It remained for General Benjamin F. Butler of Lowell, Mass., to be the first person to introduce the manufacture of American bunting into this country and on February 21, 1866 he presented to the United States Senate, the first real genuine American bunting flag and on February 24th, this flag was unfurled for the first time over the United States Senate chamber.

The official designation of the national flag of the United States is the Stars and Stripes. There are several varieties of flags, known as standards, ensigns,

jacks, pennants and guidons. When used by the army the national flag is called a standard, also the colors. When borne with another flag having for its device the arms and motto of the United States, the two are called a "stand of colors." In the navy the national flag is known as an ensign.

#### THE STORY OF BETSEY ROSS

It is a comparatively unknown fact that the American flag is older than that of any other nation. The Union Jack of old England dates back to 1801, while the French tricolor was adopted in 1794. Neither the German nor Italian flags are of very great age and the Spanish flag was adopted in 1785.

"Old Glory" or the Stars and Stripes was established by the following resolution, adopted by the Continental congress, on June 14, 1777: "Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

This brings us to the subject of our story which is the tradition of Betsey Ross. The popular idea gives her the honor of making the first Stars and Stripes. It is stated that congress appointed a committee composed of General George Washington, Robert Morris and George Ross to design and submit a flag. These three called upon Mrs. Betsey Ross, a well known seamstress, of Philadelphia, in the month of May or June, 1776, and gave her an order to make a flag with thirteen stars which was to harmonize with the thirteen stripes upon the so-called Cambridge flag raised at Washington's headquarters at that place six months earlier.

General Washington, it is said, made a rather imperfect drawing of a flag for

Mrs. Ross to use as a design. In this drawing the thirteen stars in the circle were six pointed and Mrs. Ross suggested that a star of five points would be more symmetrical and appropriate and the committee approved of her suggestion. She also showed the committee how easy it was to cut out a five pointed star with one snip of her scissors and a piece of paper. She had a wide reputation as a needlewoman of great ability and resided at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia.

Nothing was ever heard about this claim that Mrs. Ross made the first flag until 1870 when her grandson, William Canby, read a paper upon the subject before the Pennsylvania State Historical society, in which he stated that when a little boy, his grandmother related to him the facts concerning the making of the flag.

Mrs. Ross did make state flags for vessels, etc., at different times and later appears to have held a monopoly of making flags for the United States government, which contract was ended in 1857. In accounts of flag making by Mrs. Ross there is not a single recorded instance that a flag with stars was used during any portion of 1776. If General Washington had assisted Mrs. Ross in designing the flag at the time which has been claimed by Mr. Canby, he most surely would have had the new banner displayed when the Declaration of Independence was read to his troops assembled in New York on July 10th, following.

This was at least six or seven weeks later and yet the Cambridge flag, half British and half American, was displayed at the time. Evidently the Star Spangled Banner had not yet been born. It can be safely said that there is no satisfactory evidence that any flag bearing the union of the stars had been in

public use before the resolution of June 14, 1777.

Rear Admiral Preble, the eminent authority, well says: "It will probably never be known who designed our union of stars, the records of congress being silent on the subject and there being no mention or suggestion of it in any of the voluminous correspondence or diaries of the time, public or private, which has been published."

Not a word is to be found in the records of the Continental congress about any committee being appointed to design the flag. Washington made no note of any visit to the home of Mrs. Ross and in all of his writings both published and private, there is not a line that suggests when, where, or by whom the first American flag was made. Neither do the newspapers of Philadelphia, published at that time, print any portion of the story as told by Mr. Canby.

It is recorded, however, on good authority that Mrs. Ross made state colors for vessels and batteries prior to June 14, 1777, but it was not until after that date that any record is found of her making flags for the government. More lately, the statement has been made in behalf of Betsey Ross that General Washington was in Philadelphia in June, 1777, to receive instructions from Congress and that upon this occasion he designed the first flag and that body at once adopted the resolution making his design the legalized national flag. But this cannot be true, for Washington was with the army at Middlebrook, New Jersey, continuously from the latter part of May to July 2nd of that year.

Rear Admiral Preble says of Canby: "I cannot agree with his claim and neither does the record support it." On October 15, 1776, one William Richards wrote a letter to the Commit-

tee of Safety which shows that at the time the letter was written we had no colors nor was any designed. The battles of Trenton and Princeton fought in December, 1776, were under state ensigns as were also the battles of Long Island and White Plains.

Now a few facts. Betsey or Elizabeth Griscom was the fifth daughter of Samuel and Rebecca Griscom and was born January 1, 1752. She was married in 1773 to John Ross and "read out of meeting therefor." On January 1, 1776, the "Cambridge flag" was raised at camp, being the same as the Betsey Ross flag except for the two crosses instead of the stars in the field.

In 1776, John Ross was killed by an explosion of stores for which he was a contractor. On May 23, 1776, Washington was claimed to have been in Philadelphia, when he called with the other two members of the so-called committee, on Mrs. Ross, July 10, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was promulgated by Washington, the Cambridge flag being flown. On July 20th, it is stated that George Ross and Robert Morris first became members of congress, so they could not have served as a committee previously. June 7, 1777, Betsey Ross claimants held as date of committee waiting upon Mrs. Ross, but abandoned it when they were shown that Washington was not in Philadelphia at this time.

On June 14, 1777, the resolution was adopted by congress, followed on September 3, 1777, by its being officially promulgated upon this date. In 1782, her second husband, Capt. Joseph Ashburn, died and the following year, 1783, she married John Claypoole. On February 11, 1836, Canby asserts, his grandmother died, having previously told him the story when he was eleven years old. In 1857, the story was first

reduced to writing. The same year, the contract for making flags for the United States Government which had been held by her and her daughters, was ended. In 1870, Canby presented his paper, first bringing the claim to public notice.

On May 28, 1902, the office of the quartermaster-general of the United States Army issued a bulletin in which it is stated that the designer of the flag was not known. Peleg Harrison, in his book, "The Stars and Stripes and other American Flags," says, on page 64: "Although it is claimed that the flag with thirteen stars and thirteen stripes came into being with the Declaration of Independence, evidence of its use prior to the adoption by congress of the resolution of June 14, 1777, has never been presented by any writer on the history of our national emblem." Mr. Harrison, however, expresses the belief in his book, that the story is correct.

William J. Campbell in his "The True Story of the American Flag," on page 53 sums up the case as follows: "I have in the foregoing pages endeavored to collate truly all the documentary and other tangible evidence that is in existence to fully, absolutely and without fear of contradiction, sustain the contention that the Betsey Ross claim exists only because of a statement made by a relative who did not produce one scintilla of documentary or recorded evidence to sustain the claim. The records of the time refute it and the dates are so at variance with facts that are known that it is a surprise that any credence whatever has been given to the story."

Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Berry, in her little booklet entitled "Our Flag and its Use," published by the National Association of Patriotic Instructors, says: "that while the story is not substantiated by proven facts, it is probably essentially true."

Bryant in his five-volume history of the United States makes no mention of the Betsey Ross story, evidently not believing it of value enough to include it in his work, which is one of the best histories of the United States yet written. Past President General R. C. Ballard Thurston, of the National Society, Sons of the American Revolution, in an account which he prepared, after much original research into the origin and growth of the American flag, makes no mention of the story, he evidently thinking that the story belongs in the same class of fables with Paul Revere's ride, etc.

Finally in the flag number of the *National Geographic Magazine* which was published some years ago, occurs the following paragraph on page 297: "The well known story of Betsey Ross, so-called maker of the Stars and Stripes,

is one of the picturesque legends which has grown up around the origin of the flag, but it is one to which few unsentimental historians subscribe. There was, however, a Mrs. Ross, who was a flag maker by trade, living in Philadelphia at the time of the flag's adoption."

Finally, Col. Nicholas Smith in his book, "Our Country's Flag," sums up the case thus:

"There is hardly anything more surprising than the things which people generally do not know, and among those causes of astonishment in this country is the prevailing lack of knowledge concerning the origin of the American flag.

"However much we may live in uncertainty as to how the Nation's flag was born, we do know that it was a new creation to symbolize American patriotism and independence."





# *A North State Business Man Goes Into Politics*

A BIOGRAPHY

Oscar A. Dupont, the Republican candidate for mayor of the city of Berlin, is as dynamic as the city which has made him. Born in Concord in 1897, he came with his parents to Berlin just before the beginning of the century. His father, the late Major William G. Dupont, a member of the staff of Governor John H. Bartlett, was one of Berlin's successful business men. At times he was a leader in the theatrical and banking business of the city. In his later years Major Dupont had acquired the Ford franchise for northern New Hampshire, and had organized the Northern Automobile Company which built a modern garage suited for the sale of Ford products. In 1924 Major Dupont died, leaving a widow, Mrs. Virginia Dupont, and a large family of whom the subject of this sketch was the oldest.

Upon his father's death Oscar Dupont became the active head of his father's enterprises. Many who did not know him well thought him too young and too inexperienced to successfully carry on the business. In a brief period of time, however, it was demonstrated that Oscar Dupont was a new and important business factor in the city. The Northern Automobile Company continued to sell Ford and Lincoln cars, and a new corporation, the Triangle Motors, Inc., was organized by Mr. Dupont for the sale of many other makes of cars, among them: Pontiac, Nash, Oakland, Reo, Hupmobile, Hudson, Essex, Packard and Mack Trucks. Every automobile franchise

which he has held Mr. Dupont still holds, and today his companies do the largest automobile business in the State. He also has organized the Northern Oil Company, distributor of Shell Gasoline to Berlin and its surrounding territory, and the Northern Industrial Finance Company for the discount of commercial paper growing out of the sale of automobiles. The growth of these companies has been phenomenal.

In the enlargement of his business enterprises Mr. Dupont has found it possible in more than one instance to beautify the city of Berlin. About a year ago, in order to convenience his customers, he found it necessary to increase the amount of parking space at the Northern Garage, which is situated on the chief artery leading south from the city. He purchased property adjoining the garage which was occupied by several wooden buildings, caused the buildings to be removed, and levelled and improved a large area of land adjoining the garage building. This has done much to improve the appearance of that part of the city. Again, more recently, he purchased a piece of property on Main St., between the Albert Theatre and the Coos County Court House, which had been occupied by several wooden structures, in order to erect a filling and service station for the Northern Oil Company. Realizing the desirability of the location and its effect upon the value of adjoining property, Mr. Dupont has erected there a filling station which is probably



OSCAR A. DUPONT

the most artistic in New England. Berlin people know that it will be maintained as cleanly and as attractively as it was when recently completed.

Financially and with his energy, local projects find Mr. Dupont a willing contributor. He is sincere and square in his dealings with all, and his friends find him loyal and on the alert to assist them in every possible way.

Mr. Dupont is married, and has a beautiful home on Second Avenue, where many delightful social gatherings are held. His sister, Cecille, is the wife of Dr. Raymond F. Ingalls, who is a leading physician and surgeon in the city. A brother, Armand Dupont, is a salesman of automobiles for Mr. Dupont's companies, and another brother, Leo Dupont, is in charge of inventories and stocks. Two other brothers of Mr. Dupont are out of the city at present: Arthur Dupont being a law student in Boston, and Eugene Dupont, with headquarters

in Boston, is a salesman of the numerous products of the Brown Company. His mother continues to reside in the Dupont home on Church Street.

If elected, Mr. Dupont promises to give the city a business-like administration, to see to it that the city has the publicity which it deserves, to encourage the establishment of new industries there, and to give aid to the unemployed through the medium of a municipal employment or industrial bureau. He promises, also, an aggressive and intelligent administration of city affairs.

Friends and supporters of Mr. Dupont are not basing their hopes on the political complexion of the city of Berlin, which, by the way, is a democratic stronghold. They are, however, laying strong stress on the integrity and capabilities of Mr. Dupont as demonstrated in business affairs, arguing that politics should have little to do with the conduct of administration affairs.



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## *Editorial*

**P**UBLIC attention is focussed on law enforcement or lack of enforcement as the case may be, these days, owing to the laudable effort President Hoover is making to bring about improvement. It is unfortunate that fanatical prohibitionists in and out of congress persist in hampering an orderly study of the problem by the exceptionally qualified commission appointed by the president by their insistence that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are the only laws that are important; and by their vehement assertions that anybody who contends prohibition laws relating to liquor are, or should be, incidental to the whole study necessarily are Wets. It is only possible to absolve these rabid Drys from suspicion of insincerity in their professions of desire for law and order by allowing that their fanaticism on this question blinds them to every other consideration that enters into the problem of crime prevention. We have in mind in this connection, of course, those prohibitionists who are personally as well as politically Dry. The politicians who talk and vote as Drys and continue to drink liquor are so obviously hypocritical that any discussion of them having to do with intellectual honesty in idle.

However, prohibition is not our theme. It is law enforcement in general, the subject being prompted by the recent speedy disposition of that sordid Portsmouth murder case. The self-confessed murderer was quickly indicted, pleaded guilty to second degree murder and was sentenced to thirty to forty years in state prison. Some of the newspapers of the state have commented approvingly on this case as an example showing how justice can be administered, or as more commonly expressed nowadays, an example of law enforcement as it should be. The vigorous handling of this case was commendable. It would be a fine thing if it warranted expectation of equal despatch in the next murder case in which there exists no more doubt of the accused person's guilt than in the Portsmouth case.

Such an assumption, it is greatly to be feared, would hardly be justifiable in view of modern methods of handling murder cases unless all of the attendant circumstances of the homicide were similar to those in the Portsmouth case. In the moralizing that has come to our attention the fact is that this Portsmouth murderer was a poor wastrel without money or influential friends to bestir themselves in his behalf. He was not

defended by a galaxy of astute lawyers carefully selected and well paid to ferret out and to take advantage of every technical flaw in the procedure. There was no repudiation of the confession made to a private detective, no charges of duress or third degree to wring out by torture the admission of guilt. There were no highly paid alienists observing him to find that he was insane at the time of the crime and prepared to testify before the jury that the respondent was still subject to hallucinations so long as the murder charge hung over him. Nor any of the other regulation moves in a well financed murder case.

On the whole it may be well to wait a bit until a murder able to muster the resources that wealth and influential connections can produce is taken over the route from arrest to state prison with relatively speedy steps before we pat ourselves too gaily on the back in the belief that a way has been found to give all criminals their deserts. Happily, the crime problem is not an acute one in New Hampshire. In the State's largest city there is an exceptionally well organized and directed police department which discourages professional criminals from operating there and deals so rigorously with local offenders that major crimes are of comparatively rare occur-

ence and in still fewer instances are the criminal acts of a premeditated nature. The other cities and towns are so small that as a rule wrongdoers are quickly detected and brought to account.

This condition is so well known and one of which the people of the State are so well satisfied that when a despatch came over the wires that the executive official of the New Hampshire Anti-saloon league had made charges of lax enforcement of the prohibition laws in some of the New Hampshire courts, there was a violent wave of protest in both official and unofficial circles. The statement of the Anti-saloon league official was made before the national organization in a Western city and it was several days later that the official returned home and found his statement was accounted a reflection on the judiciary of the State, which prompted him to make an immediate qualification. He declared the papers had exaggerated his meaning and what had gone into the newspaper offices as a blanket indictment of lower court justices for refusal to enforce the prohibition law finally simmered down to one or two police court judges the Anti-saloon official declined to name, but who, he intimated, had been lenient with prohibition law violaters.





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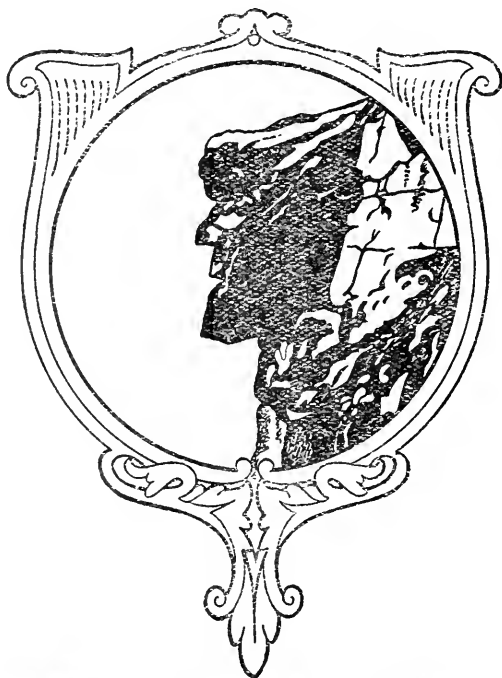
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# NEW HAMPSHIRE FIRE INSURANCE CO. MANCHESTER, N.H.



## Sixtieth Progressive Annual Statement

Cash Capital	\$3,000,000
Liabilities Except Capital	\$6,919,223.80
Surplus to Policyholders	\$11,504,302.74

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GILMAN McALLASTER, *Secretary*

WILLIAM B. BURPEE, *Vice-President*

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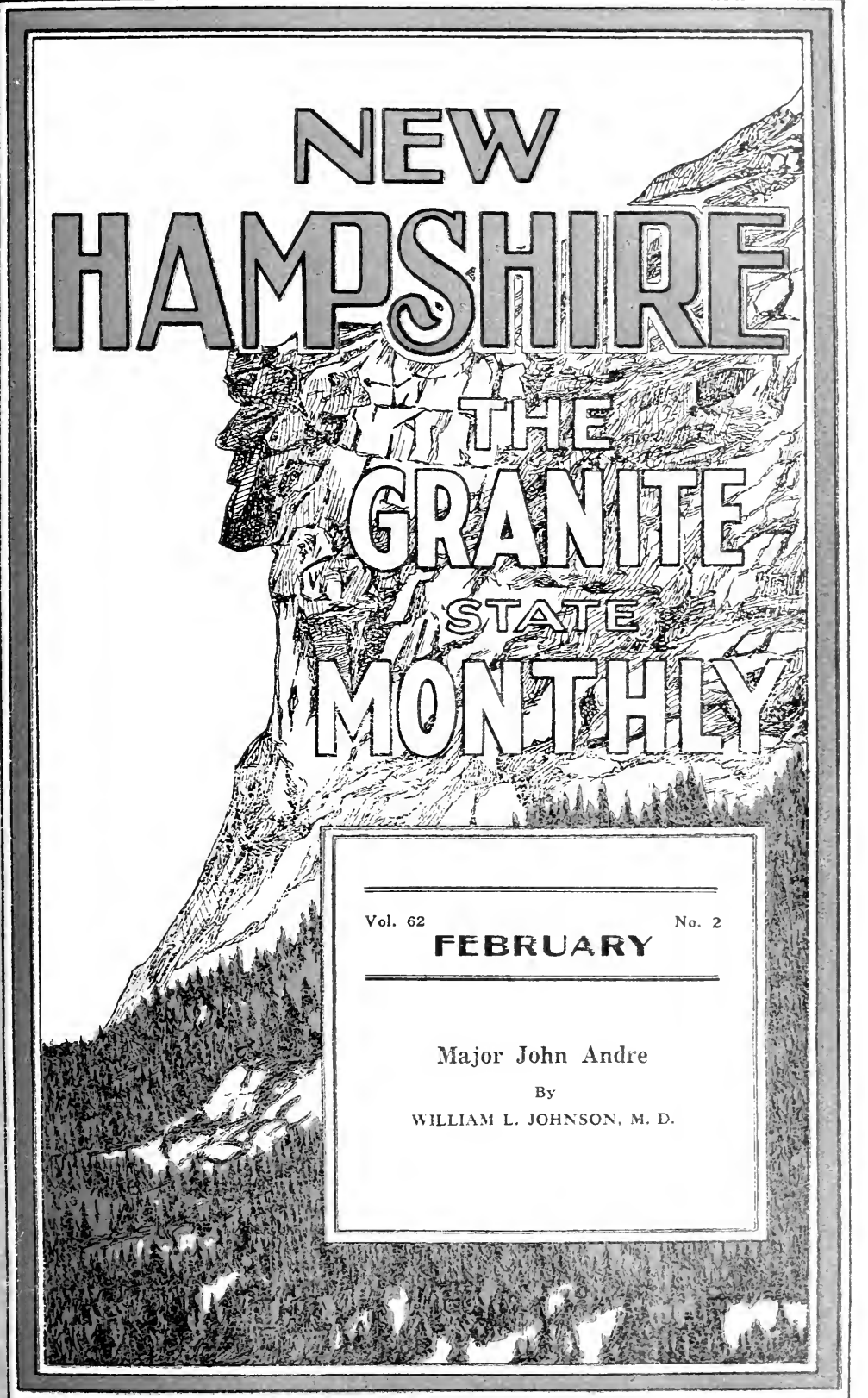
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# NEW HAMPSHIRE THE GRANITE STATE MONTHLY

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Vol. 62

No. 2

**FEBRUARY**

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Major John Andre

By

WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, M. D.

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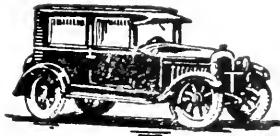
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# *Five Chapters from the History of Manchester*

FRED W. LAMB

## THE TYNGSTOWN RECORDS

**T**UCKED away in the vault of the office of the city clerk of the city of Manchester is many a quaint and curious volume telling of forgotten days. The oldest and most ancient of these is known as the old Tyngstown Record book. It was purchased by Colonel Blanchard, the proprietor's clerk, and is a quarto volume, bound in hog-skin, and shows by its dilapidated appearance that it has had a varied experience. As it appears now, it has 164 pages, marked in red ink, but at some period it may have contained about 200 pages. It is about ten by fourteen inches in size and the paper is similar in appearance to parchment.

In the winter of 1703, Captain William Tyng with a company of Massachusetts soldiers, set out from Groton, Middlesex county Massachusetts in the dead of winter, on a trip to Lake "Wenipissauke," (as it spelled in the records) to deal a blow to the Indian tribes, that, inspired by their desire for plunder and hatred of the growing settlements of the whites, made the life of the settlers anything but one of peace. This march was made on snowshoes and there were some sixty men in the company. The record states that they succeeded in killing six Indians and drove the tribe out of several of their winter villages.

For this service the survivors of Captain Tyng's company and the heirs of those deceased on the expedition presented a petition to John Belcher, then captain general and governor in chief of the Massachusetts colony, for a

grant of the land situated on the Merrimack river between Litchfield on the south and Suncook on the north. This petition was presented and signed by Richard Warner, Nathaniel Wood, John Longley, Thomas Tarble, J. Holden and Captain John Shepley. The petition was granted, and on application to Benjamin Prescott, justice of the peace under his majesty, the King, a warrant was issued calling a meeting of the grantees.

The first meeting was held on May 20, 1735, at the house of Colonel Jonas Clark, in Chelmsford, Mass.

This grant was for that territory east of the river, extending back three miles and comprised some 23,000 acres. William Dudley was chosen first moderator and Joseph Blanchard was elected clerk for the proprietors or grantees. At this meeting it was voted to have an equal division of the lots and that the ownership of the same be decided by lot after the public lots were set aside. Provision was made for a meeting house site, burying place and a training field, and the committee to lay out the tract was also authorized to preserve mill sites, together with as much land as was deemed necessary to encourage any person to build them.

It was also voted to have a road laid out leading from Litchfield to Suncook and provide for the same when the lots were run out by the surveyor by allowing so much land on each lot for the highway. Joseph Blanchard, Captain Ephraim Hildreth, Captain John Shepley, Captain Samuel Chamberlain, and Captain Jonas Richards were appointed as a committee to lay out the lots em-

braced in this grant and we find from the records of the next meeting, held in 1736, that they did so at a cost of something like \$1500.

This old book contains these records which were kept in a clear, round hand, very carefully written and free from blots and an examination of the penmanship indicates that they were written with a quill pen. The ink is as plain and unfaded as the day it was spread and the whole book is a monument of careful, painstaking labor on the part of those who kept it and made the entries therein recorded. It is a valuable historical document, as well as a curious relic and memento of pioneer times.

The lots of land were divided by lot, the drawing being done by Thomas Kidder and Samson Spaulding, one drawing the names of the grantee from the box, while the other drew the slip bearing the number of the lot. A lot of thirty acres on the north side of Cohas brook was set aside for a meeting house, and lot No. 4, in that range was set aside for the use of the minister of the gospel. The settlement was named Tyngstown and the result of the drawing for the lots is recorded in this old book in tabulated form.

At a meeting held at Groton, Mass., on November 15, 1736, it was voted to authorize Eleazar Tyng, William Tarble and Colonel Joseph Blanchard to act as a committee to negotiate with any person who would give a bond in the sum of \$2500 and take the mill site and land, to erect a sawmill within ten months from the next spring on either great or little Cohas brook, and to erect and have in running order within three years a grist mill and keep the same in running order for twenty years. Thomas Tarble took the mill site and lands on Cohas brook, subject to the above conditions,

except that the grist mill was to be maintained for ten years instead of for twenty.

At a meeting held in 1738, at Groton, it was voted to build a meeting house and to raise \$150 to pay for preaching the gospel. At this meeting the mill site and lot of sixty acres at "Amoskeag" Falls was granted to John Perham. The 200 acres at the north of this grant were reserved as a fishing place and this mill site thus granted was probably located somewhere on the banks just north of Dean street.

Work upon the first meeting house was commenced in January, 1739, and it was built by Robert Anderson. It was forty-two feet long by thirty feet wide and was twenty feet in the clear. This stood upon the old Weston farm close by the old burying ground, which was then established, later known as the "Forest cemetery." After having been used for a number of years the building was destroyed, catching fire from sparks from burning woods close by.

The first grantee's meeting held within the limits of the township was held in this meeting house on June 16, 1741, and the expense of that meeting was for food and lodging for six men and horse feed, \$7.50, while for drinks it was just double or \$15.00. At this meeting William McClinto was authorized to build the first bridge over Cohas brook at an expense of \$50.

Major Hildreth, in 1735 or 1736, built upon the Cohas, a little east of what is now known as the old Harvey mill, a sawmill, this being the first mill of any kind within the limits of what is now the city of Manchester. Rum in those days was a prominent factor in almost every move that was made. At the raising of the first meeting house a building less than fifty feet long, the rum bill amounted to nearly forty dollars.



In granting Tyngstown and some other land grants in this neighborhood, there can be no doubt of the fact that Massachusetts had in view the securing of the fisheries upon the Merrimack at Amoskeag Falls to that province and the people of that province. They were looked upon as a most valuable and desirable acquisition. The people in the immediate neighborhood who had settled there under Masonian grants well knew their value and hence the more fear among them that there might be difficulty in getting titles to the lands from the new proprietors. But their fears proved to be groundless for the Masonian proprietors not only took early measures to give titles for small consideration to those who had settled upon their lands as before suggested, and readily regranted those townships to settlers already upon them that had been granted by Massachusetts. Thus this territory soon became known as the "debatable ground." All this controversy was finally settled in 1740 by cutting off from Massachusetts twenty-six townships which she had claimed as hers, among which was Tyngstown.

Feeling their grant was slowly slipping away from them the grantees of Tyngstown took action in the Massachusetts courts and after a very long and tedious fight the heirs of Captain William Tyng and their associates were given another grant of land in the Province of Maine, in 1785, which became known and settled as Tyngstown, although there is little evidence to show that many of the disappointed legatees of the snowshoe expedition availed themselves of this opportunity.

In 1803, upon its incorporation by the state, the name of this township was changed to Wilton, which it now bears.

There are fragments of the records

of several other grants in this state and record book, among them being those of Rindge, Jaffery, Mason, Dublin and Wilton and there are lists of the grantees of several other grants in this state and Vermont.

The book came finally, though it is not clearly known how, into the possession of the town of Jaffery, where it remained until the late Colonel George C. Gilmore of Manchester learned of its value and began negotiations with a view to its restoration to the city, where it rightfully belongs. After meeting with considerable opposition on the part of the officials and people of the town of Jaffery, it was voted almost unanimously at a town meeting held on March 10, 1896, to present the book to the city of Manchester. In return for this courteous act, the city printed the records contained in the volume relating to the town of Jaffrey in a pamphlet of fourteen pages for the town.

#### ROCK RIMMON

To see Rock Raymond lift his hoary head.

With verdure clinging to his rough foundations,

Like some proud tombstone of the mighty dead.

Which has outlived a thousand generations.

And stood alone the monarch of the plain,

Where cities fell and forests rose again.

\* \* \* \* \*

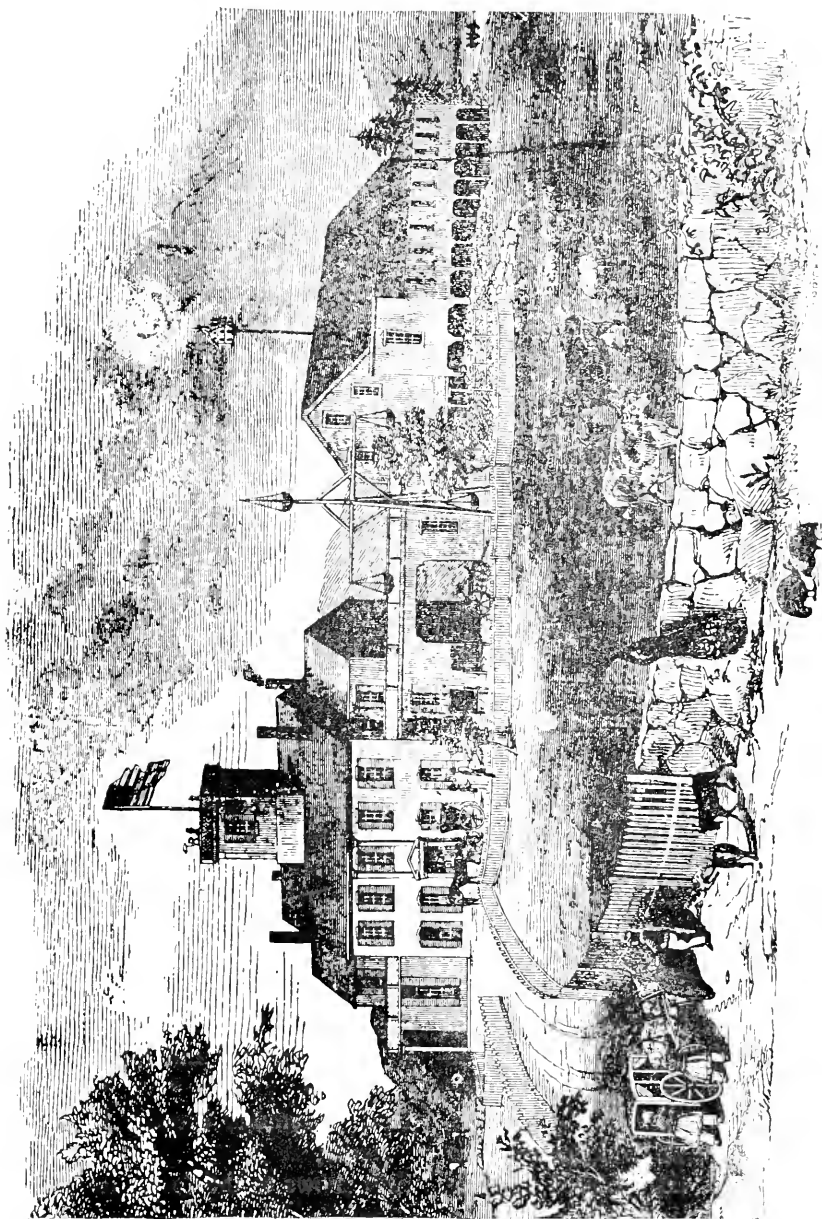
Rock Raymond created to wash away never,

Still shows to the forest its dark rugged breast.

But hushed are the cries of the wild-cat forever.

And squirrels crack nuts in the rattle-snakes' nest.

STARK.



OLD MASSABESIC HOTEL AS IT APPEARED WHEN OWNED BY E. P. OFFUTT

The noted ledge bearing the name Rock Rimmon rises from the high plateau west of the Merrimack river and is one of the greatest natural curiosities of this section. The exact figures of its elevation taken from the field notes of the city engineer are as follows: top of rock above city elevation, 296.35 feet; base above the same level, 179.83 feet and about 95 feet above low water mark at Amoskeag eddy. Extreme height of rock 116.53 feet. It is an outcropping of gneiss from the midst of a sandy plain, three hundred feet in length and one hundred and fifty feet in width.

The ledge extends nearly in a north and south direction, rising gradually from the north so as to be of easy ascent in that direction and ending in an abrupt precipice toward the south and southeast. The height of the precipice is given as one hundred and seventeen feet. The rock is to be seen at a considerable distance from Manchester, up and down the valley of the Merrimack and attracts a large number of visitors.

From its summit one can obtain a magnificent view of Manchester and its surrounding territory. It has never been ascertained when or by whom the name Rock Rimmon was conferred but the rock has been generally known by that name for nearly one hundred years, if not much longer. As is usually the case, the name has been much corrupted and has sometimes taken the name "Rock Raymond" this in turn being corrupted to "Rock Raymon."

Upon one of the earlier maps of the city the name is given as "Raymond." There is no doubt but that the name is of Biblical origin as the name appears in various forms in many places in the Bible. In II Samuel IV, 5-8 is found the name of one Rimmon who was known as "Rimmon the Beerothite." He had

two sons Rechab and Baanah who are described as a pair of bloodthirsty scoundrels and assassins. Again we find the name under the form of "Rimmon" meaning exalted as an ancient idol, by which was represented the sun or sun-worship at Damascus.

The name was also applied as the name of a city first belonging to the Levites and known as one of the cities of the priests, afterward reckoned as one of the cities of Judah and finally given to Simeon. At this period it is described in I Chronicles VI, 77 as "Rimmon with her suburbs" and also as one of "the twenty-nine cities of Judah with their villages" in Joshua XV, 32. It is said that in Simeon's day it was spelled "Remmon." It would appear from this that it was a place of considerable importance.

Another reference under the name "En Rimmon," a city near Jerusalem is referred to in Nehemiah XI, 29. "Um-er-Rummanim," meaning mother of pomegranates, is by students identified as the same place and is described as a village in ruins fifteen miles southeast of Hebron. Between two hills, it is said, both covered presumably with ancient ruins, and a mile south of the village is a large fountain, the principal watering place in the region.

The word "Rimmon" means pomegranate. Rimmon parez, meaning pomegranate of the beach, was one of the camping places of the Israelites during the exodus, where they pitched their tents as appears in Numbers XXXIII, 19-20. Parez means a branch in a wall or cliff.

Again the "Rock of Rimmon" and "Rock Rimmon" are spoken of in Judges XX, 45-47 and XXI, 13. The scriptural Rock Rimmon appears to have been a high rock or hill ten miles north of Jerusalem and four miles east of

Bethel, on which there is now a modern village. After a loss of more than twenty-five thousand fighting men in a series of sanguinary battles in the great Jewish civil war, eighteen thousand men having fallen in one engagement, the remnant of the tribe of Benjamin, six hundred in number, held this rock for four months against their enemies.

The rock appears to have been a natural fortress of great strength, as the warriors of Benjamin are several times spoken of as "in the rock." The late Mr. William E. Moore made quite an exhaustive study of the Biblical derivation of the name and I have drawn from him quite freely for the foregoing. In view of all this it would appear that there is no reasonable doubt but that our Rock Rimmon in Manchester was named after the rock near Jerusalem.

Albert L. Clough states that Rock Rimmon is of unusual interest geologically as a monument of the ancient height of the Merrimack valley at this point. The softer portions of the surrounding regions having worn away to their present elevations, leave this old rock and its sister formation, the Hooksett Pinnacle, to withstand the erosive effects of unnumbered centuries yet to come. Mr. Clough also states that Rock Rimmon and Hooksett Pinnacle are both referred to in a geological work published some years ago in Germany which shows that the old rock is appreciated abroad if not at home for the geological story which it tells.

There have been a large number of fanciful tales about Rock Rimmon. Poetry has been written telling Indian stories about the rock and it has the common reputation of being a "lovers leap."

For many years the Amoskeag Manu-

facturing Company owned the land in the vicinity of the rock as well as the rock itself. Feeling that it should properly be the property of the city of Manchester, on January 13, 1912, the Amoskeag Company deeded 42 and 88-100 acres of land including the rock to the city of Manchester to be always used and maintained as a public park.

#### THE NAME OF MANCHESTER

To a great many people the question of how Manchester acquired its name is unknown. Many have a very vague idea that it was derived in some way from Manchester, England but just how they do not know. The old name of Derryfield, it will be recalled, originated from the practice of owners of stock in Londonderry allowing their herds to graze on the open fields and clearings within the limits of our town, hence the term "Derry's field." The town bore this name from its incorporation in 1751 to 1810 when the name of Manchester was adopted.

This change of the name was effected out of compliment to the opinion of Judge Samuel Blodgett, the builder of the Amoskeag Canal, who frequently said that the town of Derryfield was destined to become the Manchester of America. His statements to this effect, it is believed, were made after his return from England in 1787. In 1783, Manchester, England, with Salford on the other side of the river Irwell, had a population of 39,000 people, mostly given over to the manufacture of cloth.

It is known that woolen manufacture was carried on there in the thirteenth century and during the reign of Henry VI, in the year 1552, laws were passed by parliament, regulating the length of "Manchester cotton," which, notwithstanding their name, were probably

woolen goods. In the year 1850 the cloth manufacturers of Manchester ranked among the first in England in extent and importance and its people were described as "the most industrious in the northern part of the kingdom."

It was the Manchester of 1783 which Judge Blodgett, looking into the future, prophesied would be equalled, if not surpassed by old Derryfield when the power of Amoskeag Falls, then going to waste, was properly harnessed to the loom and spindle. This statement of Judge Blodgett has been more than fulfilled. Our city is the "Manchester of America" and today it is more than double the size that the original Manchester in England was at the time he returned from England in 1787.

Judge Blodgett completed his canal on May 1, 1807, and died on September 1st of the same year. In 1810 the project was started of changing the name of the town to Manchester and at the annual town meeting held in Derryfield on March 13th, of that year, the following vote was passed upon the subject: "Voted, Thomas Stickney, John G. Moor and Amos Weston to be a Committee to petition the General Court to have the name of the town of Derryfield altered to Manchester."

Thomas Stickney was the grandson of Judge Samuel Blodgett. Amos Weston was the father of the late Governor James A. Weston and John G. Moor was a leading member of a family which was very prominent here in the earlier days and which still has numerous descendants living here. These men attended to the business for which they were chosen and duly presented the petition of the town to the June session of the great and general court of that year. A bill was accordingly prepared and on June 13, 1810, Governor John Langdon affixed his signature to

it and Derryfield had become Manchester. The bill read as follows:

"State of New Hampshire. In the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ten. An Act to Alter the Name of the Town of Derryfield in the County of Hillsborough, in said State to the Name of Manchester.

"Whereas, the inhabitants of the town of Derryfield in the County of Hillsborough, have petitioned this legislature to have the name of said town altered to that of Manchester; therefore be it Enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened: That said town of Derryfield shall forever hereafter be called and known by the name of Manchester, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

Upon this bill appeared the following endorsements: "In the House of Representatives, June 13, 1810. The foregoing bill having had three several readings passed to be enacted. Sent up for concurrence. Charles Cutts, Speaker.

"In the Senate, June 13, 1810. This bill having been read a third time was enacted. William Plummer, President."

Let us take a brief survey of the newly christened town. There was a total population of 615 with 113 resident and 17 non-resident taxpayers carried on the tax list of that year. The largest individual taxpayer was Isaac Huse, he paying the total amount of \$16.30. Five chaises were owned within the town, the five being valued at \$430.00.

At the town meeting of 1810, Thomas Stickney was chosen a selectman as well as a member of this committee to petition the legislature for the change of name of the town. Mr. John G. Moor was elected town treasurer of highways, surveyor of lumber and fishward, as well as a member of the same committee. Isaac Huse was elected a



selectman, highway surveyor, sealer of weights and measures and hogreeve. Samuel Moor, Jr., was chosen to the offices of selectmen, town clerk and surveyor of lumber.

Each poll tax payer was assessed \$1.50 to pay for the repairs of highways. Three cordors of wood, six surveyors of lumber and a culler of stones were also chosen. The warrant also contained an article "to see if the town will provide any support for a certain man, he being old and unable to care for himself" but the meeting voted to dismiss the article. Besides the farms, horses, cattle, timber land and one or two small grist and saw mills, \$1350 money at interest was mentioned in the inventory, of which \$700.00 belonged to General John Stark and the rest being divided between three other men.

In 1810, the candidate of the Democratic-Republican party for governor received 41 votes to 37 for his Federalist opponent, thus showing the parties pretty evenly divided at that time in the old town. Until 1815, Derryfield or Manchester was classed in with Litchfield in choosing a representative to the general court, the legislature of that year granting the town representation by itself. In 1816 Isaac Huse was elected as the first representative to the legislature. Such in brief is a picture of what Manchester was at the time of its christening.

#### CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENNIAL OF THE NAME OF MANCHESTER

At the annual meeting of the Manchester Historic Association which was held at their rooms on January 5, 1910, reference was made to the fact that 1910 was the centennial year of Manchester, it having received that name in exchange for its old title of Derry-

field, on June 13, 1810, by an act of the Great and General Court or Legislature. One hundred years had seen Manchester emerge from a struggling settlement of a few hundred souls into the metropolis of the state of New Hampshire and northern New England. In this period of time Manchester's vast manufacturing activities had been developed and the community had grown, thrived and prospered in all directions.

It means a good deal to the citizens of a city when the time is reached in the life of the community that they can say, "we are one hundred years old." It was at the March meeting, in 1810, that the proposition to change the name of the town of Derryfield to Manchester, took definite shape. At that meeting it was voted that Thomas Stickney, John G. Moor and Amos Weston be a committee to petition the general court to have the name of the town of Derryfield altered to Manchester.

The petition was presented and the name of the town was changed to Manchester, by the legislature, at the June session of that year. This change of name, as has been stated in a former article, was made out of compliment to Judge Samuel Blodgett, who had died three years previous in 1807, a few months after the opening of his canal and who had been wont to say, that the town was "destined to become the Manchester of America." His vision at that time was truly prophetic and the great hives of industry, the factories and shops of today with their thousands of operatives are confirmation of what he foresaw.

With such a record it seemed eminently fitting, therefore, that either the city in its official capacity or the Historic Association, should the municipal body not feel disposed to do so, observe with appropriate exercises this

important anniversary. The motion was accordingly made and was unanimously adopted by the association that a committee be chosen to confer with the city officials relative to the matter at an adjourned meeting. This committee was appointed as follows, Ex-Mayor E. J. Knowlton, G. Waldo Browne, Fred W. Lamb, Isaac Huse, Frank W. Sargeant and William P. Farmer.

The Manchester Board of Trade was next interested in the project and a committee of six was chosen to represent that organization consisting of President William Savacool, William McElroy, Frank E. Martin, A. J. Precourt, Frank A. French and James F. Cavanaugh. These two committees got together and after discussing the project in a thorough manner drew up a communication to the city councils setting forth the desirability of observing the centennial and requesting the appropriation of the sum of two thousand dollars to assist in defraying the expense of commemoration. The legislature at the session of 1909 having conferred the right and authority to the city of Manchester to do this by the passage of a bill introduced by Representative Charles G. Barnard, of Ward 4.

The city government, after the matter was presented to them by this joint committee, thought it advisable to appoint another committee of six to assist in looking the project over. Accordingly there was appointed on their behalf Mayor Eugene E. Reed, Alderman Ernest Weisner and Alderman James E. McDonald, President James B. Fitch, Councilmen John J. Connor and Frank R. Vose. This general committee of six from the city Board of Trade, and six from the Manchester Historic Association held two meetings and after making a canvass of the city, the city govern-

ment members of the committee did not think it advisable to undertake a celebration, therefore dropping the matter as far as the city was concerned.

Far from being disheartened at this outcome of the plan, the members of the Manchester Historic Association held another meeting to discuss the proposed celebration. A special committee was then chosen consisting of President Isaac Huse, William P. Farmer, Fred W. Lamb, Miss Mary Bell Willson and George Waldo Browne to consider and report a plan for a celebration. This committee went to work with a will and it was decided to hold a large public mass meeting on the night of June 13. The city hall was engaged for the event and a press and publicity committee was organized consisting of Miss Mary Beil Willson, George Waldo Browne and Fred W. Lamb. This committee issued over six hundred tastily gotten-up invitations.

The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting, the decorations being in charge of William P. Farmer. Back of the stage, forming a fine center piece for the red, white and blue streamers, was a huge portrait of the old hero of the hills, Maj. Gen. John Stark, looking calmly down upon the representatives of the present Manchester through the eyes of a century gone. The desk of the presiding officer was draped with a beautiful silk flag and the walls were a mass of national emblems festooning doors and windows with their beautiful and appropriate folds.

The program which was presented was as follows:

Piano Selections

Miss Sylvia L. Lamb

Songs "Cradle Song," W. Taubert

"Drink to Me Only With Thine

Eyes," Old English Song

Pupils of the Webster St. School



Introductory

President Isaac Huse

Reading of Communications

Fred W. Lamb

Address "The Honor of Old Derryfield"

George Waldo Browne

Song "The Hymns of the Old Church Choir"

Harland Davis

Oration "Manchester, Then and Now."

Hon. Edwin F. Jones

Poem "A Tribute to this Day."

Nellie M. Brown

Song "The Spacious Firmament on High," From "Creation."

Pupils of the Webster St. School

Address "The Ideal City."

Rev. William H. Morrison

Old city hall was packed to the doors by the crowd who thoroughly enjoyed the program which was presented. With superb decorations, excellent speaking, good music and an entertaining way of setting out historical facts, the Manchester Historic Association conducted a meeting for the general public which will go on record as one of the most successful gatherings of its kind ever held in Manchester. The exercises deserved a larger hall and the attendance of thousands.

The following letter was received from former United States Senator Henry W. Blair and it is thought worthy of being reproduced here:

Washington, D. C., June 8, 1910

To the Manchester Historic Association

"I have received your invitation to attend the exercises in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Manchester, to be held in city hall, June 13, 1910, with sincere gratification and only regret that I am unable to be present on that interesting and historic occasion.

"No city in America is a more wonderful demonstration of the innate force of the social, economic and political institutions of our country, and of the wisdom and sturdy virtues of its founders and builders. She is our most cosmopolitan city, with the exception of New York, and it will be found difficult to specify a race, creed or nationality or a single portion of modern civilization which is not to be found in our dear Queen City, enthroned on the banks of the Merrimack, beautiful for situation and the pride of the incomparable Old Granite State.

"The past is secure. Let us address ourselves to the duties before us so that as we venerate the Fathers, we, with them may be honorably remembered on the recurrence of this anniversary at the end of the century to come.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY W. BLAIR

Letters of regret were also received from C. C. Shaw, of Milford, N. H., Governor Henry B. Quinby and Mr. Charles Behrens, Lord Mayor of Manchester, England. The oration by Hon. Edwin F. Jones was a masterpiece reviewing the history of our city from the earliest times and comparing the condition of the early settlement with that of the present Manchester.

#### THE OLD MASSABESIC HOTEL

The old Massabesic House. What memories the name brings to the mind of the old timers. For many, many years a landmark, it fell a victim to the fire fiend on May 14, 1903 and was never rebuilt.

In the year 1800, a man by the name of Wade Cogswell came from Ipswich, Mass., and purchased a lot at the north

end of Lake Massabesic, where the turnpike crossed the Candia road. There he built what became known in those days as the Cogswell house, a substantial, strongly framed building without any pretensions to architectural beauty. How long it retained that name does not appear, but in 1844 it was owned by Daniel Merrill and he in turn sold it in 1845 to Edward P. Offutt. Mr. Merrill is said to have begun some improvements and changes in the building, but by reason of unsteady habits, he was unable to complete his plans and passed away soon afterwards.

Edward P. Offutt was quite a character of our earlier years in Manchester. He was a native of Amesbury, Mass., and came to Manchester from Lowell, Mass., in 1839. Soon after locating here, he established a furniture and crockery establishment at what was then 31 Elm street and is now about 999. It is said that he built the store which he occupied, it being the second store on Elm street, on the lot where the old Music Hall block now stands. The building was burned down many years ago in a big fire.

The real history of the Massabesic House began with Mr. Offutt's ownership. He began many changes and improvements in the house. Stables were added and a hall for parties, for Sunday services and for political meetings was at once built. He laid out a miniature park on the approach to the lake, set ornamental trees and drained the low lands about the place and brought them under cultivation.

A steamer was purchased and launched upon the lake. It was known by the name of "Gem of the Lake" and ran upon the eastern part of the lake for the accommodation of pleasure parties. He soon started a zoo for the amusement of the children, wherein was a mother

goat and her sportive kids, a sober and sagacious donkey, several strange varieties of fowl, parrots in cages and an occasional melancholy monkey.

About 1878, Mr. Offutt greatly enlarged, improved and refurnished the buildings in elegant style. The grounds were more than ample and were well fitted up with all the modern appliances for amusement and recreation. Beautiful groves, provided with platforms, tables, seats, swings and everything necessary for the comfort of visitors were among the attractions of the place and a splendid fleet of pleasure boats, both sailing and rowing, with fishing tackle, and experienced boatmen were always at the command of the guests.

The house was kept open the year round for both permanent boarders and transient guests. Lakeland park, a most beautiful grove, connected with the house was open for the free use of the public. It was provided with a fine cafe at the lakeside, run on temperance principles and provided well for the accommodation of pleasure parties.

Mr. Offutt was an enterprising man and in addition to all his other property he acquired the place known as the Oswego mill, where he introduced machinery for sawing shingles and for planing and several houses were erected for the use of the workmen. This was located where the stream from Tower Hill pond crosses the Candia road. The dam, however, which some years previously had been washed away in a freshet, again gave out and no trace of the little settlement now remains.

It has been said that the Massabesic House under the management of Mr. Offutt did not prove to be a very profitable financial investment, though very well patronized at times. Possibly he had more business on his hands than he could well attend to. Be that as it may,

the property passed into other hands. Mr. Offutt died February 2, 1870, aged sixty-two years. He was survived by a widow and five children. He was one of the most consistent temperance men of Manchester. Though the keeper of a public house for a long term of years he always maintained his temperance principles. He is said to have also run a hotel within the compact part of the city. He had been a popular auctioneer and was engaged in a far greater variety of business than any other man in this city.

In 1882, the Massabesic House and accompanying land was sold to Gen. Charles Williams. He leased it to various parties but it failed to recover any great amount of patronage. It finally came under the management of Harry Clifton, being then known as the Clifton House. He later gave up the business and the house had several spasmodic periods of activity, but it was gradually falling into decay.

On May 14, 1903, at a little before 8 p. m., the building was discovered to be on fire. It had been unoccupied for some time, so there is no doubt but that the fire was the work of an incendiary. It was a most spectacular fire which could be seen for many miles. The fire spread rapidly from where it was first discovered, this being in a long, low carriage shed at the rear of the main building and in half an hour all the sheds, barn and the rear part of the main building was in flames.

Upon the alarm being received in the city, Fire Chief Thomas W. Lane immediately ordered the Merrimack steamer and hose carriage to respond under Assistant Engineer Clarence R. Merrill. After the long, hard run, the steamer upon its arrival was hauled down to the lake shore and soon had streams on the blaze. In reality it was very little good

they could do however. Practically everything was doomed before they could arrive.

They did good work, however, in restricting the spread of the flames to other buildings as it looked at one time as if the street railway pavilion, theatre and Burke Bros. store would all have to go. By ten o'clock the flames began to die down and all that was left was the smouldering ruins. Two chimneys and a portion of the northeast corner of the main building were all that remained standing at this time. There was no insurance on the buildings or their contents. The total damage was estimated at a rising \$7500.

At the time of its destruction, the building contained some seventy rooms, a bowling alley, a dance hall and other features. The main building was well constructed, but the additions which had been built on from time to time were said to have been thrown together. Great oak timbers, hewn and pinned together were used in the construction of the main building.

If the run to the fire had not been so long and the firemen could have been even ten minutes earlier, the main building could have been saved, but the long distance that had to be covered made it practically impossible to reach the fire until it was too late. The scene presented by the fire was one that is seldom equalled in point of picturesqueness. The long western L and flat joining buildings were soon burned flat and nothing remained of them except burning timbers; but the main structure was on the south side, completely enshrouded in flames which shot high into the air, making the locality as light as day. And out from the majestic column of smoke that rolled up and into the heaven there fell a shower of sparks that made the most gorgeous display of fire-

works a puny and insignificant thing. It was a beautiful, brilliant spectacle and was watched with silent but intense interest by an immense crowd of people.

The center of activity at Lake Massa-

besic at one time, its halls had been thronged with guests and had echoed to the sounds of revelry. Such was the end of the one time famous hostelry now passed into history.

## *New Hampshire Pattern*

JOHN S. GALLAGHER

We've a home out in the country,  
 Once 'twas quite a neighborhood  
 Now there's only grown-in cellars  
 Where the ancient houses stood;  
 Seems as though it would be lonesome  
 We don't find it so at all,  
 For you see we still have neighbors  
 Lilacs 'round each cellar wall.

When each year we've left the city  
 For our country home in May,  
 We can see our quaint old neighbors  
 Grand-dames of another day;  
 With their green hoop-skirts a 'bobbin'  
 And their blue and purple shawls,  
 Yes, it's true we still have neighbors  
 Lilacs 'round the cellar walls.

# *The Captain Takes the Wheel*

MRS. BERTHA L. CROSS

CAPTAIN HENRY BUNKER, late master of the "Far Away," one of the ablest seamen that ever sailed a vessel on the high seas, was facing defeat and upheaval of his whole life. Old age and a series of hard luck had weakened his resistance, so that he was almost ready to yield.

"I tell ye, Ralph, I'm all right here," he shouted in futile anger. "What's the use of dragging me from my moorings to anchor along with you in New York?" his eyes flashed with old-time fire as he faced his son.

"Yes, I know, but we can't live in any peace of mind, neither Tom nor I, knowing our father is living alone here in this old shack."

"Old shack is it?" the old man shouted, raising clinched fists. "'Tis where ye were born and raised."

"Yes, yes," the son said soothingly. "But it's literally falling to pieces; besides even if Tom and I restored it, you'd still be alone."

Captain Henry looked around at the familiar scene: the garden warm in the Spring sunshine, the lilacs with their feathery purple bloom, at the jonquils, golden and brave, a tear slowly dropping from his eye.

"Ralph," he said slowly, "ye don't understand. I brought yer mother here most fifty years ago a bride, sweet and lovely," he added, his voice breaking. "And now ye want me to leave the spot where we found happiness together," pausing for a long moment, "and—and go live in your fine city home and expect me to be happy."

"But, father—" The old man held up

his hand for silence, "Let me finish; a biled shirt every day and stiff collar, waited on by servants. Bah!"

With no reply, his son took a bank book and a check book from his pocket and laid them on the table. The captain, picking them up, looked at them and laid them down with no comment.

"You see, father," Ralph said after a long silence, "I've deposited two thousand dollars to your credit in a New York bank."

"Just to cruise around New York on, I s'pose?" he queried. "Now why can't I take five hundred of that and fix up the house?"

"Never," Ralph replied angrily. "That wouldn't solve the problem in the least, you've got to come with me."

The captain meditatively scratched his chin. "I'll think it over," he said slowly.

Rising stiffly, he limped to the door, looking off over the town, the lighthouse in the far distance, the sparkling bay quiet in the sunshine.

"It makes but little difference where I am," he said. "Since yer mother went the whole world seems lonely."

Ralph came over to him and laid his arm around his shoulder, tears in his own eyes. "I know, dad," he said softly, "but Blanche and I will do our best to make you happy. You'll have your own rooms and can be absolutely independent, then the doctors can fix your knee, can't you see it's for the best?"

The old man slowly shook his head, his eyes fixed on the dunes far in the distance. Taking his cane he said, "I'm going out into the garden and think it over a spell."

He went slowly down the walk to the seat under the maple, where he and Emmy, tired after a hard day's work, had loved to sit looking off over the bay with the fishing boats at anchor. His old dog, blind in one eye, lay stretched at his feet. The robins nesting in the branches cheerfully carolled their happiness, only the captain was lonely and sad.

"'Tis no place in New York for hound dogs, Tige," he said. The dog replied by a thump of his tail. "I dunno, guess I might as well go 'long with Ralph." Shadows began to lengthen, a slight chill was in the air. He arose and followed by the dog limped slowly and thoughtfully into the house.

After supper Ralph said, "Shall we see the real estate agent to-morrow, father?"

"Wait a day, I want a chance to visit around and see what my lifelong friends say, 'specially Hiram." Smoking thoughtfully for a long while, he took his pipe out of his mouth and said slowly, "If I had a regular housekeeper, Ralph, would that relieve your mind any?"

Ralph, who was fidgeting around the room, looked sharply at his father, "Next thing you'll be speaking of getting married," he said sarcastically. "You don't know of any grass widows around here that would like to marry you, do you?"

The old man looked at him for a moment, then threw back his head and laughed heartily. Tige, wishing to join in the fun, wagged his tail sympathetically. "Wall now, son, I guess you've hit on the right idee," he said. "Can you remember your father in his younger days? Do ye remember how straight and upstanding I was? that I was allays called Handsome Captain Henry? I allays did think purty well of myself,

and I had just cause. Why I was first mate when I was only twenty-two, master of my own vessel at thirty. I tell ye, son, I'm going courting!"

Ralph looked at his father as if he had taken leave of his senses.

"Well, father," he said laughing a little, "pick out one that's got some money."

"And a good looking one, Ralph, I never could bear a homely women. And say, Ralph, that two thousand dollars would be my wedding present?" The old man's eyes were sparkling and he looked ten years younger.

"Go to it, Dad," Ralph said, "if you succeed in finding a good looking widow, I'll double it!"

"It's a go, Ralph!" the old man said, "And I'm going courting to-morrow."

About seven o'clock, the captain took his cane and said, "I'm going down to Hiram's a little while and have a little game of chess." His eyes twinkling he added, "And ask him if he'll help me find a—a— wife!"

"That's all right, dad, but don't try to steal his."

"That's not the style in Bayport," his father said quickly, "that's New York style."

He limped out of the yard and onto the main road; the orchard on the east was full of gnarled old apple trees, their imperfections softened by the soft moonlight; the trees, with their interlacing branches, cast queer shadows. He chuckled to himself, "Fine night to go sparking, setting's all right. Wall, I know one women that I'd like to marry, and if Emmy could speak, she'd say so too. It's my old sweetheart, Sarah Kingsbury, I wonder if she still lives over to Trumet?"

He turned into the yard of a little wood-colored house and limped up the flagged walk. Two women in the front

window on the east side were talking animatedly. The younger of the two, glancing out, saw the captain first.

"For Heaven's sake," she said, "What has happened to Captain Henry? He's lame."

"Why, didn't you know?" the other woman said in surprise. "He was struck by a beam, oh, four years ago and water got into the joint."

"I always thought he was awfully handsome," the younger one said. "You know, Emma, I came awfully near marrying him once," she added with a little blush. "My! but we were in love!"

"Well, let's go down, Sarah, he'll surely want to see you."

The women went down the stairs and into the sitting-room with its quaint old furniture. As they entered, the captain, glancing up, rose slowly to his feet. "Wall, Sarah Hewlett," he said in surprise, "I'll be bound! here I've been thinking of ye all the way over, and here ye be."

"How do you do, Captain Henry?" she said, giving him her hand. "I'm sure glad to see you. Sorry to hear of your accident, let me see," she said thoughtfully, "I haven't seen you since the day of Liph's funeral."

"No, guess that's so," he said. "Wall how be ye? See yer's purty as ever!" The little sweet-faced woman, with her snapping black eyes and curly hair, now slightly gray, blushed as she answered. "Go 'long now, captain, you're as big a tease as ever."

Hiram and Emma, seeing the two wanted to visit, thoughtfully went out into the kitchen and left them alone.

"How're ye getting along, Sarah?" the captain said sitting down on the horse-hair sofa, laying his arm around the back. "I see Hiram's taken Emma out so's we can have a nice visit."

"Ye—es," she said a bit shyly. "Well,

I'm all right, Henry, but I can't get used to living alone, I'm terribly lonely since Liph died. I have my cat, my parrot and my home but there's something lacking."

"Yes, 'tis lonely living alone," he agreed absent-mindedly, "I find it so."

The room was very quiet; the fireplace sent up a shower of sparks like burnt out hopes and died down to a dull glow. The Captain, taking the poker, turned over the log and it blazed up again brightly.

"That's like life," he said whimsically. "We have to be stirred up once in a while."

"I've got something on my mind, Sarah, and I'm going to tell you about it and ask your advice. He turned to her with a quick decision. She looked at him wonderingly, noting the anxious look in his eyes.

"Yes?" she said quietly. "What is it, maybe I can help you."

He was quiet for a moment, thinking; raising his head sharply, he said, "Ralph wants to sell the old place and have me come to live with him in New York. I don't want to go, but I want to do what is right. He feels pretty peeved because I can't fall in with his plans."

"You mean leave Bayport forever," she faltered aghast. "Oh, Henry," her eyes filling with tears, "why, you couldn't!"

Sarah turned and looked at him with deep understanding and pity. She had known this man when he was an independent, proud, slightly domineering man, rather an autocrat on board his vessel, to think of him taking orders from another just rent her heart.

"There must be some other way," she said musingly, "there must be."

"Wall," he finally said, "There is one other way."

"Yes?" she interrupted quickly, "what is it?"

The captain hemmed and hawed for a moment, nervously fingering his watch-chain, a tiny model of the "Far Away" made of ivory.

"I—I'll tell you some other time," he stammered. "I—I am afraid it's too absurd; you'd maybe laugh at me."

"I—I'd never laugh at you, Henry," she said softly, laying her hand over his; he took her soft little hand in his and pressed it gently.

"Time was," he said softly, "when this little hand held my whole happiness in its palm." A tear dropped from her eyes onto his hand. Looking up in surprise, he said, "You're not crying for me, air ye Sarah?"

"Oh, I can't bear to have you unhappy, Henry."

Hiram and Emma entered just then and they all sat and visited until the clock struck ten. The Captain immediately arose and put on his slicker.

"I'd no idee 'twas so late," he said, "I must hurry; Ralph will be out looking for me."

"I'll take you home, Henry," Sarah said, putting on her hat. At his look of surprise, she laughed. "I'll have you know, I'm one of these modern women and drive my own Ford."

"Well, I vum," the captain said in surprise. "You allays was an up and a coming one," he added admiringly. "I'll see you to-morrow, Hiram, that is if Sarah is a careful driver."

The road was a ribbon of silver in the moonlight. Mists, rising from the river, floated over the meadow in queer, wraith-like figures, often assuming human shapes. Across the meadow the lights of the village twinkled and in the far distance, the dunes sullenly shifting, tried in vain to find a resting place.

"What was the other solution, Henry?" she asked abruptly.

"Why," he answered shamefacedly,

"'twas just a joke at first; 'course no women would want a battered old hulk like me." He paused, laughing nervously. "Ralph said, 'Next, I'd be looking for a wife!'"

"Well," she said calmly, "why don't you?" She slowed the car down and turning in to a side road said, "Let's go by the River Road, I always loved that road." Laughing a little tremulously, she said, "It's where we used to drive when you—you was courting me, Henry, remember?"

The captain laid his hand over hers as it rested on the wheel and said softly, "As if I ever could forget, Sarah. Why," he added, "you were the apple of my eye in those days."

"Yes?" she said coquettishly. "And do I look so badly to you now, Henry?" Driving slowly over the narrow back road, she stopped under a widespreading oak. The bay glimmered silvery through the trees.

"Do you remember this spot?" she said softly. "Right here you took me in your arms for the last time, dear."

"I remember it, I remember it all; it seems like yesterday. That night you told me you was going to marry Liph Hewlett." He put his arms around her still slim waist and drew her up close. "Why did you change your mind, Sarah, and take him instead of me?" She clung to him for a moment without speaking.

"I—I shouldn't speak ill of the dead, Henry," she said nervously, "but Emmy," she paused. "Go on, Sarah," he said sternly. Wiping her eyes, she continued slowly, "She said you asked her to—to marry you and she said you told her that I—I was throwing myself at your head and I thought I—I'd show you I wasn't." She burst into a wild storm of weeping.

"So that was it?" he said slowly.

"Yes," she said low, "I always loved



you most, Henry; but Liph never knew it."

"And I you, but Emmy never knew it." They sat without speaking for some moments. The village clock struck eleven; neither heard it, time was turned back fifty years.

"Sarah," he said softly, "what shall we do?" She sat thoughtfully looking at him, meeting his eyes with sweet frankness.

"What do you want to do, Henry?" she finally said.

"Wall," he said, pulling her over into his arms and giving her a resounding smack, "my inclinations are just the same now, as they were fifty years ago. I still love ye and want ye fer my wife; but ye wouldn't marry a battered old hulk like me would ye, Sarah?"

"Yes, I would," she answered quickly, "and you're not half as battered as you think you are, captain. My captain," she added happily. "Oh, Henry," she added, through happy tears, "let's take the years we've got left and just be happy!"

"Well, darling," he said, "let's plan."

"Yes?" she said. "Well, I'll sell my place over to Trumet, I never did like over there anyway; I know a man that's crazy to buy it; he'll give me three thousand dollars for it; then we'll be married," she said, with a girlish blush. The captain laughed and stole a kiss.

"I always did love to see you blush," he said. "It makes you look so sweet. Well, go on."

"No, you go on," she said. "You're doing the proposing, I'm not."

"Well, Ralph gave me a check book this morning and a bank book with two thousand to my credit; and he said, laughing heartily, "if I could find a widow, with money, and good-looking," kissing her again, "he'd double it; so we've got about seven thousand dollars to begin with."

"Yes, and I'll keep hens," she said excitedly.

"And I'll keep bees," he said, "and get this old knee fixed up. Sarah, you've given me a new lease on life, why, this morning, I was ready to—to jump in the sea."

Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"What's the joke, dear?" she said smiling in sympathy.

"I was thinking that Ralph will think I have gone courting, as I said I was going to do; it must be most midnight." She laughed too, then said a bit nervously, "What s'pose he'll say?" Women-like, after her point was gained, beginning to weaken.

The captain threw back his shoulders and answered in the old authoritative manner, "Say? what will he say? He'll say nothing, Sarah, when I tell him I'm still master of my ship and skipper on this cruise, you just stand by, Sarah, and leave it all to me."

Meekly she replied, "Aye! Aye! Sir!" and started the car homeward.



## Major John Andre

WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, M. D., Uxbridge, Mass.

THERE is no period in America's life that presents so stirring and vigorous a picture of the part that one life plays in the making of the scene, than does that period which covers the revolt of the colonies and the forming of the young republic. The results of that conflict are known to all, the great leaders are still household heroes, the battles are still studied by every student of today, but to the lover of history there is still a charm in bringing to light details of the life of those who took part in that great conflict, details unknown and forgotten in the greater results of the mass history. So much interest was manifested in the intimate personal life of Captain Hale, the American spy, recently published in the *New Hampshire Monthly*, that it seems fitting we should know more intimately his counterpart on the British side, Major Andre. This interest has been increased by recent arrival in America of the official British papers of the Revolution, which contain details of incidents hitherto unknown, and shows clearly why he was regarded as a spy, an accusation he always strenuously denied. One thing that impresses me more than anything else, as indeed it seems it must every student of history, is the hand of Providence in our affairs. It is manifest in every step of the way, from Bunker Hill to Bennington, from Monmouth to Yorktown, yes, even in the treachery of Gates and the dark days of Valley Forge. And never was it more clearly shown than in the failure of the well laid plot to deliver West Point, the key to the great state of New

York, into the hands of the enemy. It failed by the merest accident, by one step only did Washington escape capture. It was the critical moment in the great conflict. Charlestown had fallen and the whole South was in the hands of the British, Gates had been defeated at Camden and his army dispersed, New Jersey was in the hands of the enemy, who were confident of success. If Arnold's treason had been successful, the whole rebellion might easily have collapsed, and America continued as a colony of the Empire. Providence had other plans for her, however, and what looks like a mere accident becomes the finger of fate.

John Andre was born in London in 1751, where his father was a successful merchant. His mother was a beautiful French maiden, from whom he inherited those graces, which are even yet associated with him. There were five children, of whom John was the eldest. He received a thorough education and was finished at the University in Geneva. He had the desire and taste for a military life, but his father died suddenly when John was but 18 years old, and he unexpectedly found himself with a family and a large business on his hands. He devoted himself to his new work but it was distasteful to him and he disposed of the business and in 1771 joined the Royal army, with the rank of lieutenant. It was not until three years later, however, that he went to America. Just before his departure occurred one of three singular omens which have been related about him. He went with Miss Seward, a warm

personal friend, to pay a farewell visit to a Mr. Cunningham. The latter had a singular dream the night before. He was in a deep forest, when he saw a horseman approaching at great speed. Suddenly three men sprang from behind a tree, seized the rider and bore him away. He awoke with a start but again fell asleep and found himself in a vast crowd of people. A gallows was in the center and to it was brought the captured horseman and hanged. The face of this man was vividly impressed on his mind. He was relating this dream the next morning, when his friend, Miss Seward, brought young Andre, whom he had never seen, to visit him. Judge of his horror when he at once recognized Andre as the victim of his dream. Two other incidents, equally singular are recorded though at a later date. After the British had evacuated Philadelphia, and it had been occupied by the continental troops, Washington gave a grand party in the Penn House. Among the guests were two ladies, who had known Andre well and had danced with him many times. On the way to the hotel they had to pass through a wood, when they were startled by the appearance of a man, whom they both recognized as Andre, hanging from a limb of a tree. They were too frightened to investigate this apparition, and were well laughed at by the guests when relating their experience. The third omen is authentic and is vouched for by his sister Mary. She had a friend visiting her and they occupied the same room. Mary's sobs awoke her in the night and she told her friend she had a bad dream. After a time both fell asleep, and Mary screamed, "They are hanging him" and no soothing could quiet that night of horror. The next mail from America brought the news of the trial and ex-

ecution of Andre, on the very date of the fateful dream. Andre went to Philadelphia, not as a soldier but as an English citizen. His charming manner gave him a wide freedom in the city, and he made many friends. From here he went to New York and Boston and was equally welcomed in both cities.

He was an educated, bright and observant man. That he learned much of the trials of the liberty loving colonists is undoubtedly true, and Clinton may have taken advice from his observations when he joined the British army at a later date, but to say that he made the journey as a spy, seems to me wholly unwarranted. He was young, nice and attractive. He wanted to see the new country and naturally, its best places. He arrived in Quebec in November and remained in Canada for a year. He was taken prisoner by Montgomery when the latter captured the fort at St. Johns. He wrote Miss Seward: "They have taken everything from me, except the picture of my only love, which I have always carried about my neck. When captured I put the locket in my mouth, and my captors did not discover it. Having that I am indeed fortunate."

He was taken back to Pennsylvania with the other British captives for safe keeping, and was allowed to teach the children in Carlisle. He made friends everywhere and the children adored him. Toward the close of 1776, he was exchanged and joined Howe in Philadelphia.

During his leisure time while a prisoner, he wrote a full account of his impressions of the new country, with a description and pen pictures of all the places he had visited. Howe was delighted with the young soldier and placed him at once on his staff, with the rank of captain. He served with distinction as a staff officer. He was the life of the

gay British circle in Philadelphia. He was the leader in all the gay balls that Howe and his officers were attending, when they should have been pursuing Washington's poorly armed troops. He wrote plays and filled the papers with articles, written to prove how much better off America would be as a colony of England. He was almost equally popular with the patriots as with the loyalists, as there seemed about him a charm which all felt, who came within his influence. It was in May, 1778, before King George and his advisers discovered that Lord Howe was not a general, but merely a pleasure seeker, and desiring results, they recalled him, and the command of the British forces in America was given to Sir Henry Clinton. Howe prepared to return to England, but before his departure the greatest social event in the history of the country was given in his honor. This consisted of a series of tournaments, balls, banquets and scenic plays, rivaling those of the gayest days of the French court. Andre was the leader in the whole affair, which caused as much pleasure to the gay officers and the ladies of the city, as it did consternation to the more sober British officers, who realized that they never could succeed with such officers. In every one of these pageants Lord Howe was praised as "greater than Cesar." No honor could be great enough to be conferred on him. The whole affair was soundly condemned in England as well as in this country. Howe was lazy, indolent and incompetent. He not only did nothing for England, himself, but he prevented other officers from doing anything. He amassed wealth here, but returned to England without honor. One of his critics said, "He has given America to the Americans," and charged him "with a vanity and presumption unequalled in

history, and his indolence and wretched blunder, in accepting from his officers a triumph more magnificent than would have become the conqueror of America, without the consent of his sovereign, or the approbation of his country." Here we may dismiss this fallen general. His character in only an incident in the study of Andre's life. In spite of the latter's apparent worship of Lord Howe, Andre found his advancement under General Clinton more rapid. The new commander was a soldier, and Andre's clerical and executive ability was so marked, that he was at once made major, by which title he was afterwards known, and early in 1779 he was made adjutant general of the British forces in America. General Clinton's headquarters were in New York, and there was entertaining and gaiety in the city. In spite of his new army duties, which were never neglected, Andre found time to write a poem of real merit entitled, "The Cow Chase" and also to direct and produce many theatrical performances to the delight of the fair sex in the city. He was by nature kind-hearted and generous. In his official duties he did many acts of kindness, which endeared him to all the poorer class of people. Thus he was praised and loved by rich and poor, high and low, truly a man to be envied by all his less fortunate brother officers. But events were in the making that were to bring him from this high place to the lowest depths. Benedict Arnold had been made military governor of Philadelphia, on its evacuation by the British. He lived most extravagantly and entertained with his charming and beautiful wife, who was Margaret Shipper, all the social lions of the city. Many of these guests were none too loyal to the patriot cause and much treasonable talk was freely indulged in. Much criticism

was made by the graver portion of the citizens, who were dissatisfied with his prodigality. Arnold was quick, impetuous and headstrong and would brook no rebuke to his actions. A complaint was made against him to congress, charging him with malfeasance in office. The complaint was referred to a committee who exonerated the general. This report, instead of being accepted, was referred to a joint committee of congress and the executive council of Philadelphia. Arnold was furious but could do nothing but submit. The final report acquitted Arnold of any wrong doing, but said he had been imprudent and had acted improperly, and for this was to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. No one could have done this more delicately than Washington. He knew Arnold's courage and bravery, he knew also his fiery spirit and egotism. The reproof evinced the utmost tact, and the kindest spirit but Arnold was furious. From that moment he became a Judas, seeking to betray his master. From that moment also the web of fate commenced the weaving of that shroud which should soon cover the handsome and accomplished Andre. Under an assumed name Arnold wrote Clinton that he was able to place in his hands, not only the most important fortress in possession of the patriots, but also the body of Washington himself. Clinton believed the story worthy of investigation and ordered Major Andre to take entire charge of the correspondence and negotiations. Perhaps this may have been, as some allege, because Andre was a devoted admirer of the beautiful Margaret Shipper before her marriage to Arnold and it was thought he could do the work with better results on that account, but at that time Clinton did not know who the traitor was, and

there is not the slightest evidence to show that Mrs. Arnold had any knowledge of her husband's infamy, until his confession, just before his flight to the British ship, after Andre's capture. Andre at once took up correspondence with Arnold and the identity of each was soon known. As is well-known, Arnold had expressed a desire to have the command of West Point and this was readily granted. It was this post that Arnold offered to surrender to Clinton. It was a most coveted spot and its possession would give the British free communication between New York and Canada and, it was hoped, spell the doom of the patriot cause. Both Clinton and Arnold were anxious to close the negotiations. The price had been fixed, a brigadier generalship for Arnold in the British army, and \$50,000 in gold. Washington was to meet Count de Rochambeau, the commander of the French fleet, in Newport on September 20, and Arnold planned for the surrender of West Point during his absence. He demanded a personal interview with Andre to complete the arrangements. On September 20, 1780, Col. Williams of the British army, who was in the secret, gave a great banquet for Andre in New York. It was attended by General Clinton and all the officers. Toasts were drank as usual. The last one was "Major John Andre, our worthy adjutant general, the brave soldier and accomplished gentleman." Amid great applause Andre rose to reply. His speech usually so cheerful was to-night quiet and sad. At their request he sang a song. The choice was equally sombre. The refrain was, "Why soldiers why, should we be filled with gloom?" "Why, soldiers, why, whose business 'tis to die?"

As it was known he was to leave the

city that night on an important mission Andre thanked his friends in a husky and broken voice for their kindness, and was preparing to depart, when General Clinton said, "A word in addition, gentlemen, if you please. The major leaves the city on duty tonight which will most likely terminate in making p'lain John Andre, *Sir* John Andre, for success must crown his efforts." Andre left the company amid a storm of cheers and well-wishes, saddened by an indefinable presentiment of disaster, and departed to meet Arnold. No one of that company ever saw his face again. Andre went up the Hudson that night in the sloop of war, *L'ulture*, to have a personable interview with Arnold. He was accompanied by Beverly Robinson. Arnold sent Joshua H. Smith, an intimate friend, to convey Andre to the shore. He arrived in a boat at midnight, and Andre went with him to a lonely spot near Smith's house, his scarlet uniform covered by a long surtout. Smith's house is still standing on a beautiful eminence called Treason Hill, overlooking Haverstraw Bay. The place of meeting was outside the American lines, as Andre had especially insisted that he was not to enter hostile territory. Here for the first time he met the traitor Arnold face to face, though they had corresponded for a long time. The interview was very protracted and was not concluded at dawn, when Arnold proposed that they go to Smith's house for breakfast. This was done and by 10 o'clock all the arrangements were made and the papers passed. Arnold then departed for West Point in a boat, leaving Andre at the Smith house. It was arranged that General Clinton should appear with a force before West Point on the 25th, and after a show of resistance Arnold was to surrender the place. Andre remained all day at the Smith

house. It was close to the American lines and his host was afraid to convey him to the sloop which had been fired upon by the patriots and compelled to drop down the river. To provide for contingences Arnold had given Andre a pass to go through the American lines. Smith was anxious to get rid of Andre, as he dreaded a visit from the American officers, so he urged him to go back by land, giving him some of his own clothes to wear and accompanying him on horseback.

Against Clinton's positive orders, Andre took all the papers Arnold had given him, and hid them in his boot. Smith and Andre slept that night at a farmhouse near Tarrytown and the former returned home early in the morning, leaving Andre to continue alone, as the way seemed clear. That morning, Friday, September 23, 1780, seven young men, all patriots, and led by John Paulding, were out on a scout together. The leader had recently been a prisoner of the British and had escaped in the disguise of a Hessian uniform. This he still wore. While concealed in the woods they heard a horseman approaching. Paulding stepped to the road, leveled his gun, and ordered the man to halt and give an account of himself. It was Andre, almost in sight of the British lines. Seeing a man in a Hessian military uniform Andre said, "My lads, I hope you belong to our party."

"What party?" asked Paulding. "The lower party—the British," replied Andre. "We do," said Paulding. Andre exclaimed, "Thank God, I am once more among friends. I am a British officer, on important business, and trust you will allow me to proceed at once."

"We are Americans," said Paulding, "and you are our prisoner."

Andre was shocked but retained his composure. "In that case," he said, "I

shall have to show my orders," and he produced Arnold's pass, which allowed him to go into the American lines. The suspicions of his captors were now thoroughly aroused, and they compelled him to dismount, and searched every part of his clothing but found nothing. They were about to decide that their capture was of no importance, when one of the company suggested, "Try his boots." He was compelled to sit on the ground, his boots were taken off and the fatal papers were discovered. These Paulding read and was astounded at the contents. "My God!" he said, "he is a spy." Andre offered his captors any sum if they would release him, but they declined all his bribes, and delivered him to Lieutenant Colonel Jameson, then in command of Sheldon's dragoons at North Salem. In passing, it might be well to add, that this capture raised Paulding and his companions to high esteem and honor. Washington wrote to congress: "Their conduct merits our warmest esteem, and I beg leave to add that they should be granted a handsome gratuity. They have prevented in all probability, our suffering one of the severest strokes that could have been meditated against us."

Congress promptly passed a resolution of thanks for their fidelity and patriotism, gave them an annuity of two hundred dollars and ordered a medal struck in their honor. These medals were presented to the captors in person by Washington.

Colonel Jameson, who now had Andre in charge, was an honest and unsuspicious soul. He believed Andre was on important business for General Arnold, who he thought was a loyal and patriotic officer. He at once wrote to Arnold, telling of the capture, and sent Lieutenant Allen, with four soldiers, with the letter and the prisoner to him.

Andre was delighted. He saw safety, both to himself and Arnold.

They had not been gone long, however, when Major Tallmadge, a vigilant and trusted officer of Colonel Jameson, returned to headquarters and heard about the capture and the action of his chief. He at once sought his presence, denounced Arnold as a traitor and urged that he be allowed to follow with a few dragoons and bring Andre back. His persistence prevailed and he was sent after him. The little band had almost reached the fortress and Andre saw liberty in sight, when they were overtaken and returned to headquarters.

But Lieutenant Allen, with the letter, went alone to West Point and delivered it to Arnold. The letter was laid on his plate, telling of the capture of Andre and that all the papers in his possession had been sent to Washington. Arnold was a good actor. He read the papers through without a word. Only his wife detected the fear in his eyes. He arose hastily and went out of the room. She at once followed, and putting her arms around him said, "What is it?" Hastily he told her all and she fell to the floor in a dead faint. He left her to a maid, hastily kissed his sleeping babe, seized his pistols, and mounted his horse and rode rapidly to the river. His boat was there, manned by his own crew, and they pulled for life to the British ship *Vulture*. Arnold was in the bow and raised his cane with a handkerchief fastened to the end. He ascended the deck and finding the commander, Colonel Robinson, who was waiting for Andre, he told him everything. The *Vulture* returned to New York at once bearing the traitor to General Clinton. By this mere chance was Andre prevented from escaping. By a narrower chance, owing to Colonel Jameson's stupidity, Arnold was given a

chance to escape, otherwise he would have been arrested in a few hours. Arnold received his price from the British government but it was like the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for betraying his master. Even the British treated him contemptuously. His name was loaded with infamy. He died in obscurity in a foreign land "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Truly did he illustrate the saying of the Bible, "The wages of sin is death." We shall have occasion to refer to him but once more. Let us now return to the ill-fated but still lovable Andre. Major Tallmadge, whose suspicions and subsequent vigorous actions, had prevented Andre's escape, was made his subsequent custodian and well did he fulfill his duties. With a strong escort he conveyed him to West Point, where by Washington's secret orders he was received by General Greene. On the journey Tallmadge and Andre had much free conversation. They were both well educated, about the same age, and had much in common. In reply to a question of Tallmadge, Andre said that in the enterprise in which he was engaged he sought only military glory and the applause of his king and country, and perhaps a brigadiership. He then asked Tallmadge in what light he would be regarded by General Washington and a military tribunal. Tallmadge tried to evade an answer, but being pressed, he said, "I had a much loved classmate in Yale College, by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return. Do you remem-

ber the sequel of the story?" "Yes," said Andre, "he was hanged as a spy. But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike." "Yes,—precisely similar," replied Tallmadge, "and similar will be your fate." On arriving at West Point, General Washington at once ordered a meeting of the board of officers to make careful enquiry and report in what light the prisoner ought to be considered and what punishment should be inflicted. The board consisted of six major generals, and eight brigadier generals. General Greene was the presiding officer. Andre made a clear and detailed account of all his transactions. After due deliberation the board reported that the prisoner ought to be considered as a spy, and that, agreeably to the laws and usages of nations, he ought to suffer death. Andre met the verdict with manly firmness. "I foresee my fate," he said, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or be indifferent to life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me."

Washington approved the findings of the court and sentenced Andre to be hanged as a spy on the first day of October, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He at once notified General Clinton of his decision and the findings of the court.

Great efforts were made to save Andre from his sad fate. General Clinton wrote to Washington that Andre was not a legal spy, for a flag of truce had been sent with him and passports had been granted for his return. He said that the board had not been rightly informed of all the circumstances and asked for a stay of execution and a conference. This was granted, and General Greene met the British officers at Dobbs Ferry, but to no purpose. A



direct proposal was made to exchange Andre for Arnold. It would have been a result gratifying alike to the British and the Americans. It would have satisfied everyone—but Arnold—but General Clinton sadly refused. He felt in honor bound to keep his agreements with the traitor, even at such a cost. Arnold himself, furious with rage at the storm his own actions had raised, wrote to Washington an insulting letter, stating that he would hang every American he captured if Andre was not released. No reply was made to this insult but it riveted the last nail in Andre's coffin. On the morning of October first, not knowing that he had been given a day's reprieve, Andre wrote the following letter to Washington:

"Sir: Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give remorse, I trust that the request I make to Your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce Your Excellency and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, sir, if aught in my character impresses you with esteem toward me, if aught in my misfortune marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of those feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet. I have the honor to be Your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servant

John Andre."

Colonel Hamilton and many of the officers urged Washington to comply with the prisoner's request, but he felt that he could not and did not reply to the letter. Andre spent his last night

in writing to his mother and sisters and to Miss Seward, his staunch and loyal friend. He was executed on October 2, 1780, upon an eminence near Tappan village, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. He was dressed in full military costume and white top boots. He was attended by General Greene and all the field officers, except Washington and his staff. The prisoner's step was firm and he did not falter even when he saw the gallows, and knew that his last request was not to be granted. He mounted the gallows without assistance and adjusted the noose to his own neck. The Adjutant General then read the order for his execution, and told the prisoner he might speak if he wished. Standing erect, Andre bowed courteously to General Greene and said in a firm voice, "All I request of you, gentlemen, is that, while I acknowledge the propriety of my sentence, you will bear me witness that I die like a brave man."

These were his last words and in a few moments it was all over. "Thus died in the bloom of life," wrote Dr. Thatcher, who was present as surgeon of the Continental Army, "the accomplished Major Andre, the pride of the Royal Army and the valued friend of Sir Henry Clinton." The same officer is authority for the statement that Andre's regimentals were delivered to his servant and that his body was buried under the gallows.

It is doubtful if there ever was an execution under such sorrowful circumstances. Friend and foe alike joined in universal sympathy. All knew that the real traitor had escaped and that Andre was at the worst only an involuntary spy.

Washington signed his death warrant with great reluctance and with much emotion. Not one of the great generals of the Revolution but was filled with

sympathy for him. The younger officers, Lafayette, Hamilton, Tallmadge and others were fascinated by him. Andre had that rare quality of attraction that drew everyone towards him. Tallmadge, who was his constant guard, said of him, "From the few days of intimate intercourse I had with him, I became so deeply attached to Major Andre that I could remember no instance when my affections were so fully absorbed by any man."

Dr. Thatcher said that the tears of thousands were shed at his death, even the roughest soldiers wept freely. The British army had a day of mourning for his loss. Sir Henry Clinton shut himself up and refused to be seen by anyone, but it is remarkable that there were no reprisals, except by the guilty Arnold. Even the British generals recognized the essential justice of the affair and there was no public condemnation of Washington. All England went into mourning. The King especially honored the memory of Andre by ordering a notable mural monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey near the "Poets Corner." It was built in statuary marble and is seven and one-half feet in height. The inscription is as follows:

"Sacred to the memory of Major John Andre, who, raised to the rank of adjutant general of the British army in America, and employed in an important and hazardous enterprise fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1780, eminently beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious sovereign, King George the Third, has caused this monument to be erected."

The king granted a pension to the family of Andre, and his brother received the honor of knighthood.

On the tenth of August 1821, forty

years later, the remains of Andre were taken up and buried in Westminster Abbey, where they now repose. Two monuments have been erected to Andre in this country. The first was set up by James Lee, a public-spirited New York merchant in 1846. It is a boulder stone and on its face are these words:

"Andre was executed here October 2, 1780." A second and more elegant monument was erected here one hundred years later by the late Cyrus W. Field of New York. When the land was secured and preparations begun, a storm of protest was raised throughout the country. The press, ever ready to publish excited views, was filled with letters, intemperate and unwise. One paper declared that if Mr. Field persisted in erecting the monument, ten thousand men were ready to pull it down and cast it into the river. Fortunately the good sense of the American people began to assert itself. As Mr. Field said, "It was not to honor treason, it was to designate a great historical event." Mr. Field requested Dean Stanley to write the inscription. The latter agreed and in his letter to Mr. Field he showed that England felt that all animosity was over. He writes: "It is desirable that the inscription contain neither an attack nor a defense of Andre, but only an expression of sympathy with him in his tragical fate, and with Washington for the difficult circumstances in which the judges were placed."

On the 2nd of October, 1879, the 99th anniversary of the execution of Andre, the monument prepared by Mr. Field was uncovered in the presence of members of the historical societies in New York, and of many officers of the United States Army. There was no pomp or ceremony. Not a speech was made nor a token of applause given.

The memorial stone is composed of a shaft of Quincy granite, nine feet in height, and there is no ornamentation. It stands on an elevation near the village of Tappan, about two miles from the Hudson River, and only a few feet from the boundary line of New Jersey. On the west side is this inscription written by Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey :

"Here died, October 2, 1780, Major John Andre of the British Army, who, entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold, for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried and condemned as a spy. His death, though according to the stern rule of war, moved even his enemies to pity; and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey. A hundred years later this

stone was placed above the spot where he lay, by a citizen of the United States against which he fought, not to perpetuate the record of strife, but in token of those better feelings, which have since united two nations, one in race, in language and in religion, with the hope that this friendly union will never be broken." On the reverse side of the monument are these simple words :

"He was more unfortunate than criminal. An accomplished man and gallant officer.

George Washington."

If our greatest and best president could pen these words of Major Andre, it is surely worth our while to picture again this handsome and lovable youth, as he burst like a meteor across the Revolutionary sky and in a moment was hid in the darkness.



## *To New Hampshire*

IDA HUBBARD RIGGS

New Hampshire! O, New Hampshire!  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
When I behold your mountains  
And cloud-capped granite hills,  
Bedecked with fir and balsam,  
With spruces and with pine.  
New Hampshire! Fair New Hampshire!  
I'm proud to call you mine.

I love your brooks and rivers  
Which curve through valleys green;  
No less the little brooklet,  
Oft by the roadside seen  
To follow on one's left hand  
And then upon one's right.  
New Hampshire! Old New Hampshire!  
Thou'rt fair unto my sight.

Your road-sides trimmed with laurel,  
With mountain-pinks and ferns,  
Your lakes as clear as crystals,  
Your shady nooks and turns  
Delight the eye and cheer us  
While trav'ling on life's ways.  
New Hampshire! Dear New Hampshire!  
Thou'lt be through endless days.

What though we wander Westward  
Seeking gold without alloy,  
Or fly to sunny Southland  
And taste of many a joy;  
Our hearts turn ever backward,  
If good or ill our fate,  
To New Hampshire, our New Hampshire,  
The Grand Old Granite State.

# *A New Hampshire-Massachusetts River*

CHARLES N. HOLMES

Years and years ago, John Greenleaf Whittier wrote:

"Stream of my fathers! Sweetly  
still

The sunset rays thy valley fill;  
Poured slantwise down the long  
defile,

Wave, wood and spire beneath them  
smile."

The river Merrimack! Of which *Sieur de Monts* also wrote, in 1604, "The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the south, which they call Merrimack." The waves of the Atlantic surge against Plum Island and the beach of Salisbury. Between this island and the beach there is the mouth of the Merrimack. Its waters flow past Newburyport into the sea. Its waters flow from New Hampshire's southern boundary into Massachusetts, then through Tyngsborough, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, and past Newburyport. The Merrimack, wide and powerful.

The Merrimack flows southward in New Hampshire. The Connecticut river, beginning in northern New Hampshire, also flows southwardly. As is well known, it forms most of the Granite State's western boundary, then crosses the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Its total length is 390 miles. The length of the Merrimack is only 150 miles. In Franklin two rivers unite to form the Merrimack. The *Pemigewasset* and the *Winnepesaukee*. From Franklin in Merrimack county, the Merrimack river descends between Boscawen and Canterbury, past Concord, between Bow and Pembroke, through Hooksett,

past Manchester, Bedford, between Merrimack and Litchfield, Nashua and Hudson. Below Nashua the Merrimack river enters Massachusetts.

From Lake *Winnepesaukee* to the Atlantic Ocean, one hundred and fifty miles, southward and eastward, across the counties of Merrimack and Hillsborough in New Hampshire; in Middlesex and Essex counties, Massachusetts, it drains an area approximating 4864 square miles. Other rivers besides the *Pemigewasset* and the *Winnepesaukee* unite with this New Hampshire-Massachusetts river. As it flows southward and eastward, the *Contoocook*, *Soucook*, *Suncook*, *Souhegan*, *Nashua*, *Concord*, *Shawsheen*, and other streams, swell its waters. And, as the poet Whittier wrote:

"I see the winding *Powow* fold  
The green hill in its belt of gold,  
And following down its wavy line,  
Its sparkling waters blend with  
thine."

The Merrimack River! A river interrupted by rapids and falls. Navigable from Newburyport to Haverhill, Massachusetts. The Merrimack, whose water-power is famous throughout the world. Where vast quantities of cotton grown in the south are spun in the north. Millions of cotton bales are produced annually down south. Many of these bales are transmuted into millions of dollars up north. Transported from cotton fields to huge factories on the banks of the Merrimack River. Famous are the manufacturing cities along this wide and powerful stream.

Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lawrence, Lowell and Haverhill. And other products are manufactured on the banks of the Merrimack. From its source to its mouth, we hear machines and spindles, we see energy and enterprise.

And the Merrimack is still a *beautiful* river! Particularly in New Hampshire. Times have changed since 1604 when Sieur de Monts wrote. Then the Merrimack ran in primeval beauty from Winnepesaukee to the sea. Two centuries and more years passed. The Merrimack was still beautiful. And this New Hampshire-Massachusetts river remains so today. Years and years ago, John Greenleaf Whittier wrote:

"As brightly on the voyager's eye,  
Weary of forest, sea and sky,

Breaking the dull continuous wood,  
The Merrimack rolled down his  
flood;

Mingling that clear pellucid brook,  
Which channels vast Agiochook  
When spring-time's sun and shower  
unlock

The frozen fountains of the rock,  
And more abundant waters given  
From that pure lake, 'The Smile of  
Heaven.'

Tributes from vale and mountain-  
side,

With ocean's dark, eternal tide!"



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## *Editorial*

**H**ARLAN C. PEARSON is a long way from being a sour, premeditative kill-joy. To the contrary he writes most felicitously and voluminously about persons and things of New Hampshire interest. He is one of those rare birds who can turn out a column day in and day out and keep it uniformly interesting without recourse to ill-natured or caustic comment on anybody. He is a reservoir of information about permanent and occasional residents of New Hampshire during the last four decades and the amazing thing about it is that never a one of them has been without some excellent quality that he has discovered and can recall on the slightest provocation.

Nevertheless, we have a grievance against Mr. Pearson. After reading an article written by Samuel G. Blythe in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in which Mr. Blythe told a most enticing tale about the late Senator William E. Chandler's diary that contained a snappy entry for every day from the time he was in Harvard Law School in 1852 until his death in 1917. This diary, according to Mr. Blythe, had recorded all the New Hampshire senator heard or knew about government and political affairs, and as Mr. Blythe said, Mr. Chandler had "heard and knew a lot."

Mr. Blythe with his keen appreciation of dramatic values went on to say that this Chandler diary probably was the most valuable running commentary on American politics and government ever written but unfortunately the diary entries were in a shorthand that only Mr. Chandler could translate, hence it could never be printed for the instruction and edification of students of American history. We were thrilled with the knowledge of this inestimable Chandler diary and were looking forward to the time when Senator George H. Moses, Senator Chandler's literary executor, gets around to the business of writing Chandler's biography. For we did not share Blythe's fear that the Chandler shorthand could never be deciphered.

Visions of a human interest document approximating the inimitable diary of Samuel Pepys, and like Pepys' free and easy observations on everyday affairs of his time written in a supposedly undecipherable shorthand. But a hundred years or more after Pepys was placed in his tomb, the diary was discovered and translated, and stands today as the best delineation of the life of the period in which Pepys devoted himself to writing down the tittle-tattle of the daily round in detail and with a frankness born of his belief that nobody could ferret out the key to his

shorthand. It was not to be expected that Senator Chandler would be so uncompromisingly self-revealing as Pepys was, but there was promise that we would have the pitiless Chandler slant on his contemporaries and a clear conception of what actually happened in some of the episodes that are more or less hazy.

This diverting prospect tickled our fancy during several days and we had just about reached the point of getting in touch with Senator Moses to urge him to drop everything else and start working on the Chandler biography and to first of all apply his well known ingenuity to digging out the key to the shorthand entries in the diary. Then along came Harlan Pearson with his Yankee literalness and pricked the bubble of our pleasurable anticipation of a brand new sparkling contribution to the biographical section of current literature.

The worst part of it is that Mr. Pearson in all probability knows what he is talking about, for he enjoyed intimate relations with Senator Chandler both as his secretary for a time in Washington and for many years thereafter as a prominent member of the staff of the Senator's newspaper, the *Concord Monitor*. Mr. Pearson disposes of the Blythe statement as one of those things that would be important if true. These entries according to Mr. Pearson, who without doubt has looked over the Chandler diary, consist merely of names of men and places put down obviously to remind the senator that he met the man or was in the place mentioned on the date indicated.

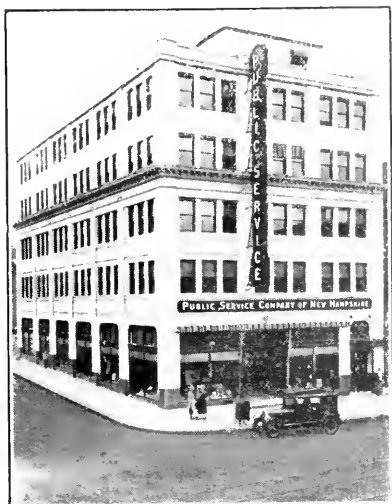
This incident is unfortunate to us in more ways than that of disappointing our hopes for a fresh crop of Chandlerisms. We had been in a way of forgetting a distrust of Sam Blythe's reliability as a dopester and a chronicler, which was born ten years ago, just prior to the

declaring of the Volstead Act as effective. In the same publication in which Blythe wrote about the Chandler diary, a week or two before national prohibition was assumed to be a fact, Blythe came through with an alarmist forecast of what prohibition would mean. He asserted in dogmatic fashion that those chaps who were thinking prohibition would not prohibit were simply deluding themselves and that when the Volstead Act became the law of the land, alcoholic beverages would disappear over night and the thirsty ones who had not been forehanded and had not laid in supplies would be wandering around like lost souls with tongues hanging out and no sympathetic bartender around to proffer relief.

Up to that time many had been taking a philosophical attitude toward the Eighteenth Amendment, deeming it one of those unaccountable things that crop out to inconvenience people, but of course not applicable to the privileged person who happened to be dwelling on the subject. Blythe threw the first real scare into us and hurried efforts were taken to provide for emergencies. From an economic standpoint, Blythe's council would have been good for the price went up immediately and we might have been under obligations to him had it not been for the fact that many of our friends did not get Blythe's advice or failed to act on it and placed their dependence on our meagre supply in their oft recurring emergencies. The only correct angle of Blythe's hunch on what would happen when prohibition came in was that the bartenders would disappear, but he overlooked the flock of bootleggers that sprung up like mushrooms to replace them.

So to the matter of the Chandler diary, Blythe was right in his statement that the senator had a diary but all wrong as to the nature of the entries.





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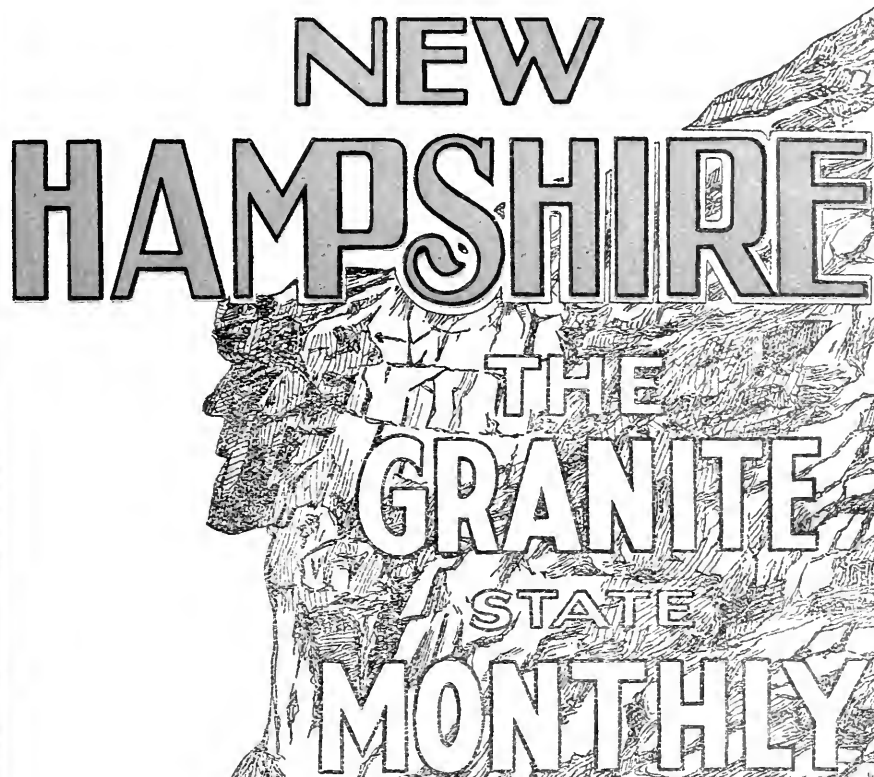
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# NEW HAMPSHIRE THE GRANITE STATE MONTHLY

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Vol. 62

No. 3

## MARCH

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The Special Session

WILLIAM E. WALLACE

A Hundred Years Ago—1830

CHARLES E. PERRY

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# *A Hundred Years Ago--1830*

CHARLES E. PERRY

THERE was excitement and speculation among the friends and opponents of the Administration. The Jefferson birthday anniversary dinner had come and gone, but it had been the occasion for as enigmatic a statement as Coolidge's laconic utterance of August, 1927.

What had Jackson really meant when he said, "Our Federal Union. It must be preserved?" His friends maintained stoutly that the explanation was simple: whatever the policy of the country was to be, it must yield to the discontent of the South over the tariff rates in order that the Union should be preserved.

The surprised opponents of the doctrine of state sovereignty were confident that he meant exactly what his words said: that as long as the abominably high tariff was the law of the land, he would see that it was enforced. And so, far into the year 1830, this dispute raged, with newspapers, statesmen, and the proletariat all participating. The answer would not be known for two more years.

The first "People's President," Andrew Jackson, was struggling to make his financial ends meet on his salary of \$25,000.00. Martin Van Buren, his eyes even then fixed on the chief magistracy, was serving his apprenticeship as secretary of state, for the trifling sum of \$6,000 per annum. His next position, the vice presidency, would lead him onward towards his goal, but at a financial sacrifice of \$1,000 yearly.

Jackson's cabinet, later to include two eminent New Hampshire men, was composed of only six department heads: the secretaries of state, treasury, war, navy, the attorney general, and the

postmaster-general. Only two of these officials were from states north of the Mason-Dixon line.

The United States Senate, whose walls that year resounded to the famous speech of New Hampshire's most illustrious son, included men of outstanding ability. Twenty-four states were represented in it, but its membership has probably never boasted a more illustrious trio than Clay, Calhoun, and Webster.

John C. Calhoun, who might have been president but for his break with Jackson, was the presiding officer of that august body. This was his last year in that capacity, as he did what no other vice president has done,—he resigned in order to become a senator from his native state of South Carolina,—thereby enabling his vote to count in the tariff controversy which was raging at the time.

Henry Clay was in a temporary retirement at this time, but he was urged to accept the offer of the legislature of his state in the election of 1830, to become one of its senators again the next year.

Daniel Webster, although born in New Hampshire, was a resident of Massachusetts, and represented that state. His record needs no comment.

Thomas Hart Benton, the advocate of western expansion, and Jackson's champion in the Senate, represented the most recently added state, Missouri.

New Hampshire was ably represented with two former governors, Levi Woodbury, and Samuel Bell. Vermont had a future vice president, in the person of Horatio Seymour, while Virginia unwittingly had selected a future president as

one of her senators, John Tyler. Other names, less conspicuous perhaps, but worthy of mention in any group, were John Clayton, of Delaware; James Iredell, of North Carolina, and his colleague, Felix Grundy, who had played such a prominent part in the campaign of 1828; Edward Livingston, of Louisiana; Hugh L. White, of Tennessee; and William Hendricks of Indiana.

But if the Senate was made up of men of an unusually high calibre, the House of Representatives had no reason to be ashamed of any of its 213 members. Many of them were to attain as prominent places in the government in later years as any of the more select group.

James Buchanan was beginning that long and varied career which made him the best-fitted man for the presidency in 1856. Edward Everett of Massachusetts was one of the best speakers in the House. John Bell of Tennessee was to be the candidate of the Constitutional Union Party, and one of the opponents of Abraham Lincoln, in 1860. David Crockett, also of Tennessee, was serving his last term for his native state before he migrated to Texas and lost his life at the Alamo. John Blair, from the same state, kept open house for Jackson during his stay in Washington, the President being on terms of the closest intimacy with him. James Knox Polk was a fourth Tennessean who was above the ordinary in ability. He was soon to serve as speaker of the House, and later, (1844), to be elected president.

Due to the basis of representation at that time, New Hampshire, with its approximately 250,000 population, was entitled to six representatives. Other states which had more voice in the House then, than they have now, were Maine, Vermont, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. The six men who represented this state were prominent in their localities,

but their service in Congress marked the heights of their political careers.

John Marshall, friend to Washington, veteran of the Revolution, faithful interpreter of the Constitution, and jealous preserver of the powers of the Central Government, was entering upon his thirtieth year as chief justice of the United States.

Senator Samuel Foote of Connecticut, attracted national attention to himself by introducing a resolution to restrict the sale of western lands. In the course of the debate which followed, Robert Hayne of South Carolina took occasion to digress, and New England became the target of his attack. With a suavity which ill-concealed the bitter feelings of injustice then rankling in the hearts of the Southerners, and with an ability that was worthy of a better cause, Hayne heaped his invective upon New England in general and Massachusetts in particular. When he had finished, Daniel Webster, rising to the greatest heights of his long and brilliant career, made his famous reply, seizing, tearing apart, and trampling upon each argument advanced by Hayne. Every device of the orator he employed, with consummate art and skill—humor, irony, sarcasm, logic,—until he had shattered the elaborate reasoning of the fiery Southerner. Then, magnificently and eloquently, he defined the character of the Union as it existed in 1830, expressing in as noble words as were ever uttered, the sentiment that the people felt, but had not been able to make known: "Liberty and Union—now and forever, one and inseparable."

Immigrants were commencing to pour into the country in large enough numbers to cause the newspapers to comment. They frequently published editorials deploring the influx of such large numbers of the lame, blind, crippled, and "others in a state of idiocy" who were

being "dumped on our shores". The papers said nothing, however, of the importance of these new laborers in the construction of turnpikes, canals, and railroads, which were being built at this time.

Regarding the relative merits of canals and railroads as means of transportation, it was a controversial year. The commercial practicability of the canal was already established, but it was argued that railroads could never carry hay, livestock, or timber, because of the danger of fire; that railroads of any length were impracticable, the longest in existence then being only forty miles (between Manchester and Liverpool); that rails would be broken whenever loaded teams passed over them; that snow would make a stretch of railroad impassable for weeks, while the cold would make the rails snap when a train passed over them. Although these arguments seem puerile to us now, we must take into account the crude development that marked the early years of the railroad. The rails were of cast iron; the carriages were the old stagecoach bodies; boiler explosions on steamboats were common enough to make people skeptical of the safety of locomotives; no effective braking devices had yet been perfected. Moreover, it was but the beginning of the era of inventions, and the people were not mechanical-minded.

Nevertheless, in spite of the objections, criticisms and cynicism that are the inevitable accompaniment of every change marking progress, this year witnessed the opening to the public of the new thirteen mile stretch of the B. & O. Railroad, running between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills. Three months after the formal opening a steam locomotive, the "Tom Thumb", designed and built by Peter Cooper of New York, replaced the horses and proved satisfactory. In July,

ground was broken for the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, and within a year a railroad-building mania spread over the country. It is not to be forgotten, however, that canals were still the favorite avenues of commerce and travel within the country. There were 3900 miles of canal finished, with over 6800 miles being built, or actively contemplated. It was this extensive and elaborate program of canal-building which, within the next five years, so nearly bankrupted the states of the middle west, following the collapse of the second National Bank.

The fifth census, taken June 1, 1830, showed the total population to be 12,866,020. When we consider the slow and unsatisfactory means of ocean travel, and the retarding effects of the commercial warfare which Jefferson had carried on against France and England years before, it is rather remarkable to note that our population had almost quadrupled in forty years.

New York, with a population of 202,589 had taken unquestioned first place among the cities of the country, thanks to the Erie Canal, while Philadelphia was a distant second, with 161,410. The third city was Baltimore, less than half the size of Philadelphia, and Boston trailed a poor fourth, with 61,392. New Orleans was beginning an era of phenomenal growth to continue for thirty years. This city was a distributing center for imports as well as the chief point of concentration for exporting Kentucky tobacco, Louisiana sugar, and Mississippi and Louisiana cotton. Although St. Louis was the center of the fur trade of the western country, practically all the commerce of the Mississippi Valley gained access to the outer world by way of New Orleans. Charleston and Savannah were slipping backwards in importance, the population of the former city actually declining.

There were large unsettled areas in southern Georgia, all of Florida, in the mountains of Virginia, western Pennsylvania, and the Adirondacks. The second wave of migration which had surged rapidly westward to the Mississippi, following the war of 1812, had been temporarily retarded. Due to the start of new industries in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, the increased use of steamboats on rivers and the Great Lakes, and better times, the population was more stable and fixed than it had ever been.

Operatives in the mills at Lowell, Waltham and Pawtucket, were going to work at five o'clock in the morning and were working until seven at night, with time out only for breakfast and dinner. Of course the work was not as confining nor as intense as is now the case. As a general rule, the children who replaced the empty bobbins with full ones worked only a quarter of every hour. The other three-quarters they spent in play or idleness.

New Hampshire had thirty cotton factories and half as many woolen factories. There were over 300 carding machines; about 25 distilleries; over 250 fulling mills; nearly 200 bark mills; over 300 tanneries; and a dozen paper mills. Manchester had a population of 761, and there was no Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

Cotton was coming into its greatest era. Children scorned the hand-mendowns of their older brothers and sisters (and often of their parents), and the coarse homespun of former years that seemed never to wear out was being replaced by the lighter, cheaper, but less enduring cotton clothing. Linen sheets were locked up in the family chest and kept for great occasions; beds were laid with the less expensive cotton sheets. Merchant vessels substituted cotton sail-

cloth for their linen duck, and inhabitants of the warmer climates who had heretofore worn little or no clothing now bedecked themselves in the latest and gaudiest colors of cotton cloth.

Even though it boasted a population of 20,000, the capital of our nation did not contain a paved street. Clouds of dust enveloped every coach that jounced along Pennsylvania Avenue in dry weather, while during a rainy spell the wheels of the carriages went up to their hubs in mud. The Capitol and the White House stood at either end of the avenue in lonely isolation, with only here and there a cluster of residences to relieve the bareness of its low-lying, marshy sides. What a contrast to the stately beauty of the city now emerging from the elaborate building program of the past five years!

The Senate, the scene of Webster's classic triumph in January, met under the dome of the Capitol in the same chamber which is now used by the Supreme Court. This latter august body, such a powerful factor in moulding our government during its early years, was holding its sessions underneath the Senate chamber in a dingy, stuffy little room entirely incompatible with the dignity of such an organization. Yet oblivious to such an uninspiring environment, it was in this room, to-day used as a reference room, that John Marshall delivered the momentous decisions which have so justly marked him as our greatest chief justice.

After all it is not buildings, but people, who give distinction to any place or to any period. The social gatherings in Washington, even at the time of the distressing Peggy Eaton incident, were affairs which, because of the prominence of those in attendance, have seldom been surpassed. The art of conversation, so universally neglected in our own jazz-

movie-radio age, was the distinguishing feature of all social gatherings a century ago, and in no city in the United States was it developed to such an extent as in Washington.

It was the custom of statesmen to form themselves into small groups, or "messes", where current affairs of every nature were discussed freely, and oftentimes vehemently. Who can ever estimate the formative influences of such gatherings on the course of legislation? What secret estimates of each other's abilities and weaknesses must have been made here! But these "messes" were not the only intimate social gatherings where men could match wits. Friends and opponents of the Administration alike were to be found among those frequently gathered in the home of Edward Livingston in Lafayette Square. Imagine attending one of these salons and meeting the venerable chief justice, John Marshall; the gregarious associate justice Joseph Story; the dignified nephew of the first president, associate justice Bushrod Washington; the witty Clay; the austere Calhoun; the fascinating Webster; the caustic John Randolph of Roanoke; and others scarcely less familiar in the pages of history. Even international conferences seldom contain such an illustrious array of talent and ability as did these fashionable assemblages of a hundred years ago.

Opportunities for an education were not lacking a century ago. Until Horace Mann secured the establishment of a Board of Education in Massachusetts and thus brought about a real public school system, education had been and still was in 1830, principally for the turning out of scholars. Privately endowed, sectarian academies were the training schools for the colleges, and free public schools were few and far between.

Dartmouth, with a faculty of ten, was

offering Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Surveying, Navigation, Rhetoric, and Logic. Lock's "Essays" and the Federalist papers were included in the course in Political Science. Rather a variety of challenging subjects for an ambitious student, in any day or age.

College expenses for the year should be of interest to the parents of college students of to-day. Including tuition, room rent, board, washing, wood and candles, and incidentals, the cost per year was estimated at a mere \$101.37. This seems quite reasonable when compared with 1930 figures.

New England could boast of eleven colleges, including Dartmouth. Harvard was in its 194th year; Yale in its 130th; Brown was a mere 65 years old; and then there were the younger Williams, Bowdoin, University of Vermont, Middlebury, Waterville, (now Colby), Amherst, and Washington College, in Connecticut.

Exeter was flourishing in its 50th year as "one of the oldest, best endowed, and most respectable institutions of the kind, in the United States", with a principal, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, an assistant, and 80 students. There were, besides Exeter, thirty other academies in New Hampshire for young men. Among the more prominent of these were Kimball-Union, Pembroke, Pinkerton and New Hampton. The education of young ladies was not entirely neglected, as there were seminaries in Keene, Derry, and Concord, which welcomed female pupils, (and anonymous endowments).

The chief advances in the art of printing were still to be made, but it is amazing to note the large number of books, pamphlets, and papers that were in circulation in 1830. Death, tragedy, gloom, morbidity, formed the themes of the

writings. The libraries of the literati included Franklin's "Autobiography," the newly published Webster's Dictionary, Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Scott's "Napoleon," "Arabian Nights," Knickerbocker's "History of New York," Weems's "Life of Washington," and the Waverly Novels. Every scholar's collection included Bryant's "Thanatopsis," "Vergil," "Horace," "Cicero," Poe's "Tamerlane", and books on philosophy, religion and natural sciences. It was a fad to give "gift books", and ornately decorated cloth or leather editions with heavily gilded edges found favor in such instances.

With the entrance into journalism of such men as Greeley, George Ripley, and Bryant, newspapers began to have a widespread influence that was to increase rapidly. Hezekiah Niles's *Weekly Register* had a nation-wide circulation, and its files furnish us with many useful bits of news about this period. It was published in Baltimore, and had long been a medium through which budding authors had expressed themselves.

In the forefront of the magazines was the *North American Review*. A dozen years old, it had been taken up by the discriminating readers for its original poems, stories, and worthwhile articles of a scientific and historical nature.

Dr. Lyman Beecher's "Six Sermons on the Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of Intemperance" were having widespread circulation and were helping to crystallize the opinion which later demanded corrective legislation.

In keeping with the spirit of reform so characteristic of the period, societies were being founded in the several states for the study and improvement of prison conditions. Solitary confinement, flogging, indiscriminate association in prison cells, miserable sanitary conditions, poor food, and all the other evils

of the prison system of 1830, were the objects of the reformers' attacks.

For every regular criminal in the prisons at this time, there were close to five poor debtors. The theory which explains this practice was that the unlawful use of another man's property was criminal. In the eight and a half months ending in February, 1830, there were 817 persons put in debtors' prisons in the single city of Philadelphia. Over two-thirds of this number owed less than \$20.00, and 30 owed less than \$1.00. Records of 32 prisons in the east in this year show that 2841 debtors were imprisoned for owing sums under twenty dollars.

Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Delaware still retained some of their barbarous colonial penalties for the punishment of criminals. Forgers were required to sit in the pillory, have a piece of each ear cut off, be branded with the letter "C", and be imprisoned up to six years. The practice of flogging, branding, and incarceration continued to be considered by Delaware as a deterrent to its thieves, forgers, and receivers of stolen goods.

The tariff, ever-present bugaboo of politics, was sharing the center of the political spotlight, even as it does today. The South, observing the rising influence of the West, recognized her powerlessness to continue her influence in Congress. She watched with jealous impotence the increasing population of the states where slavery was not allowed, and she saw a steady trek into that western territory made "forever free" by the Compromise of 1820. A bill for the better collection of the revenue provided the occasion for a two year controversy over the tariff, which was to put South Carolina in the forefront as the champion of the Southern viewpoint. The sectionalism which had been emerging for a decade suddenly burst forth into

full view. Bitter attacks were made on the states and men of the North, and against the "unfair majority" in Congress. The Webster-Hayne debate was the most spectacular of these, but not the only one. Said Representative George McDuffie of South Carolina, in protesting against the tariff duties so extremely distasteful to his state, "What right has Congress to destroy the interest of one entire section of this *confederacy*, to promote the interests of the other sections?" And his colleague, James Blair, added, that although South Carolina did not wish to separate from the Union, her citizens would not become slaves to northern manufacturers. "If South Carolina cannot remain in the *confederacy* on fair, equitable and constitutional terms,—she will leave you with her best wishes for your happiness and independence". That there was little question in their minds but what such a course would prove beneficial to the South, Mr. McDuffie's picture of the effect of such a dissolution shows. He said that the southern states would export to foreign countries about \$40,000,000 worth of goods yearly, and as there would be no system of legislative plunder to interfere with their enterprise, they could import an equal amount. Charleston would be the second largest city in America inside of ten years, and all the southern cities would have a corresponding increase. In place of Boston, New York, Providence and Lowell, wealth and capital would be transferred to Charleston, Augusta, Savannah and Columbia. The secession of the cotton-growing states would produce a scene of desolation in the region of the mills and factories of New England.

The bright and glowing prospects thus depicted for the South were never realized. It was another thirty years before

South Carolina and the other states took the radical action suggested by McDuffie. His prophecy of scenes of desolation and ruin unfortunately came to fruition—but in the cotton-fields and plantations of his own southland; and the wheels of New England mills hummed busily on with ever-increasing industry.

There was a noteworthy change in the Southern attitude towards slavery in 1830. Heretofore, the institution of slavery had been only half-heartedly defended by southerners. Many southern leaders, a few churches, and several missionary societies, had even been in sympathy with plans for gradual emancipation. But this year a different spirit manifested itself; the previous excuses offered for possessing slaves changed to justification, then to positive praise of slavery, and finally to an attitude that branded as disloyal to the south any mention of a change in the status of the slaves.

In the North there was little conscious anti-slavery feeling. Even the seizure of two fugitive slaves in Boston did not create more than a ripple of excitement. But the abolitionists were busy with renewed energy. In March, William Lloyd Garrison was forced to stop publishing the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, and he was put into prison for libel. After his release in June, he devoted his efforts to preparing for publication, the *Liberator*, the first issue of which was to appear on January 1, 1831. The apathy of the North received a severe jolt with that issue and a continuous shaking-up of its slumbering consciousness as long as the *Liberator* lived.

Prohibition is absorbing our attention in 1930. Yet we manage to find time to go to the theatre or the movies, attend church, go for long rides in our automo-

bibles, read the papers, magazines and books, listen to the radio, dabble in stocks, and hunt for desirable steam-heated apartments.

The nature of the Union was the all-important topic of discussion in 1830. Yet they found time to go to the theatre, attend church, go for long rides in their buggies, read the papers, magazines, and books, visit with each other to discuss current topics, buy lottery tickets with great regularity, and go into the woods to cut the firewood for their own homes.

A hundred years have brought unprecedented changes. Never has a century in the history of the world witnessed

such transformations in material comforts. Yet, despite these marvelous changes in *things*, have we not overlooked a rather significant point which ought to be considered? The people of a century ago ate and slept; they laughed and they cried; their emotions were stirred as ours are stirred; they loved and they hated; and they were ever seeking happiness! But that one great constant, the one unvarying characteristic of all the ages, the one fundamental basis for all our judgments and all our comparisons—Human Nature—remains the same to-day as it was a hundred years ago.





# *The Special Session*

WILLIAM E. WALLACE

THE 1930 special session of the Legislature, so far as definite accomplishment of the purpose for which it was convened went, was pretty near a total loss. The legislators were called back by Governor Tobey to enact into law the bills embodying the program of the recess tax commission appointed by Governor Huntley N. Spaulding, as provided in a resolution adopted by the 1927 Legislature. The original bills, introduced in the 1929 Legislature at the regular session, passed the House of Representatives without serious opposition, but while still pending in the Senate, were suddenly held up and by mutual agreement were submitted to the State Supreme Court for opinions as to the constitutionality of provisions concerning which doubts had arisen.

The Court found the measures essentially sound and suggested certain changes in the text which the Court said would remove questionable provisions and when the special session got under way the bills had been revamped to conform to the Court's advice. Nevertheless, even before the Legislature was reassembled it became apparent there had taken place a decided change of feeling toward the tax program among members of the House who had voted for the bills at the regular session. So pronounced was this change of heart and so open its expression by legislators that the fate of the measures in the House had become a sporting proposition, with the opponents more confident of success than the proponents, affording a sharp contrast to the situation which

existed when the bills slipped through so easily ten months earlier.

At no time was there any difference of opinion that the present tax system works inequitably on certain classes of property. Practically every member of the Legislature conceded that legislation affording relief to timberland owners should be enacted; and the whole recess commission program was predicated on easing the onerous burden timberland owners were struggling under. Moreover, there was a wide-spread belief that if the recess commission would reorganize its plan to conform to popular opinion, or prejudice, or whatever was working the havoc on the program, there was every prospect that a tax program would pass. But the commission refused to budge. The majority members stuck fast to their program and demanded it in its entirety, or nothing. They got nothing.

The final stand of the recess tax commission was admirable. Everybody loves a fighter, despite the rampant claims that people are naturally peace-loving. Assertions of no compromise never fail to stir up the red blood corpuscles. Perhaps the admiration for the fighting spirit of the recess commission is more manifest in retrospect than it was in evidence while the strife was on. During the two weeks the special session lasted the prevailing spirit was one of amused tolerance as the arguments for and against the bills were being made in the committee hearings, after those in charge of the bills had issued the ultimatum that the original program stood and it was all or nothing.

The hearings were well attended and the presentation of the good and bad points were forcefully made, although these were merely repetitions or amplifications of the speeches made at the 1929 session.

This attitude was not due to any lack of appreciation of the real need for legislation to improve the existing taxation system. Nor should it be charged up to a frivolous disposition on the part of those who treated the session lightly. The levity was due to conviction that the session was a bootless affair as it had become evident the entire tax program could not be piloted safely through, and that the administration leaders were not profiting by the example of the obstinate man who led his stubborn horse to the trough but could not make it drink.

The proposed income tax was the rock on which the recess commission's legislative program crashed. The income tax proposal was never popular, although the bill was passed by the House at the regular session. A variety of reasons accounted for that action by the lower branch. Powerful pressure was brought to bear by those behind the tax program and some of the representatives following the lines of least resistance adopted the old legislative custom of passing the buck to the Senate, the proverbial hard-boiled branch of the Legislature.

Others who found it more politic to yield to the persuasion figured the income tax was unconstitutional and if by chance the Senate passed the bill that was sent up by the House, protests would be filed and the case taken to the Supreme Court, which branch of the state government would find the law invalid and throw it overboard. Still others had their objections to the measure softened by the palatable form it had taken on when the House commit-

tee amendments increased the amount of exemptions from the original \$2,000 for the head of a family of dependents to approximately the same as the federal income tax exemptions. The final draft of the bill freed a large majority of the legislators from any worries about being called on to pay an income tax.

These alone, of course, would not have been enough to account for the passage of the tax bills by the House. There were many who agreed with the recess commission that the program provided the only practicable method of correcting admitted evils and that the income tax, whether liked or not, would have to be accepted for the general good. That the commission comprised men of ability imbued with a desire to render unselfish public service was doubted by few, if any, and the knowledge that they had labored long and faithfully at great personal sacrifice to familiarize themselves with all phases of the tax system of New Hampshire developed a feeling of confidence in their judgment which caused many to submerge their own theories which might be in conflict with the program in its entirety.

When the Supreme Court opinions were made public it was found that those who had voted for the income tax bill on the assumption that it was unconstitutional had guessed wrong. The enthusiasm of those who had voted for the original bill on the theory that the liberal exemptions provided in the House amendments would leave them out of the class of income tax-payers evaporated as they pondered the suggestion of the Court that an exemption of more than \$2,000 for the head of a family might be held unreasonable. This return to the original provision of the commission exercised a restraining influence on some who realized they would not be unaffected. It was demon-

strated that the pocket nerve of legislators is quite as sensitive as it is in private citizens who are just minding their own business in a self-interested, unofficial capacity.

The recess tax commissioners were not unmindful of the inherent disinclination of people to invite the imposition of additional taxes upon themselves. They were not so naive as to fancy there would be a popular wave of joyful acquiescence sweep over the state when the people heard there was a movement on foot to have an income tax law enacted. But they were confronted with the problem of finding a new source of revenue to replace the one they were expected to eliminate, or at least materially reduce, for the towns that were to be deprived of the tax money they were receiving from growing timber owners needed every cent they were getting to meet fixed charges.

The heaviest financial loads being carried by the towns are the costs for the public schools and highways and a considerable part of each of these public expenditures are arbitrarily imposed by the state. The commission naturally decided that if the state was to take away the revenue from the timberlands the state should make it up. Heaping out on the school and highway expenses was a logical way to aid the towns. Two sources of revenue suggested themselves, an increase in the gasoline toll or an income tax. Inevitably, strong objections would be raised against either.

The highway problem of the towns could be taken care of by having the state take over the construction and maintenance of the roads, and the gasoline tax was the natural source of income for that purpose. Governor Spaulding had gone on record in favor

of the state paying for the highways and it was reported the recess commission shared that view at one stage of the deliberations. If that report was correct the plan was abandoned, possibly influenced by the fact that proceeds from the gasoline tax must be used exclusively on the highways, under a ruling by the Supreme Court. That would make it necessary to find other revenue to meet the school costs of which the towns would have to be relieved.

Again, it is not unlikely that an important factor in the decision to drop the gasoline tax and take up the income tax was the knowledge that Governor Tobey in his campaign had taken a decisive stand against any increase in either the gasoline tax or registration fees. Any bill that was passed by the Legislature would require the approval of the Governor to become a law. At any rate, the recess commission's final choice was an income tax and as things worked out this proved as distasteful to the people as the gasoline tax was to the Governor.

A strenuous effort was made by the supporters of the recess commission program to demonstrate that an income tax did have popular approval. This support was powerful and well organized and of a kind that had often in the past exercised a telling influence on legislators. As a matter of fact it did function effectively at the regular session, as the House votes on the tax bills proved. The belated decision to send the bills to the Supreme Court before the bills had reached the voting stage in the Senate left undetermined the result of the efforts to win over the upper branch. The general impression was that the Senate was unlikely to pass the bills intact as they came up from the House and the sudden decision of the administration to drop further efforts to push

through the measures pending an authoritative utterance on their validity strengthened that belief.

Among the more active advocates of adoption of the recess commission program were officers of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, who were concerned about measures for the relief of the timberland owners and who were in favor of any steps that would contribute to the forest conservation so much needed in this state. Officers of the State Farm Bureau and the State Federation of Women's Clubs also actively supported the tax program, but they were unable to get united backing from House members identified with those organizations, apparently because all members would not accept resolutions endorsing forestry relief as an endorsement also of the income tax, which had become linked up with the timber tax problem. Officers of other organizations usually found aligned with the Farm Bureau in legislative propaganda joined in the chorus demanding the passage of the tax bills, but they could not make a dent on the opposition, which although unorganized and good-natured was steadfast in its refusal to support the program.

The press of the state, with very few exceptions, was opposed to the income tax, refusing to accept the recess commission's dictum that the imposition of an income was the only solution of the problem of providing a more equitable tax on growing timber. The editors, as a rule, took the position that the remedy proposed would create a condition of affairs worse than the condition for which a cure was being sought. It was contended that the income tax in addition to being an unmitigated nuisance would also make necessary a large increase in the already too numerous retinue of persons on government pay-

rolls. Another contention which carried weight was the assertion that the recess commission was creating a new source of revenue without affording any relief to the general property tax-payers, who in some cases were as much over-taxed as the timberland owners.

The defeat of the tax program leaves the issue still up in the air and the outlook is that taxation will figure prominently in the session of the Legislature which will convene next January. Members of the recess commission will be back in the House and indications are that they have not given up hope they may have better luck with their bills another time. In view of their experience at the last regular and special sessions it may be expected they will make changes in the old program and possibly will not attempt to put through such an elaborate and comprehensive program.

Governor Tobey declared when he called the special session that the present Legislature is tax-minded and he probably was right. Although the members showed they were not so bent on enacting tax legislation that they would take anything that was offered, they did demonstrate they are open-minded and desirous to acquire additional information on the subject by authorizing the appointment of a new interim commission to make a study of methods of taxing retail stores to replace the existing system which according to some merchants works to the advantage of the big chain store systems and much to the disadvantage of the smaller stores.

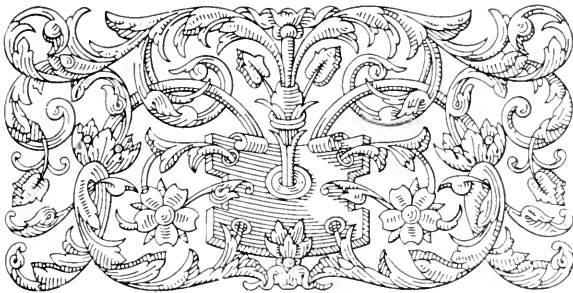
However, while the special session was a flop so far as solving the immediate tax problems goes, it was not altogether useless. There was some talk heard about legislators resenting the summons back to Concord for the special session on the ground that it was a waste of their time and the state's

money, but if there ever was any such feeling it had worn off when the time for the session arrived. Generally speaking the legislators appeared to be having a very pleasant reunion and while they were marking time until the hearings in committee on the tax program were over and they could vote on the bills, several measures of importance to various towns were put through and made possible improvements that are needed but which would have had to wait another year but for the special session.

Among the bills passed was one creating another recess commission to grapple with a problem that ranks fairly equal if not above taxes, namely highways. This commission is to endeavor to work out a plan for the designation of a system of secondary highways to be constructed and maintained by the state.

It looks as if road building is to be a major industry in New Hampshire for some time to come.

The Legislature also amended the law relating to the exemption from taxation of property owned by religious and charitable organizations, with the object of doing away with application of the exemption privilege in ways that were never intended. This act was directed at summer camps, sponsored by organizations that under certain conditions would be entitled to the exemption. The summer camps have been increasing by leaps and bounds in recent years and most are claiming exemption to which the town officials hold they are not rightly entitled, inasmuch as the camps are being conducted in a commercial rather than a religious or charitable manner.



# *Simplicity Versus Complexity*

JOSEPH L. RICHARDS

**F**OR THE fourth time since 1900 the voters of New Hampshire have elected members of a Constitutional convention. At each of the five sessions of the three conventions which have passed into history, forest taxation has been one of the chief topics of discussion. Five times the voters of the state have failed to pass amendments proposed for the purpose of permitting the legislature to solve the problem of forest taxation. At most of the intervening sessions of the legislature some special legislation relative to suspending taxes upon growing wood and lumber has been attempted or put through. Upon interrogation by the legislature the Supreme Court has ruled that the legislature may make statutes temporarily suspending taxes upon standing timber. When obtained, the legislature which obtained this favorable ruling has refused to act. Now that this fourth Constitutional convention faces the forest tax problem, how will it seek to solve that problem?

The answer to that question lies with the future. Whoever attempts to answer it before the convention adjourns is very likely to get a reputation for being a poor prophet. However, it seems that something may be gained from reviewing past experiences.

During the thirty years which the campaign for a forest tax statute has been in progress the insistent demand of the forest conservationists has been for a severance tax, also known as a cutting tax or yield tax. Each time the issue has come up, the emphasis in the discussion has been upon the statute to be used rather than upon the constitutional or economic

principles involved. To be sure, opponents of the proposed statute have used unconstitutionality as a defense, but now the Supreme Court has affirmed the legality of such a statute. The effect of any appreciable tax upon standing trees, as such, in encouraging premature cutting has been demonstrated so many times since history began to be written, that this economic effect of taxation is usually recognized without discussion as a sad and ominous fact. Now that the legislature itself has thrown the yield tax out, the results can properly be blamed upon the character of the statute proposed.

Few characterizations of the yield tax are more concise or more accurate than that given by Prof. Filibert Roth, organizer and first dean of the University of Michigan Forestry School. This leader in establishing the science of forestry in America spent his boyhood among the forests of Switzerland and southern Germany. His young manhood was devoted to study at the University of Michigan and teaching and working in the forests and rural districts of that state during its greatest lumbering activities. The prime of his life was spent co-operating with Dr. Fernow in the work of organizing the Forestry Division in the General Land Office of the U. S. Department of the Interior and with Fernow in starting a forestry school at Cornell. For twelve years thereafter, at the University of Michigan, he devoted himself to organizing and conducting classes and directing forestry research, before he expressed his mature opinion of forest yield taxes, which is given in his text

book "Forest Valuation" page 119, section h. 1. It is as follows:

"A yield tax is inconvenient. The owner of a small forest cutting a few poles or a few cords of wood finds it bothersome to record and report. This leads to exemption for domestic use, as is done in the Connecticut law. But it is hard to set limits in these exemptions, they lead to confusion and bad practice. With large owners it becomes necessary to take the word of the owner, it pries into his affairs and has all objections commonly claimed for income taxes. The local tax official has added a great deal to his labor and where the matter is left optional it involves inspection of state foresters, who lack help, money and experience.

"For a regulated forest property (in which the cut is regulated to the growth so as to give equal annual or frequent periodic yields) there is no occasion to use a yield tax; it can be assessed as easily as a farm and taxed exactly the same way." (The explanatory parenthesis is ours).

In these two brief paragraphs written in 1916 Prof. Roth has expressed the point of view of many average assessors and men of affairs in New Hampshire and has exonerated the men who voted to throw out the yield tax, from the charge made in some quarters that in so doing they acted the part of cringing politicians.

These men were not easily misled. They refused to try to cure one evil by adding two more. They refused to add two complicated, inquisitorial tax statutes to the burdens of the people in order to cure the maladjustments of a much simpler and more easily understood and enforced tax custom, which the average New Hampshire assessor has the ability to enforce and adjust equitably, if not interfered with by finicky statutes based

upon misinterpretations of the sound principles laid down in the tax clauses of the Constitution.

Ever since efforts to tax the stumpage price of standing timber (a tax not contemplated when those clauses were written) gave rise to our present forest tax problem, New Hampshire assessors have been adjusting that tax to conform with mercy and common sense. The traditional custom has been to assess rural property reasonably upon its value as a means of producing and enjoying a living. Assessors have applied the spirit of this traditional policy to timber as well as they could. Most of them have been men of mature years and judgment, and they have used that judgment when free from interference.

In 1916, the writer made a forest tax survey of some twenty New Hampshire towns. He remembers in particular one elderly assessor, who was having an altercation with our tax commission over certain timber assessments. This assessor explained how certain groves of timber trees in one part of the town constituted an important item in the scenery that made the setting of a summer colony and how the loss in land value and personal property taxes, which would probably result from these groves being forced onto the lumber market by heavier assessment, might easily more than equal any assessment that could be made on the trees. He scored the Tax Commission vigorously for its lack of foresight in sending a timber cruiser to appraise such a situation and wound up by saying: "When I took my oath of office as assessor in this town, I swore to use my own best judgment. And, Tax Commission or no Tax Commission, I will!"

In another town visited a little later the issue with the Tax Commission had been cattle assessments. The assessors

had refused to boost assessments and the Commission had reappraised and required the use of its valuations on cattle in figuring the tax rate for 1916. The next winter was severe and the hay crop short owing to wet weather in haying time. In the spring of 1917 cattle were poorly, herds had been sold out or materially reduced, because of the feeling among the farmers against the action of the Commission, in addition to the reductions caused by conditions. The selectmen were in a quandary. They did not think it right to use the Tax Commission's per capita valuations under the circumstances. Neither did they want agents of the Tax Commission in town again. So they assessed each herd at what they thought was its fair value and then divided their herd valuations by the per capita values used by the Commission the year before. This told them the number of cattle to report as having been assessed. Their action was subterfuge, but, also, it was rough justice and common sense. The letter of the statute was violated in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution.

In several of the towns visited the writer learned directly that gentlemen's agreements existed to take care of the inadvisability of making full price assessments upon standing timber. In others he sensed the existence of such agreements. Also, he has been aware of such agreements relative to other types of property. These gentlemen's agreements are arrived at either in closed conference or by threats of destructive lumbering openly made to inspire caution upon the part of the assessors. However crude may be the methods which cause these understandings, their observance serves to mitigate the evil effects of statutes, which in their application appear to be lacking in moral and legal as well as economic principles. Men

who have thoughtfully built up these understandings, based upon experience and mutual confidence, naturally resent the activities of those sticklers for the letter of the statute, which only serve to emphasize its weak points. They are skeptical regarding new statutes which likewise threaten the stability of these understandings. If a method can be found to give legal confirmation to such understandings, and to provide legal means for making similar agreements which are needed, present help will be had in the matter of forest taxation.

A judge of the New Hampshire Supreme Court has suggested the vital legal points in a method of providing a means for making open agreements relative to forest taxes. He notes that the legislature has the right to make tax exemptions and that the state and its constituent municipalities have the right to make contracts. He suggests that a statute be written permitting the state and its municipalities to make exemptions in exchange for registered contracts relative to the taxation of forest properties.

This is strictly a legislative matter and does not call for action by a Constitutional convention.

The judge's suggestion was made with the idea of permitting contracts ending with a yield tax, but it is equally applicable to permitting contracts by which a ground tax may be assessed upon wild land devoted to forest instead of the general property tax. The methods of assessing ground taxes on forest land are as simple as those used for assessing land devoted to farming or any other common use. They are described in all reputable works on forest valuation.

If thought advisable the prospective parties to these contracts might be given the right to choose between the yield tax and the ground tax and after a reason-



able period of experience, the more popular method might be made compulsory upon the expiration of existing contracts. With this in view yield tax contracts should be limited to the reasonable rotation of the existing forest crop. Because a ground tax yields a steady revenue, determined by computations of value based upon estimated income at the start, and later upon actual income, contracts including this form of forest tax need not be so limited. Also, the tendency of ground taxes, levied annually, is to encourage regulation of the cut to yield a steady income to the owner similar to the steady revenue which this tax yields to the state.

In this connection further quotation from Prof. Roth seems to be to the point. Still referring to the yield tax, on page 119 of "Forest Valuation" he says:

"For isolated tracts, not really managed as forest it may bridge over, but is not satisfactory enough to recommend for permanent practice. To receive a yield tax once in eighty years introduces too many chances for cheating the buyer of such property and the community.

"For a beginning, the yield tax is to be recommended to get away from the present methods, but the tax collecting practice in rural properties will work for a return to the property tax, properly regulated by computations based on actual income." On page 112, he says:—

"The general tendency in forest taxation in Europe is toward some form of income tax, but it is doubtful if ground tax and property tax will ever be entirely dispensed with. An important and interesting fact is that forestry as a business is not only possible but thrives under a variety of methods of taxation and that in the *best forest districts*, Wurttemberg, Saxony, and Baden, the oldest form of *ground tax* is still employed.

"This clearly proves that it is not so much a matter of method of taxation as it is an understanding of forestry as a business and a sense of justice which is needed here, as in many other lines of taxation. The application of some *one simple method* by one authority, as is done today in the United States for farm property, would certainly be preferable to the irregular variety of taxation, in method, rate and authority of most European countries."

In the interests of simplicity, the Constitutional convention can do two things. It can express more fully the fundamentally sound intention of the present tax clauses to see to it that taxation shall be in payment for value received. This it can do by an amendment providing: "that taxes shall be reasonable and proportional to the value of public grants and services rendered or accorded to the tax payer through the property or privileges assessed to be taxed." It can forestall further complication of our tax laws. This it can do by providing that: "The General Court shall make no statute or law for the levy of taxes which prescribes, requires or involves the use of self-assessment coerced by threat of fine, confiscation or imprisonment or which requires for the equitable enforcement of such assessment any form of espionage, public examination, search, or seizure of private papers or effects without warrant from a court of competent jurisdiction."

The first of these amendments will confirm New Hampshire's traditional tax policy. Through judicial and legislative interpretation it offers a hope for the gradual and sane elimination of those petty taxes which hamper constructive business effort. The second amendment, by forestalling further attempts of tax legislation which has the flavor of tyranny and which serves to

increase both public and private overhead, makes a bid for an increase of prosperity.

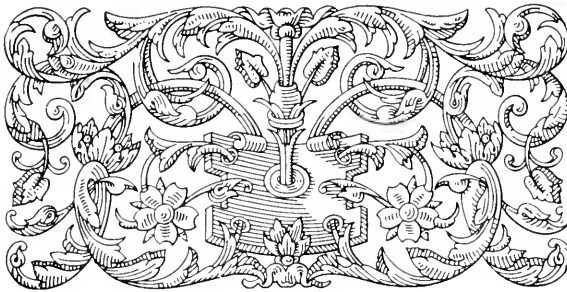
Prosperity should broaden the tax base by broadening the economic shoulders of all agricultural and industrial undertakings, including forestry, which must bear the tax burden regardless of how cheaply or how expensively the burden is imposed.

If New Hampshire is to have tax laws which can be enforced with justice and satisfaction to all, they must be simple in order that they may be easily understood and appreciated by all. The every day working citizen has little time in which to become a tax expert.

When complex tax laws force him to hire tax experts in self defense, he learns a great deal about the loopholes in the complex statutes which increase his over-

head by forcing him to resort to experts. He realizes that loopholes lead to tax evasion. He perceives that because the honest folks do not look for the loopholes, these complex tax statutes and the equally complex rulings which are incorporated with them in their application, become super taxes upon honesty.

More than half of those who voted on the complex tax program proposed at the recent special session of the legislature seem to have sensed these difficulties. The votes they cast, whether intentionally so or not, were votes in favor of simplicity. Their decision appears to have been the climax of thirty years of agitation for more complexity in our tax statutes. At the Constitutional convention it appears that the tax campaign will again center about the issue of simplicity versus complexity.



# *From a Peddler's Cart to a Profession in One Life Span*

The following article has been prepared by Dr. George H. Brown, who is treasurer of the Brown & Burpee Company, and has been president of the Board of Examiners of Optometry of N. H. since 1911.

Dr. Brown has unquestionably observed and participated more completely in the development and the use of spectacles and in the treatment of optical defects with spectacles, than any other one man in this country.

**W**ITHOUT doubt, uncorrected errors of refraction disqualify more people for usefulness and comfort than any other known defect.

The author of this sketch was born in a little red house, in Hill, N. H., June 1st, 1847, and was surrounded by the small farmer's environment of the time and place such as few people of the present day can comprehend. While his school curriculum embraced the three R's, in a school house of the dry goods box variety, he never had a teacher who could pass the sixth grade today. He was traveling selling spectacles before his sixteenth birthday, and he was thoroughly enamored with what he was pleased to call a profession, even in those early days. The only sales this boy peddler made his first day, less than sixteen years of age, were seven pairs of spectacles; while he carried and showed a multitude of useful and ornamental merchandise. It would seem that fate or destiny, environment or heredity, shaped this boy's course. Perhaps it was the latter, because his father had been a spectacle peddler for many years. At that time there were no lenses ground in this country—good, bad, or indifferent. Lenses of all kinds were imported, and were of very inferior material and workmanship, but they were the best to be had. They were all numbered in the inch system and, with the inch varying in length in different countries, and also

with the most crude and careless factory methods, there was no certainty, nor much probability, of getting a prescription correctly filled.

While now, with the metric system universally used in all optical measurements, and standard test lenses available to all optometrists for verifying purposes, there is no chance for mistakes. Again, sunlight or electric light may be too rich in some parts of the spectrum for some eyes and they need lenses that modify these rays. Doing this intelligently and making the eyes of the worker more comfortable, is one of the newer achievements. Again, optical glass of a quality never dreamed of before is now made, that presents less obstacle to the passage of light. It took many years of the most painstaking work by chemists and physicists to produce a formula and apparatus to make our present crown and flint glass. Entirely satisfactory lens material is at the fountainhead of perfect lenses.

The optician is today, and has been for a number of years past, the mechanic who makes the glasses from the prescription that the optometrist has written. The two parts of the work formerly combined in one person are today, just as distinct and separate as the medical doctors' work and the druggists' and they occupy relatively the same place. The correct making of prescriptions or compound lenses such as many



DR. GEORGE H. BROWN

people require, is a matter of scientific nicety that often requires a lens, varying in power in every meridian of the visual circle, and is ground to an exactness unapproachable in the not distant past.

Today, we of the United States and especially of New England, are better equipped than any country on earth to take care of the sight needs of its people. We have a larger per cent of scientifically trained eyesight examiners here. And we are in immediate touch with the highest class service men in the mechanical field, that any people have. Instead of using inferior material ourselves, from a long distance away, as we formerly were obliged to do, we are shipping optical goods in great quantities to the ends of the earth; not only lenses, but mountings as well. In fact, the whole world is using our optical products to a large extent.

Again on the professional side the most delicate instruments have been invented and perfected by our specialists and are being used the world over for diagnosing and correcting the most complicated optical defects, so that the eyes of the world are looking to America for help along all phases of physiological optics.

The writer has seen this work develop from the most primitive condition conceivable, to the present time, when optical imbalances and refractive defects are overcome by prescription lenses to the comfort *and well being of countless millions.*

Long years ago it began to dawn on the writer how much benefit came to certain cases with large but simple defects. He became very eager for more light. For many years of his early practice, however, there were no publications in English that gave any specific information in his chosen field. One publi-

cation that he obtained, and that he studied untiringly had nothing in it, of use, then or now. But as soon as Donders, Helmholtz, and others were issued in this country other publications followed in quick succession. And now special magazines appear from time to time for the enlightenment of the optometric profession. Then it was that the standard and medical dictionaries became the writer's constant companions. But before he had acquired a sufficient vocabulary for writing prescriptions for compound lenses according to modern methods, he had ordered a Nachet set of trial lenses from Paris, for determining optical defects. (This was the first set of trial lenses owned or used in New Hampshire.) He well remembers the first prescription that he wrote for astigmatism. He could write this prescription from memory today, and it proved an unalloyed success.

Strange as it may seem, with all of his limitations, he never wrote a prescription in those early days that he had any complaint from. A new world was dawning for him. He was making the blind see, and curing headaches in many cases. But he was eager to gain all of the optical proficiency that was possible, and he spent most of his leisure hours with special reading and study. No doubt he spent many more hours with his books and dictionaries, than most have, in taking a university course. In 1891, he went to Detroit and took a course in what he thought then the best optical school in the country and won the annual gold medal for passing the best examination for that year. He had the privilege there of observation in the eye and ear hospital of Detroit; Dr. Owen, the principal of the school, being on this hospital staff. He speaks of this course here, merely to show that he was doing his utmost in

these days to become expert in his chosen profession. This institution had but a very limited course in comparison with the four year courses that optometry has now in Columbia College, Ohio and Rochester Universities and in a number of other three year courses.

He is very proud of what he has been able to do in helping to write an optometry regulation law into all of the statutes of our forty-eight states and also into the statute of every country in North America. The wearer of spectacles now, anywhere on this continent, is assured of fairer treatment and a hundred per cent better service than before we had these regulations. It would be difficult for people of the present day and acquainted with present conditions, to conceive of those that pertained sixty, or even twenty-five, years ago. It is true that the world could better get along with former conditions then, than they could with the same conditions at the present time. For the hours of time in close work that the world now calls for in many fields of activity, demands the best sight obtainable. Only lenses of the crudest material and poorly ground were obtainable when the writer began practice, and the best then, were the lenses that gave the best vision, whether the wearer got 100 per cent, 50 per cent, or 25 per cent of visual accuracy. Then, three eye frames were the standard for every one, no matter what their facial measurements, or how widely separated were their eyes. These were right because there were no others. Now all kinds of frame measurements are made and lenses are required many times larger than formerly.

Perhaps the best fitted persons in those days were the well to do families, who had good "family spectacles." These spectacles, that had been in the family for generations and for which good

money had been paid, were generally of a little better quality than the usual run of spectacles. Then, there were no problems as to whether the "family spectacles" were right or not—because it had been a family tradition, in that family, that if any one could not see in these glasses, he did not need any. The best reader in the family, if he could see in the "family spectacles," read aloud to the assembled household and the reader's eyes were not injured much, even though the glasses were not just right, because the news contained in the weekly paper was soon broadcasted, and for many hours afterward, there was not much need for glasses.

As the writer of this article has said, his life purpose, to make spectacles the greatest help possible to those in need, led him into all avenues for improving general sight conditions and so he became a charter member of the New England Optical Association, the first optical organization in the United States. From then on, regular meetings were held in Boston, with regular courses of study under the direction of professors from Harvard College and others. And now things began to move. We soon had a clinic in the Back Bay and with information gained from lectures, together with works from American authors and foreign works translated into English, we were well supplied with pertinent information. Now the vision ahead was bright and alluring to men of the writer's aims and purposes.

Soon after the launching of the New England Optical Institute the writer, with a Boston man, was invited by the "opticians" of New York city to assist them in the organization of the second optical association in this country. Soon after this, the American Association was formed by the federation of all states interested in the great work. With four

year courses in many of our great literary institutions, we will be constantly giving added service to many. The optometrist is now the only man whom our forty-eight states stamp specifically as an eyesight specialist.

As compared with the subjects treated by different professions, optometry, or prescribing lenses for sight defects, is a very specialized profession. Narrow however as this profession now is, it will soon be divided into other special groups where new discoveries are being made, and so applied, that hitherto hopeless cases are going to be benefited, it is believed.

Our own Dartmouth college has been working for several years on research work in the field of optometry under the direction of an optometrist from Rochester, N. Y. and a physicist, who have gone far enough already in their findings, so that many cases of discomfort from this part of the country are seeking help from them. Also one of the best known men of the entire world is going regularly for treatment with glasses. (This man's name will be furnished if requested.)

Optometry is going into the realm of research work never done or attempted before. According to reliable statistics there are 200,000 people in New Hampshire who have optical defects that need

attention, and many thousands of men and women everywhere who would be totally unable to do the work that they are now doing, without glasses. Many estimates have been made and corroborated that show that fifty per cent or more of the people of North America need the attention of a sight specialist and three fourths of all those whose cases are attended to will probably rely on optometry for safeguarding their vision and remedying reflexes, not attainable without the help of a competent sight specialist.

People generally in the past, and many persons nowadays, think that if they have perfect vision they do not need spectacles, but many young people with perfect sight have nervous reflexes that cause headaches, sore and inflamed eyes, nausea, vertigo, nervous indigestion and many other symptoms that are caused by eyestrain, that correct glasses would remedy entirely. It is only a sight specialist of experience and skill who can make these corrections. Many persons are ignoring these symptoms to the great harm of their general health, as well as their eyes. All those known to have sight defects should have a careful examination once every year and, if the symptoms referred to continue, they should return for a retest at once.



# *An Old White Mountain Guide Book*

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

**A**BOUT the time of the Civil War, Samuel C. Eastman of New Hampshire published an edition of his *White Mountain Guide Book*. It was a small book, containing 244 pages. It is interesting to note therein that "The stage fares are this year at unusually high rates, which it is hoped will not prevail another season." Also, that the fare from New York to Boston was \$6, from Boston to Gorham, N. H. \$6.50, from Gorham to the Glen House \$1. Accordingly, it cost in 1865 \$13.50 to travel from New York city to the White Mountains. At that time the ascent of Mount Washington by the "carriage road" cost \$4. Eastman's *White Mountain Guide Book* describes the Crawford House as "a large and new edifice, very commodious and agreeable for a summer hotel. The hotel is lighted with gas throughout and all the sleeping rooms are on the first and second floors. There is also a station of the American Telegraph Company at the house, with communication over the summit of Mt. Washington to the Glen and to the Profile House, connecting with the line to Boston."

This *White Mountain Guide* describes Mt. Washington as follows: "The acre of comparatively level surface on the top of the mountain is so completely covered with irregular angular rocks, that one can scarcely find a smooth place to stand upon. The building which first appears in sight is the Tip-Top House. This is used at present as a dining-room. A little to the east, and somewhat below, is the Summit House, the first building ever erected on the mountain. The Summit House was erected in 1852.

The interior is divided into two principal rooms, each of which is heated by a stove. Around these fires the shivering guests crowd and present about the same appearance as travellers in January stopping to warm themselves at a country inn. In the rear of the main rooms are narrow dormitories, furnished, since the opening of the carriage road, with comfortable beds and other appliances for a good night's rest. Every inch of space within the building appears to be turned to some account. The tops of the lower rooms are ceiled with cotton cloth and the sides, formed of rough stone walls, are now ceiled with boards and papered. In deep recesses are good glass windows, increasing very materially the comfort of the place."

And there is this description of the view from Mt. Washington's summit. "In the west, through the blue haze, are seen in the distance the ranges of the Green Mountains. To the north-west, under your feet, are the clearings and settlements of Jefferson, the waters of Cherry Pond and, farther distant, the village of Lancaster, with the waters of Israel's River. The Connecticut is not visible. To the north and north-east, rise up boldly the great peaks of the White Mountain range,—Jefferson, Adams and Madison. A little farther to the east are seen the numerous and distant summits of Maine. On the south-east, close at hand, are the dark and crowded ridges of the mountains in Jackson, and beyond, the conical summit of Kearsarge. Still farther, it is said, the ocean itself has sometimes been distinctly visible. Almost exactly south are the shining waters of the beau-



tiful Winnepesaukee. At your feet is the broad valley surrounded by mountains, through which wind deviously the sources of the Ammonoosuc; and beyond this, the little village of Bethlehem is dimly visible."

And this *White Mountain Guide* describes thus New Hampshire's famous *Profile*. "There it is, a colossal, completely symmetrical profile, looking down upon the valley from its lofty height, perfectly distinct and clear. Nature has carved out, with the most accurate chiselling, this astonishing sculpture. Every portion of the face is there upon the solid mountain steep. There is the stern, projecting, massive brow, as though stamped with the thought and wisdom of centuries. The nose is straight, finely cut and sharply outlined. The thin, senile lips are parted, as though about to utter the thunders of majestic speech. The chin is well thrown forward, with exact proportionate length, betokening the hard, obstinate character of the 'Old Man,' who has faced with such unmoving steadiness the storm of ages. The Sphinx of the desert must acknowledge its inferiority to this marvelous face upon the mountain. When seen in the morning, as the mists float up from the valley beneath and along its ponderous features, it looms into larger proportions still, and with the heavy gray beard, which sometimes settles upon its chin and down its breast, it seems like the face of some hoary patriarch of antiquity.

"'It is not advisable,' says one of the admirers of the Old Man of the Moun-

tain 'to go to take your first look at him when the sun lights up the chasm of his granite cheek and the cavernous mystery of his bent brow. Go to him when, in the solemn light of evening, the mountain heaves up from the darkening lake its vast wave of luxuriant foliage. Sit on one of those rocks by the roadside, and look, if you can, without awe, at the granite face, human in its lineaments, supernatural in its size and position, weird-like in its shadowy mystery, but its sharp outline wearing an expression of mortal sadness, that gives it the most fascinating interest.'

"It was doubtless an object of veneration to the aboriginal inhabitants. To the whites, however, it has been little known till within the last forty years. In the early part of the present century (the 19th), the road that passes along this way was laid out, and in clearing the land of the trees that impeded the path, the Profile was discovered. Since that time it has been an object of the most absorbing interest. It has been ascertained that the height of the 'Old Man' is very nearly fifteen hundred feet above the level of the little lake below it, and that the length of the face is from sixty to eighty feet. The Profile undergoes many changes, according to the point of observation. One can spend an hour or two no more profitably than by gazing upon its fascinating and wonderful lineaments, and he will return to look upon it once more, that it may be the last remembrance, ere he bids farewell to this delightful spot."

# NEW HAMPSHIRE

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## *Editorial*

THE amazing revelations of the lax discipline maintained by the head of the Boston police department brought out in the hearings on the career of Oliver B. Garrett, while a member of the liquor and vice squad, have been interesting to New Hampshire people as much on account of the contrast between the methods of the Boston police commissioner and this state's outstanding police chief, Michael J. Healy of Manchester, as because of the brazen practices of Garrett and other officers who have been charged with grafting on bootleggers and dive keepers by witnesses produced by the attorney general of Massachusetts.

It is a natural thing to expect there would be dishonorable men in a department of twenty-five hundred policemen, who would turn a dishonest penny by neglecting their oaths of office, and that some of them might get away with their blackmailing for a long period through surreptitious protection afforded to lawbreakers. But that an officer accused of questionable practices as many times as Garrett was and with so much detailed information accompanying the accusations which appeared easy of

verification if even a half-hearted check-up was made, could go on year after year with his integrity unsullied in the minds of his superiors is well nigh incomprehensible to those who have observed Chief Healy's rigorous manner of dealing with comparatively petty delinquencies of policemen under his control.

Here was an officer in a position to exact tribute, or to receive voluntary offerings from a class of lawbreakers notoriously disposed to pay liberally to law enforcement officers who would be conveniently blind to their duty. On a salary at no time exceeding twenty-one hundred dollars a year, he was the owner of several expensive automobiles, was known to his superiors as a "horse racing nut" who entered and drove horses in races around the fairs. Also among his intimate associates was a well-known alleged bootlegger with whom he was seen frequently at horse races and prize fights. Yet charge after charge that he was protecting specified lawbreakers, and that he was being paid for that protection impressed his superiors only as absurd, according to their testimony.

Of so little account were these charges reckoned that each in routine manner was referred to the captain of Garrett's division, who in turn as lightly disposed of the charges by asking Garrett if they were true and on his prompt denial, the captain reported back that the charges were unfounded. Even after the attorney general had accumulated a mass of damning evidence and the Boston newspapers had dug up many circumstantial stories of his doings, the commissioner and captain continued to express their unbounded confidence in Garrett's integrity. It was only after continued hammering away by the attorney general's prosecuting attorney that admissions were made that the methods followed in the investigations of the charges against Garrett were not thorough-going.

On the strength of examinations of their bank and other financial accounts, the attorney general's representative absolved the police commissioner, the superintendent and the captain from any personal gains resulting from the graft collected from rum-sellers and vice resorts, but none of these officials have been given a clean bill of health so far as efficiency as police officials is in issue. The superintendent, it should be said, came through the investigation in much better form than the others, for there is no record of his stamp of approval on Garrett or other officers who have been smirched by testimony educed at the hearings. He seems to have been honestly desirous of a thorough investiga-

tion of the charges filed, but lacked authority to get what he ordered done. On one occasion it was admitted by the commissioner and the captain that the latter went over the superintendent's head and had a case filed when he was pressing hard for a more complete sifting than the others deemed necessary. This case involved three policemen caught in a raid on a gambling den.

The Boston police investigation thus far has been confined to the activities of Garrett and the vice and liquor squad. Several besides Garrett have had matters disclosed that warrant a grand jury investigation, and it looks as if before this affair becomes a closed incident the Legislature will request the attorney general to investigate general conditions in the Boston police department in order that leads already uncovered may be followed through. Garrett threatened to blow the lid off the police department when he was removed from the vice and liquor squad. That was an unguarded statement to make to newspapermen and it was largely a bluff, anyway. The defial apparently served Garrett's purpose of getting a retirement on half-pay, and he was satisfied to let things drop. But others took up his cue and persisted until the Legislature learned enough to leave no other course open than to order an investigation.

Judging from the evidence published in the papers, Attorney General Warner's report to the Legislature which will be made later, will give the public something to think about.

## *Bitter Bread*

LILIAN SUE KEECH

If the man was a poet, there were none who knew it.

    All day he dictated, now a letter, now a bill,

But in the spring when an impudent bit

    Of a sparrow hopped on the window sill,

And chirped, he accepted the invitation,

    And went strolling forth in imaginary woods.

His subconscious self took a brief vacation

    Away from the wholesale hardware goods.

He would find pink lilies in cool dark ponds,

    And quick running streams with gleaming trout,

Wild strawberries, and the delicate fronds

    Of ferns. In the office his voice droned out,

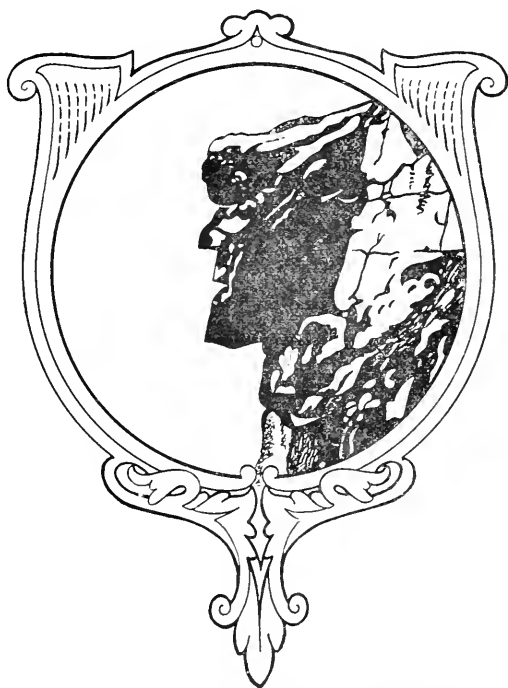
"Your's of the eighteenth instance gave

    The market price per ton, of lead."

Now the wild strawberry grows on his grave.

    —But he can not enjoy it, being dead.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE FIRE INSURANCE CO. MANCHESTER, N.H.



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Cash Capital	\$3,000,000
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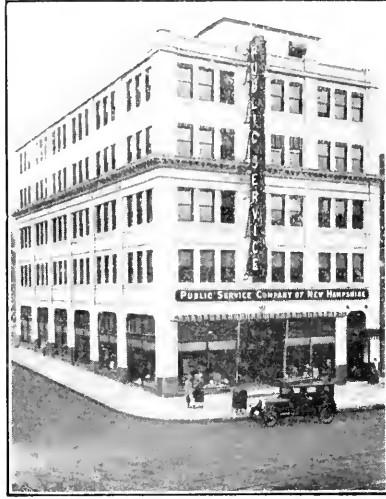
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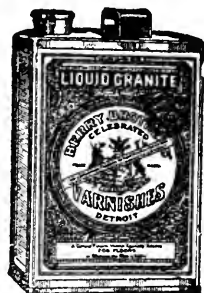
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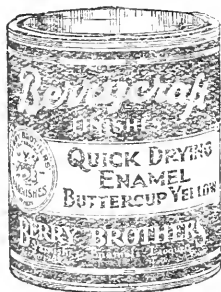
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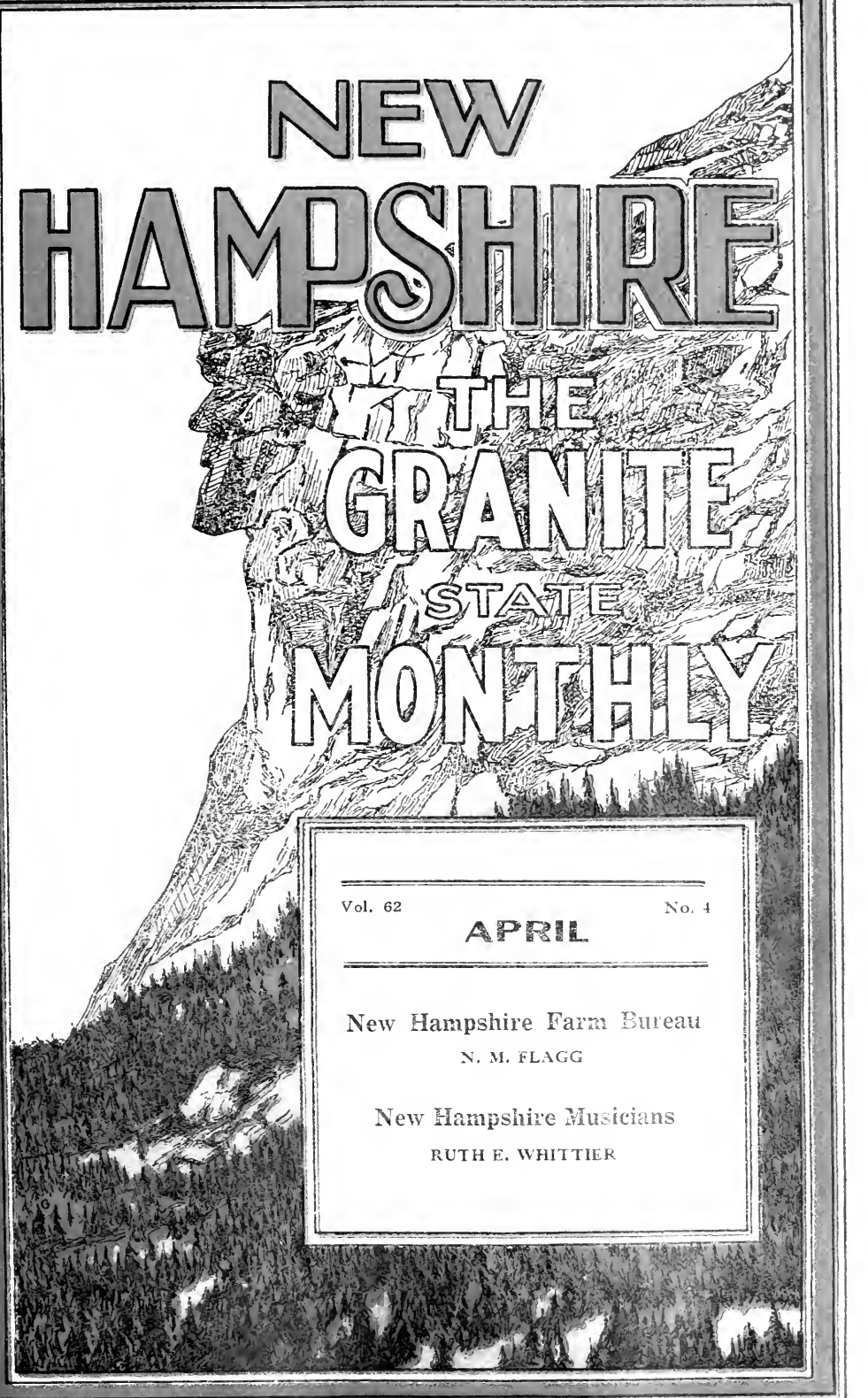
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# NEW HAMPSHIRE WITH THE GRANITE STATE MONTHLY

Vol. 62

No. 4

APRIL

New Hampshire Farm Bureau

N. M. FLAGG

New Hampshire Musicians

RUTH E. WHITTIER

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# *The New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation*

N. M. FLAGG, *Secretary*

THE historic Eagle Hotel in Concord has been the scene of many gatherings in the past, many of which have been far-reaching in their effect on New Hampshire affairs, but we believe nothing has ever taken place in the "Old Eagle" that has meant more to the agriculture of our state than the formation there, on December 15, 1916, of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation. At that time, a small group met there and organized, in a permanent form, the present federation. Preceding this, about half the counties had organized, the first being Sullivan, which began to function in 1913. Representatives from five of the counties were present at the formation of the federation and Roy D. Hunter of Claremont was elected as the first president.

Section two of the constitution, as adopted at that time, stated that "the object of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation is to develop, strengthen, and correlate the work of the county farm bureaus of the state; to unite with other states in organizing and maintaining the American Farm Bureau Federation; to encourage and promote co-operation of all representative agricultural organizations in every effort to improve facilities and conditions for the economic and efficient production, conservation, marketing, transportation and distribution of farm products; to develop and maintain the best type of home and community life; to further the study and enactment of constructive agricultural

legislation; to advise with representatives of the public agricultural institutions, co-operating with county farm bureaus in the determination of state-wide policies and to inform Farm Bureau members regarding all movements that affect their interests."

Even under this broad statement of objects, there appeared to be comparatively little that the federation could do in its first two or three years, owing principally to a lack of funds.

Each of the members (the county farm bureaus) contributed a nominal sum to the federation, and this was as much as could be done at that time, for their own membership dues were very small. However, the federation officers, including George M. Putnam, as well as Roy Hunter, during his presidency, got into the various counties and many contacts were made which proved valuable in later efforts.

In the meantime Mr. Putnam had been elected as president and in the fall of 1920 an intensive campaign for membership was put on in Rockingham county, followed by similar campaigns in all the other counties within the next year or so.

Many calls were being made on the president at this time, especially in reference to this membership work and it was voted to open an office in Concord, and on February 1, 1921, this was done, and more and more of the president's time was given to the work. All of the counties were now affiliated in the federation and the dues had advanced to a

point which gave the new office a reasonable financial support and things began to happen.

So much was this the case, that Mr. Putnam was unable to find enough hours in the day, though he used nearly all of them, to do all that was required of him, and in July, 1922, H. Styles Bridges, now a member of the Public Service Commission, was employed as secretary of the rapidly expanding organization, in which position he served until the close of 1923.

Among the members of the executive committee in these early days were such outstanding men and women as H. N. Sawyer of Atkinson, J. C. Avery of Wolfeboro, Homer Smith of Monroe, Mrs. Fannie B. White of Claremont, Mrs. Abbie C. Sargent of Bedford, George Nevers of Jefferson, Arthur P. Read of Winchester, and Samuel A. Lovejoy of Milford. These, and many others, gave unsparingly of their time, thought, and energy to the development of the Farm Bureau program. The subject of equality in taxation was given early study by the organization and in 1921 a committee of three, Hon. Robert P. Bass, Hon. Raymond B. Stevens, and Frank Pearson, was appointed to make a thorough study of the entire subject and bring in recommendations for legislation which would tend to bring about the desired result.

After several months work this committee submitted its report and made certain specific recommendations, several of which have since been enacted into laws, while some others are still unaccepted by the law makers.

It is more than a coincidence that practically all of the ideas advanced by this committee as long ago as 1921-22 were embodied in the recommendations

of the Recess Tax Commission and submitted to the recent special session of the legislature.

First, let us consider a few of the measures which are now in operation. The so-called gas tax, or road toll, was advocated as a means of more equitably levying taxes upon the car owners rather than through high registration fees. This became a law and the success of it as a revenue producer is evidenced by the fact that the net income from this source in 1929 was \$2,232,017.54, a large part of which was paid, of course, by out-of-state cars. It is interesting to note, that, while less than a dozen states were collecting such a tax when the federation introduced it here, at present it is recognized as one of the fairest taxes ever imposed and is operative in all of our forty-eight states.

Another recommendation that became law was the tax upon the income from intangibles, and revenue from this source last year amounted to well over a half million dollars.

Without these two items, we would either be paying substantially more in the form of a property tax, or we would not be having some of the things that this new revenue is providing.

The Farm Bureau Federation, after a hard legislative fight, secured the repeal of the Manufacturers Tax Exemption bill in 1923, only to have it restored to the statute books two years later and remain in force until it was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in 1929.

This action again confirmed the wisdom of the Farm Bureau committee in its recommendations.

It was a part of the plan of the Farm Bureau in championing the gas tax that a certain part of the revenue obtained



be used to help the country towns in the maintenance of their dirt roads, but the bill, as amended and passed, provided that all income from this source be used on the trunk lines and it was not until 1925 that the so-called Duncan Road bill was passed which provides help to about seventy small towns to the extent of nearly \$90,000.00 annually in the care of Class 5, or town dirt roads.

The passage of this legislation was due very largely to the efforts of George H. Duncan and the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation with New Hampshire State Grange co-operating in many ways.

Now let us consider for a few paragraphs some of the recommendations which were made by this far-seeing committee, but which have not yet become law.

Let us quote from the report as submitted nearly ten years ago.

"While it has been generally understood that an income tax was impossible without an amendment to our constitution, the decisions of the Court on this point are not certain or definite. . . . In view of the present tax situation and the need of immediate relief, it is now necessary to have a definite and final opinion from the Supreme Court as to the validity of an income tax.

"It seems to your committee that it would be much better and fairer to adopt some other system of taxing growing timber, which would tax the small wood lot and big timber tracts on the same basis. Such a system should not aim to exempt timber from taxation. It should, however, enable the owner of young growing timber to pay his taxes when his trees are cut or become mature."

The Farm Bureau has believed for many years that ability to pay should be

the basis for the levying of taxes and the justice of this is being acknowledged by a rapidly increasing number of thinking people the world over.

Both these fundamental principles of justice in taxation were embodied in the report of the Recess Commission, were declared constitutional by our Supreme Court and presented to the special session for action.

As everyone knows, the Severance Tax bill, relating to timber, was defeated; owing to the lack of definite, accurate knowledge of the tax program as a whole and the passage of this most constructive legislation has been delayed.

However, the Farm Bureau and many other state organizations are definitely committed to the program which we believe will go far toward a more equitable distribution of the tax burden and the fight will go on.

The Farm Bureau was most active in the support of the bill providing for adequate and dependable financing for the University of New Hampshire and since the passage of this legislation in 1925 with an assurance of income sufficient to meet the expenses incidental to it.

At about the same time in 1925, through the efforts of the Farm Bureau, a most forward looking co-operative marketing law was passed, which has been utilized in the establishment of several of our successful co-operatives.

Last month, under this law, the Central Wool Marketing Corporation was formed, which plans to affiliate with the national organization and will furnish marketing facilities for wool in all states east of the Mississippi, except Ohio.

The original Farm Bureau committee on electricity consisted of J. R. Graham of Boscawen, and Francis V. Tuxbury of Etna, serving with Mr. Putnam.

Through the work of this committee, a definite plan of making extensions of electric lines into rural sections was agreed to by practically all of the power companies in the state, and after this plan had been in operation for a year or more the committee was able to have it liberalized very materially by most of the companies.

As a result of this work and these plans, it has been possible to have about three hundred miles of electric lines built which are carrying this modern necessity, electricity, into approximately thirteen hundred farm homes.

At the present time there are between forty and fifty electrical projects in the Farm Bureau office in various stages of completion, with more constantly coming in.

Nearly four years ago, a committee made up of S. A. Lovejoy of Milford, Arthur P. Read of Winchester, Harry Rogers of Belmont, Henry Page of Monroe, and Robert T. Gould of Hopkinton, was appointed to study the subject of farmers' insurance.

This committee, with Mr. Putnam, made an exhaustive study of the subject of fire insurance for farmers and the different types of companies and on January 17, 1928, the Farm Bureau Mutual Insurance Company was incorporated, and on March 29 following made its first policies effective.

Since then nearly two million dollars worth of fire insurance has been written for members in the organization at a very substantial saving.

The same committee studied the possibilities of automobile insurance for farmers and in June, 1928, the Farm Bureau Mutual Auto Insurance Company was launched. The writing of automobile insurance began immediately and

since that time about five thousand farm cars and trucks have been insured by the company at a tremendous saving. At present this is the most rapidly developing of all the Farm Bureau projects.

This article necessarily must omit most of the everyday routine business of such an organization, with its thousands of letters going out each season, the constant stream of visitors coming into the office with requests for help on everything under the sun.

The state office has been called upon to locate lost children, secure number plates for members who found themselves outside the state on January first, and many other unusual requests have been made for service. However, these out-of-the-ordinary things are only incidental and quite often furnish a little change and relaxation from the usual routine.

The office is the scene of a great many conferences each season, ranging from a small group, such as a meeting of an executive committee, to much larger gatherings when representatives of many other agricultural groups meet here in various co-operative endeavors.

Now as to the reasons for this growth in activities and influence of this farm organization. Ralph Waldo Emerson is credited with saying that "Every great institution is but the lengthened shadow of some one man," and in this instance, this "one man" is George M. Putnam of Hopkinton, for to his lofty ideals and stick-to-it-ive-ness, more than any other single factor, can the development of the Farm Bureau in New Hampshire be traced.

All his life Mr. Putnam has fought for better things for agriculture, and the self-sacrificing spirit of many of the

leaders in this work all over the state has provided him with a vehicle through which great results could be attained.

Year after year the work has gone on, in spite of failures, delays, and disappointments, until today the Farm Bureau occupies a most enviable position in the agricultural affairs of our state and also in the nation.

Just a few words as to what the whole movement is about and we will draw this somewhat lengthy article to a close.

The Farm Bureau has never been accused of being selfish in its motives, nor can it be so accused with justice.

Every official is sincerely and wholeheartedly interested in the welfare of our state and nation and no action has ever been advocated, or taken, that aimed to secure unfair advantages for agriculture. Many measures have been supported that would help to secure for the farmer an equal opportunity as compared with other lines of industry and it is realized today, as never before, that a prosperous and contented agricultural class is a most important factor in the welfare of country and city alike.

The Farm Bureau will continue to work for the accomplishment of those things which will bring about "A happy

and prosperous family on every farm, enjoying an American standard of living, and the income from the farm to pay the bill."

A list of the present officers of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation follows:

*President*, George M. Putnam, Contoocook.

*First Vice-President*, Harry W. Rogers, R. F. D. 3, Laconia.

*Second Vice-President*, Henry H. Page, Monroe.

*Secretary*, N. M. Flagg, Boscawen.

*Ex-officio Member*, Earl P. Robinson, County Agent Leader, Durham.

*Board of Directors*: Harry W. Rogers, R. F. D. 3, Laconia; Robert F. Thurrell, Wolfeboro; Alfred Despres, East Jaffrey; D. W. Pinkham, Lancaster; Wesley G. White, North Haverhill; Charles P. Brown, Hollis; E. D. Kelley, Franklin; Walter P. Tenney, Chester; George D. McDuffee, Dover; F. A. Barton, Lempster.

*Chairman Home and Community Work* (State), Mrs. Abbie C. Sargent, R. F. D. 7, Manchester.

*Assistant Chairman Home and Community Work*, Mrs. Florence Hurn, Granite.



# *New Hampshire Musicians*

COMPILED BY RUTH E. WHITTIER

It has been suggested that a list of persons who have become noteworthy in the field of music and claim New Hampshire as their home, either by right of birth or residence, would be useful. With this in mind the following biographical sketches have been compiled.

Information has been gathered from Metcalf's "1000 New Hampshire Notables," Pratt's "New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians," Eldredge's "Third N. H. Volunteers," "Who's Who in New England," "Who's Who in America," the "Granite Monthly," town histories and files of old newspapers and clippings, as well as from the people themselves in many instances.

Doubtless there have been omissions and errors in preparing this list, and any additions or corrections which may be used in the future will be appreciated.

ABBOTT, WILLIAM — Cornetist; b., Bradford, N. H., July 14, 1827. Was leader of the Henniker Cornet Band which was one of the leading bands from 1857-1873. He was one of the best cornet players in the state. He also played in the orchestral band of the town. In 1873 he moved to Michigan.

ALLEN, ALMA WALKER (Mrs. Edwin L., — Organist and teacher; b., Danbury, N. H., Nov. 20, 1874. Educated at Procter Academy, Andover, N. H., receiving first musical instruction here, graduating in 1891. Studied summers with pupils of B. J. Lang and Ernst Perabo. Also studied with J. H. Morey of Concord. Further instruction in piano, organ, theory, harmony and solfeggio received at N. E. Conservatory, which she attended for

three years, one year at Faliten Piano-forte School, while later she studied with Arthur Foote, composer and teacher in Boston. She became a teacher of piano, directed a band and chorus, and was organist in different churches while holding positions in music conservatories in Arkansas, Kansas and Pennsylvania. She returned to N. H. and from 1906 to 1910 taught piano and directed a chorus at Procter Academy, taught piano in Tilton, Franklin and Bristol, and directed choir at Tilton Congregational Church. For several years was chairman of music of Franklin Woman's Club, also programme committee for N. H. Daughters in Boston for two years. Moving to Arlington, Mass. where she now resides, she has had classes in music appreciation, and various positions as organist in the suburbs of Boston. At present is chairman of music for N. H. Federation of Clubs.

ASPINWALL, ADA MAE—Teacher; b., Concord, N. H., Feb. 10, 1866. Began musical education with the best local teachers, and later was a pupil at the N. E. Conservatory, where she studied with Mr. G. H. Howard. Following this she studied under Milo Benedict of Concord, and Arthur Foote of Boston. For a long term of years has been the pianist and accompanist of the Concord Oratorio Society, in festival and concert work. Has also done a great amount of chamber concert work with string quartets, concertos with large orchestras, and considerable festival work in New Hampshire and northern New York. For a number of years she was church organist and choir director. She

has for many years been a successful teacher of pianoforte in Concord, for some time using the "Progressive Series of Piano Lessons."

BAGLEY, EDWIN EUGENE—Composer and musician; b., Craftsbury, Vt., May 29, 1857. Started his musical career at the age of nine, traveling with Leavitt's Bellringers as singer and comedian. At the age of fourteen he began to play the cornet and trombone, playing these mostly, although he played nearly every other kind of instrument and never took a lesson on any. He traveled six years with the Swiss Bellringers, was with Blaisdell's orchestra of Concord several years, and in 1880 was solo cornetist at the Park theatre in Boston. Also a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Germania Band and traveled all over the United States with a musical company, the Bostonians. In 1893 he returned to Keene, becoming a member of Beedle's orchestra. Later he traveled with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau and for some years conducted and played with bands at the beaches and larger cities. Composed "National Emblem" march, which is quite famous, "America Victorious" and "Farm Bureau March." Member of the Musicians' Union of Fitchburg, Mass. Died in Keene, Jan. 29, 1922.

BARNABEE, HENRY CLAY—Musical comedian; b., Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 14, 1833. When young he developed talent as a singer. Sang in church choirs in and near Boston. Organized the Barnabee Operetta Co., and Concert Co. Belonged to the Boston Ideal Opera Co. taking leading roles.

BARNES, H. MAITLAND—Organist, choirmaster and teacher; b., Ashbourne, England, Aug. 19, 1875. Studied at the Royal Manchester College and became a Licentiate of the Royal Academy

of Music of London. Came to America in 1906, and to Concord in Sept. 1907 as organist and choirmaster at St. Paul's Church. He started the custom, which has grown from year to year in popularity, of carol singing at Christmas time to the inmates of the various institutions throughout the city, by taking his choir boys to sing to these shut-ins. Taught at St. Mary's School until 1925 when he became supervisor of music in the public schools, which position he held until the time of his death on May 16, 1929.

BATTLES, AUGUSTUS—Flutist; b., Boston, Mass., Feb. 7, 1880. First instruction received on the flute from William Sturtyvant, and Oliver Wheaton of Concord, N. H. Studied four years under Andre Maquarre, flutist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a graduate of the Paris Conservatory. First professional engagements were with Nevers' Third Regimental Band and Blaisdell's Orchestra, both of Concord. For two years was at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston; two years a member of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra; then becoming a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with twenty-two years of service so far to his credit.

BEACH, AMY MARCY CHENEY (Mrs. H. H. A.)—Composer and pianist; b., Henniker, N. H., Sept. 5, 1867. She played difficult music at an early age, and at the age of eight years began study in Boston under eminent musicians. Played with the Boston Symphony orchestra, and later gave concerts of her own work in many large cities while still very young. Has played also in Europe, where her Symphony has been performed, as well as her Piano Concerto, Piano Quintet and Violin Sonata. Among her compositions are "Gaelic Symphony," "Festival Jubilate,"

and many cantatas, piano works and songs, also much church music.

BEEDLE, KARL R.—Conductor and composer; b., Barton, Vt., Dec. 16, 1874, of musical parents, his father Chas. C. Beedle being a well-known violinist, teacher and conductor, and his mother, Emma Bailey Beedle, a famous singer. First studied cello and piano with his father and was playing professionally in orchestras all over New England at the age of sixteen, coming to Keene, N. H. about this time. Studied cello in Boston with August Suck, Chas. Loeffler and Carl Webster. Was cello soloist with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau for three years, played in Boston in principal theatres for about four years. Composed several operas, musical acts which have been produced in Keene, and several songs and instrumental numbers which have been published. Director of the Keene City Band for four years. At present is special supervisor of music in Keene High School and director of the Keene High School Band.

BENEDICT, MILO E.—Pianist and teacher; b., Cornwall, Vt., June 9, 1867. Began his musical education at the age of seven. At nine he was heard in his own recital program at Portland, and some of the large hotels of the White Mts., receiving at the Twin Mt. House the enthusiastic encouragement of Henry Ward Beecher. At twelve he was placed under a German master (Krollmann) at Bremen. Later became the star pupil at the Petersilea Academy of Music at Boston, gaining the gold medal for piano playing, also becoming one of the instructors of the institution. In 1884 he was admitted to Liszt's famous class at Weimar, where he enjoyed the acquaintance of many followers of Liszt. He played before Rubinstein, Scharwenka and many other

masters. He took up theory and composition at Harvard under John K. Paine, and has devoted considerable attention to composition in its various forms. He has done a great deal of concert work, appearing in many of the leading cities. Aug. 4, 1904 he married the gifted and accomplished soprano (blind), Gladys Perkins Fogg, (died at Concord, Jan. 13, 1930), with whom his concert work was greatly extended. Under the direction of the New York War Work Council 200 concerts were assigned to the Benedict Trio, a trio organized by Mrs. Benedict which included besides Mr. and Mrs. Benedict, Miss Pauline Renick, violinist. For several years Mr. Benedict was the Boston representative of the *Chicago Music Notes*. He has written a book for teachers touching the fundamental principles of technique, also the book "What Music Does To Us" (Small, Maynard). For a number of years he was an instructor in music at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., in which city he still resides.

BLAISDELL, CARLYLE W.—Violinist, instructor and conductor; b., Concord, N. H., Nov. 11, 1878. Leader of Blaisdell's Orchestra, conductor of the N. H. Symphony Orchestra, and violin instructor. Member of American Federation of Musicians.

BLAISDELL, HENRI G.—Violinist and conductor; b., Dorchester, N. H., Oct. 23, 1849. Began study at eight. Studied under prominent teachers and composers of America. Organized an orchestra in Concord, and prepared chamber and symphony concerts which keep alive public interest in music. Conducted a grand festival in Concord, April, 1892. Traveled as solo violinist and conductor, was at one time choirmaster at St. Paul's. He was the father of Carlyle Blaisdell. Died at Laconia, Aug. 3, 1914.

BROWN, DAVID ARTHUR—Band master; b., Attleboro, Mass., May 14, 1839. When young he showed a great love of music. Was leader of the Fisherville Cornet Band previous to his enlistment in the Third N. H. Regiment Band of which he was second leader. Following discharge from the band, he became leader of Brown's Band which was one of the finest in N. H. This band played at the unveiling of the Hannah Dustin monument in Penacook. Died Apr. 13, 1897.

CHAMBERLAIN, WILLIAM P.—Singer and composer; b., Swanzey, N. H., June 2, 1833. Was a member of the concert troupe known as the Ossian Bards. Composed a number of songs, among them "I cannot call her mother," "Sing me my childhood's songs," "Chamberlain's new medley," and perhaps the best known "Hurrah for old New England," originally written "Hurrah for old New Hampshire." Spent a great part of his life in Keene, N. H., where he died, June 9, 1915.

CHAPMAN, GEORGE D.—Band leader; b., Windsor, N. H., Feb. 8, 1879. Began playing in one of the local bands of Hillsboro, N. H. at the age of 14. Later moved to Mass. Enlisted as band leader in 1916 in the First Mass. Field Artillery and saw Mexican border service with this regiment. In 1917 this regiment was made a part of the 26th Division and went overseas, returning in 1919. Organized the Y-D Veterans Band in Boston in 1919 and 1920. Re-enlisted in the regular army as a musician July 24, 1924 and was assigned to the 3rd U. S. Cav. Band at Fort Myer, Va. Transferred to the finance department, Aug. 1926, stationed at Finance School U. S. A., Washington, D. C. Promoted to grade of staff sergeant and assigned to the Finance Office, Edge-

wood Arsenal, Md. He directs the Elks Boys' Band in Washington, as well as teaching a large number of pupils there and in neighboring towns.

CHASE, RUSSELL MACMURPHY (Mrs. Charles B.)—Teacher and lecturer; b., Fon du Lac, Wis., Sept. 29, 1871. Educated at N. E. Conservatory of Music and in Berlin, Germany. Head of piano department, St. Mary's College, Dallas, Texas; W. Virginia University; instructor in piano at University of Wisconsin; and Wheaton College. Was President of N. H. Federation of Music Clubs and is director of MacDowell Club Pianoforte School. Has given recitals in various states. Made her home in Derry, N. H. since 1911.

CHICKERING, JONAS—Piano manufacturer; b., New Ipswich, N. H., Apr. 5, 1797. When quite young showed musical ability and played the fife and later the clarinet. In 1818 he went to Boston and began working for a piano maker. He manufactured about 14,000 instruments. He worked to perfect an instrument which would remain in tune and fit for use regardless of the weather. Died Dec. 8, 1853.

COFFIN, NELSON P.—Conductor; b., Newport, N. H., June 10, 1873. He was educated at Dartmouth College and in Colorado. Went to Keene and conducted Keene Choral Club, was choir-master in Congregational Church for many years. Taught music at Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass. Conducted choral clubs all over state and in Winchendon, Fitchburg and Worcester, Mass. and N. Y., at one time the Mendelssohn Club, New York City and the Ladies' College Chorus. He died suddenly in New York, March 6, 1923.

COLE, SAMUEL WINKLEY—Teacher and organist; b., Meriden, N. H., Dec.

24, 1848. Studied at N. E. Conservatory of Music. Began musical career in Portsmouth. Later was organist in Boston, Mass. and teacher at the Conservatory. Also taught music in public schools of Brookline, Mass., Dedham, Mass., Boston University; and conducted People's Choral Union of Boston. Author and compiler of several musical works.

CONANT, CHARLES SUMNER—Musician and teacher; b., Greensboro, Vt., July 2, 1860. When quite young began the study of vocal music with teachers in St. Johnsbury, Vt., Boston, Mass., New York and London. Taught singing in schools of St. Johnsbury in 1886 and various other places. Came to Concord, N. H. in 1888 to accept the position of supervisor of music in the schools. Also taught in schools of Laconia for four years. Director of Concord Oratorio Soc., director of church choirs, taught many private pupils. Member and past president of N. H. Music Teachers' Ass'n; and member and former vice-president of National Music Teachers' Ass'n. Wrote a few songs and was considered an authority on American music. Many oratorio productions were a success under his direction. He held the position in the schools until he died, Aug. 27, 1925.

CONANT, JOHN WILLIS—Pianist and organist; b., Nashua, N. H., Dec. 20, 1866. Studied in Boston and abroad. Teacher at Conservatory in Meadville, Pa.; organist in Scranton, Pa.; and director of music, National Cathedral School, Washington, D. C. Member of Fellow American College of Musicians and American Guild of Organists.

CRAMM, HELEN L.—Composer and teacher; b., E. Pembroke, N. H., Dec., 1858. Before she was two years old her family moved to Thetford, Vt., where

they remained until 1871, then locating in Haverhill, Mass., in which city Miss Cramm has since made her home. When a small girl she studied singing and later the piano and organ, studying with the best teachers in America and abroad. Miss Cramm taught in Montpelier, Vt., and in Haverhill, Mass. Her first compositions were published in 1905, and since then her works have become well-known throughout the world as among the best music for children. Some of her best known works are "What to do first at the piano," "What to do second at the piano," "New rhymes and tunes," and "Jolly jingles for little fingers." Miss Cramm belongs to several clubs of which she has been president, director and speaker. She is often called on to do special editing for the Theo. Presser Co., and is always working on something new to add to her already long list of valued educational works.

DAVIS, HARRY W.—Director of music; b., Keene, N. H., April 14, 1885. Attended Amherst College, class of 1908. Studied voice with Leverett B. Merrill of Boston. At present is director of music in the State Normal School at Keene and in Keene High School.

DAY, HARRY BROOKS—Organist and composer; b., Newmarket, N. H., Sept. 5, 1858. Studied music in United States, England and at Munich. Organist and choir-master in Lowell, Newton and Cambridge, Mass. and Brooklyn, N. Y. Member of American Guild of Organists and N. Y. Musicians' Club. Composer of "Kobold Songs," "Easter Cantata," organ pieces, songs and church music.

ELLIOTT ALONZO—Composer; b., Manchester, N. H., 1891. Generally known as Zo Elliott. Graduated from



Yale in 1913, studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He served in the Signal Corps in the World War. Studied music in France and has traveled extensively. Composed several songs, among which is "There's a Long, Long Trail," written and published in 1913. His home is still in Manchester, though he is not there much of the time.

EVERETT, LEVI W.—Violinist and organist; b., Penacook. Leader of several orchestras, and arranged some music for orchestras. Went to California where he led an orchestra. Also played the organ in the Masonic halls there.

GARLAND, AGNES G.—Supervisor of public school music; b., Henniker, Oct. 10, 1890. Graduate of Keene, N. H. Normal School and American Institute of Normal Methods. Assistant Supervisor of music in the schools of Keene, N. H. and supervisor in Wilton and Somersworth, N. H. and in Montpelier, Vermont.

GIBSON, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—Violinist and teacher; b., Henniker, N. H., Aug. 24, 1824. His family were all music lovers, and he soon got possession of his father's violin and learned to play it. He went to Boston to hear Ole Bull and made his acquaintance, at which time Ole Bull invited him back to England with him, but he was unable to go. In 1853 he made his first appearance in Tremont Temple, Boston. In 1860 he gave concerts in Albany, Troy, Washington, D. C. and other cities. Following that he became a teacher as well as concert artist. He stood at the head of his profession at this time and was called the "Ole Bull of America." At the World's Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872 he was the only American first violinist retained throughout the season, only the best performers remaining. Died in Henniker, March 31, 1901.

GOETSCHUIS, PERCY—Instructor, author and composer; b., Paterson, N. J., Aug. 30, 1853. Graduated from Stuttgart Conservatory of Music, 1876, at which time he became a teacher there, from 1885 with the title of royal professor. In 1890-92 he taught at Syracuse University, receiving the degree of Doctor of Music in 1892. From 1892-96 he taught at the N. E. Conservatory, and then was privately active in Boston until 1905, when he became professor at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, retiring in 1925. He is the author of many books on musical composition, and musical history, his latest book being "Masters of the Symphony" (1929). His compositions include a symphony, two overtures, an orchestral suite, a piano-sonata, several concert-fugues, and many piano-pieces. He resides in Manchester, N. H.

HILLS, JOSEPH A.—Teacher and organist; b., Hudson, N. H. Studied music in Berlin. At one time he was well known as an organist in Mass. For fifty years he was professor of music at Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass. from which he had only within a few years retired. Died in Newport, R. I. Oct. 7, 1929, at the age of 86.

HOFFMANN, MAURICE—Pianist, organist and teacher; b., Manchester, N. H., Mar. 3, 1897. Received early musical education in Manchester under George H. Dockham and Harry C. Whittemore. Studied piano, harmony, composition and organ in Boston under Heinrich Gebhard, Arthur Foote and Benjamin Whelpley. In 1918 served as musician, playing the trumpet, in U. S. Naval Reserve stationed at Hingham and East Boston. In 1924 studied piano under Egon Petri, German pianist and teacher, in Berlin. Mr. Hoffmann has done considerable concert work through-

out New England as soloist and also accompanist with artists of national repute. He has given organ recitals in N. H. and Mass. Has served as assistant organist and choir-master at Grace Episcopal Church, Manchester, organist at First Church of Christ, Scientist, Manchester, organist and director of music, First Church, Nashua. He has written many songs which though unpublished have received favorable comment from the music critics. He wrote the music for the song "Old New Hampshire" which has had some use in the schools of the state. For ten years he has been official accompanist at the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, and for three years past, instructor of harmony in the music department. At present he is teaching in Manchester.

HOOD, EUSEBIUS G.—Teacher; b., Nashua, N. H., Jan. 21, 1866. Studied voice culture with William Whitney of Boston, school music with William Pearson, his predecessor in the Nashua schools, and also attended summer school at Hingham, Mass. and New York City. For twenty-nine years was supervisor of music in the schools of Nashua and for nearly as long was conductor of the Nashua Oratorio Society. For several years he was also in charge of the Manchester Choral Society as well as those of Lowell and Lawrence, Mass. He is credited with the introduction of Reinold Werrenwrath to the concert stage, as well as helping others to prominence, among them Lambert Murphy and Charles Stratton. He collaborated with Mrs. MacDowell in establishing the MacDowell Peterboro musical festivals and conducted them for a number of years. Died at Concord, N. H., Feb. 25, 1929.

HUTCHINSON, JOHN W.—Singer; b., Milford, N. H., Jan. 4, 1821. Member

of famous family of singers which first appeared together Thanksgiving Day, 1839, eleven sons and two daughters. They gave a concert in Lynn in 1841. He studied in Boston. A member of a quartet which gave concerts in southern New Hampshire, and in Lynn, and also in England. Later he appeared in concerts alone.

INGALLS, GEORGE H.—Cornetist; b., Bristol, N. H., Feb. 5, 1832. At an early age showed great musical talent which was inherited from his father and mother who were excellent singers. As young as thirteen years he sang in the local church choir and was trumpeter in the Alexandria band. Later composed church music, taught singing school and was leader of the Bristol Band. For some years he made Concord his home, being leader of the Mechanic's Brass Band, and playing and singing throughout the state. During the Civil War was a member of the Hilton Head Post Band, organized by his brother Gustavus Ingalls. For many years was a member of the Blaisdell and Ingalls Band. Was a performer upon all band instruments, the church organ, and violin. Arranged band music, and composed church, band and orchestra music as well as songs. Died in Warner, N. H., Feb. 8, 1899, where he had made his home for some time.

INGALLS, GUSTAVUS W.—Bandmaster; b., Bristol, N. H., May 21, 1824. He first played the violin. About 1842 he began organizing brass bands. Was for many years with A. Prescott & Co. of Concord, N. H., makers of organs and pianos, and was leader of the Concord Brass Band. Enlisted from Concord, N. H. in the Third Regiment in 1861, remaining a year with this regiment. In 1863 he organized the Hilton Head Post Band of which he was bandmaster.

After the war he became a famous teacher and organizer of bands in this state. Died in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 6, 1903.

JOHNSON, FRANCES ANN—Composer and teacher; b., Whitefield, N. H., June 10, 1900. Studied some on the piano, and also took a six weeks harmony course under Prof. Manton, N. H. University summer school, 1929. Sings in church choir and teaches school in Littleton, N. H. Each spring she presents an original play of poetry and music, given by children of fourth, fifth and sixth grades. Her compositions are a song "Old Man of the Mountains," "Woodland" (play in poetry and song of saving of Franconia Notch), "Echo Lake" (fanciful play on how Echo Lake got its name) and "Lost River" (how Lost River was lost, to be presented in 1930). She has also won several prizes with her poems, and has a number of collections of poems to her credit.

KEANE, JOSEPH J.—Cornetist; b., Scotland. Played in bands in England. Came to New Hampshire, and played in bands of this state. Was a solo cornetist.

KEENAN, GEORGE WILLIAM—Violinist and conductor; b., Penacook, N. H., July 11, 1890. Began study of violin when twelve, and later organized Keenan's Orchestra. Studied in Boston, Paris and Brussels. Was teacher of violin at Colby Academy, New London, N. H. Was leader of orchestra at Odeon Theater, Marshalltown, Iowa, and later head of violin department of the Kansas State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas, and has conducted orchestras of the college.

KITTREDGE, WALTER—Composer; b., Merrimack, N. H., 1834. Was a violinist. At time of Civil War wished to go but on account of health was unable

to do so. He wrote a number of songs, among them "Tenting On the Old Camp-Ground," the only one which is well-known. This was written in 1863 near Reed's Ferry, Mr. Kittredge writing both words and music. He received very little for it when it was first published but in the last years of his life he realized quite a lot from it. He died in 1905.

KNOX, JAMES CARTER—Organist, director and composer; b., Troy, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1849. Educated at St. Paul's School and Trinity College, receiving here the degree of doctor of music. Returned to St. Paul's school in 1868, serving as teacher, musical director and organist for more than fifty years. He was the author of many compositions, particularly sacred music. His most noted work is the anthem, "O Pray For the Peace of Jerusalem." Mr. Knox died in Troy, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1930.

LONGHURST, MAURICE F.—Professor of music; b., Windsor, England, 1888. Educated at Eton High School, Guildhall and Trinity College, London. He is a member of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and Royal College of Organists. At present is professor of music at Dartmouth College, a position which he has held for some time.

MACDOWELL, EDWARD — Composer and pianist; b., New York City, Dec. 18, 1861. Lived in Europe between the ages of thirteen and twenty-nine. Studied under Marmontel, Joachim Raff, Liszt and Carreno. Head of department of music in Columbia University 1896-1903. Among best known works—four piano sonatas, two piano concertos, Sea Pieces, Woodland Sketches and Indian Suite. A great number of his compositions were written in Peterborough. Died in New York City, Jan. 23, 1908.

MACDOWELL, MRS. EDWARD—(Marian Griswold Nevins) Pianist. Toured United States and Canada for eighteen years, principally playing her husband's compositions. Through her efforts her husband's idea of the colony at Peterborough was founded and carried out.

MCDUFFEE, J. EDGAR—Pianist and composer; b., Rochester, N. H., Sept. 8, 1863. Studied music in Boston. Composed piano numbers and songs.

MATHEWS, WILLIAM SMYTHE BABCOCK—Teacher and author; b., Loudon, N. H., May 8, 1837. Early he was musically active in church and school, receiving some study at Lowell and Boston. From 1860 he taught in various schools in the south and from 1867 was located in Chicago, where he was organist at the Centenary (M. E.) Church until 1893. In 1910 because of ill-health he moved to Denver, Colorado, where he died in 1912. He was the author of several books on musical history and musicians, as well as text-books and editions of piano-classics.

MOREY, JOHN HOLMES—Pianist, organist and composer; b., Franklin, N. H., Jan. 31, 1834. Removed soon after to Sanbornton Bridge, now Tilton, and here spent greater part of childhood. Early showed marked ability as a musician. Received instruction on the piano from Miss Ladd of Manchester, and later on the organ from Eugene Thayer of Boston, and studied harmony with George J. Webb. He came to Concord when he was nineteen. In the early sixties he was called to Savannah and remained in that city about nine months, acting as organist and instructor, then returning to Concord where he spent the rest of his life. He founded the N. H. Musical Society which so successfully conducted conven-

tions in this city for some time. He died Mar. 12, 1895.

NEVERS, ARTHUR F.—Cornet soloist and band master; b., Claremont, N. H., Mar. 27, 1861. Was connected with the local band and Maynard and Wheeler Orchestra of Keene. Went to Boston in spring of 1881, studying under E. M. Bagley, first trumpet of the Boston Philharmonic and Symphony orchestras. Played that summer at Hotel Bellevue, Sandy Hook, near the Highlands, N. J. Traveled, winter 1881-82, with the famous Whitmore and Clark minstrels as soloist and leader of band. In 1882 became associated with Henri G. Blaisdell, founder and director of the celebrated Blaisdell's orchestra and band master of the then 3rd Reg't Band, Mr. Blaisdell engaging him as cornetist and soloist for his orchestra, a position which he held for years, becoming at once the business manager. In 1884, he was appointed and commissioned as band master of the 3rd Reg't Band (what is now known as Nevers' 2nd Reg't Band) and still holds this position. He has played with many other noted bands. In 1892-93 with Brook's N. Y. Concert Band at Pittsburgh, Pa. and Minneapolis, Minn. expositions. Was solo cornetist in 1896 with Innes N. Y. Concert Band on their annual concert tour. Was cornetist at the old Park Theater, Boston in 1892, at the Castle Square Theater (now Arlington Theater) at its opening, remaining there two years. Cornet soloist with Baldwin's Boston Cadet Band, 1892-97, playing at five annual encampments at Hingham, Mass. with First Corps of Cadets of Boston. In 1898 Nevers' 2nd Reg't Band was retired from duty with the N. H. National Guard and he received the title of 2nd Lieutenant. He has managed successfully his own Nevers'

2nd Reg't Orchestra, playing with both his band and orchestra at many notable events, among which are the Dartmouth College commencements and various other college functions for over twenty years, annually at St. Paul's School, as well as at the 150th and 200th anniversaries of many towns and cities, among them Newbury, Vt., Chester, Nottingham, Northwood and Frankestown, N. H. For fourteen years played at the Lancaster fairs. Has taught many bands and pupils. He has composed several marches and light numbers.

PARKHURST, PHINEHAS—Clarinetist and violinist; b., Templeton, Mass., Sept. 29, 1837. Enlisted in the Third Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers as a musician in 1861. In 1863 he re-enlisted as a member of the famous Hilton Head Post Band. After the war he returned to Concord, N. H. and made music his profession. At the time of his death, Nov. 7, 1877, he was considered the finest clarinet player in the state and he was also proficient on the violin.

PORTER, ELEANOR HODGMAN—Teacher and singer; b., Littleton, N. H., Dec. 19, 1868. Studied at N. E. Conservatory of Music and with private teachers. Was for several years choir and concert singer and music teacher. Is also an author of note.

SAYLOR, EDITH BENNETT—Soprano; b., Canaan, N. H. Spent most of childhood in Concord, N. H. Her talent was discovered by Charles S. Conant who was her instructor. She was chosen to be the first one to broadcast across the Atlantic because of her perfect enunciation.

SCALES, BURTON TRUE—Teacher; b., Dover, N. H., Aug. 10, 1873. Studied music in Boston and New York. Has

been supervisor of music in Dover and Newmarket public schools, secretary of N. H. Music Teachers' Ass'n., instructor at Plymouth Normal School's summer session, director of music of the William Penn Charter School for Boys, Philadelphia, director of music at the Girard College, Philadelphia, lecturer at the Institute of Musical Art, New York City, instructor at summer school at New York University and at Cornell University.

SCHILLER, RUDOLPH—Violinist and teacher; b., Asch, Austria, April 20, 1876. Came to America in 1882. Studied music in Manchester, N. H., Boston, Mass., and at the Royal Conservatory, Leipzig, Germany. Twice he has conducted concerts of N. E. Sangerbund. He is director of music at the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences, conductor of the Manchester Symphony Concerts, and is widely known as an orchestral leader and successful composer.

SIMONDS, KATHERINE CALL—Soprano and composer; b., Franklin, N. H., Dec. 12, 1865. Studied voice in Boston. Has taught many vocal classes, sung in church choirs, and directed choirs. Has composed many songs, one of which is "There's a Soldier Lad in Khaki Over There."

SIMPSON, SARA—Mezzo-contralto; b., Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 26, 1878. Studied singing in Boston under eminent teachers. Sang in Collegiate Church in New York City, and one season gave seven song recitals there. Has lived in Conn. and Ohio but for some time has made her home in New Hampshire. She has taken part in musical festivals throughout the country and has won the praise of all because of her rich and powerful voice. She is permanent song leader of the State Federation of

Woman's Clubs, President of the New Hampshire Federation of Music Clubs and State Chairman of the Atwater Kent Audition, also a member of the Professional Woman's Club of Boston. Composed some songs, among them "Here They Come" and the "Harvest Anthem." Has taught in Manchester, Nashua and Boston, Mass. She specializes in lecture-recitals, illustrating them, on opera, songs of America, Indian music, and "Music Hath Charms."

WHITEMORE, HARRY CHASE—Pianist, organist and teacher; b., Goffstown, N. H., Nov. 10, 1877. Began musical studies under Edwin T. Baldwin; later, piano and musical theory with Arthur

Foote, and organ choir training with S. B. Whitney, both of Boston; studied with Isidor Philip, Paris, France, 1905, '07, '10 and '24 and with Tobias Matthay and York Bowen in London, 1914. Since 1894 he has been organist and choirmaster at Grace Episcopal Church in Manchester, N. H. Has been conductor of the N. H. Choir Guild Festivals since 1902; Secretary, N. H. Music Teachers' Ass'n 1902-03; one of the organizers of the Manchester Choral Society; toured United States and Canada with Mme. Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza 1909-10; frequent soloist at music festivals and recitals in N. E.; member American Guild of Organists.

## *Moonlight*

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

Spring must have come this way because  
I found her scarf of misted gauze  
All bright with dew-drop wisps of light  
Upon the garden path,—tonight.

She must have bent to touch this flower,  
White moonbeams fall in a silver shower  
And lay—a scarf? Or wisp of light—  
All through the flower-filled, moon-soft night.

# *Antiques*

MRS. BERTHA L. CROSS

CYNTHIA Ayers had been working hard all day getting her vegetables into the cellar and other back-breaking jobs that she could not afford to hire done. Tired and chilled, for the day was gray with the November chill that presages snow, she straightened her aching back.

"There," she said, "that's the last of 'em; now if I only had a man to do the banking for me and fix the hen-house; I never was cut out for an old maid, that's sure."

She looked around at the old house in a sad state of dilapidation; the out-buildings so weather-worn they were lichen-covered.

"How can I live here this winter," she said despairingly, "with the house in this condition?" Her thoughts reverted to her father who had made her mother's life so miserable by his close-fisted ways. "Darn a stingy man."

Walking around the house to the side door, she went through the narrow entry into the kitchen; the fire was out. As she kindled it, with slow tears welling and dropping on her chapped hands, she thought,

"If my Albert had lived, I'd not been an old maid living here alone." Sitting down in the cretonne-covered rocking-chair, she gave way to her feelings.

"There,—now I guess I'll feel better! Nothing like a few tears."

Cynthia ate her meager supper of toast, sauce and tea, then sat down with her basket of rags that she was braiding into a rug. Her thoughts were busy, thinking of her father with his strange ideas of savings banks.

"If he'd have banked his money like other men, I'd have had it to use and the interest; as it is, I am destitute and yet I know there are thousands of dollars in this house somewhere." Her eyes softened. "Poor father, how his eyes followed me after he had the stroke. He was anxious to tell me where the money was."

At ten o'clock, she put away her work and taking her lamp with its red flannel wick, she climbed the steep stairs as she had done for over forty years. The window was a dormer one and as was her custom she walked to it and stood looking off into the blackness of the night. Sometimes the moonlight flooded the valley, but to-night all was an indistinguishable blur.

"It's going to snow," she affirmed, "and I must get at my house cleaning and get it finished! Between the house and the out-door work, I certainly am a busy woman." Cynthia had the habit, as have so many people who live alone, of talking to herself.

The next morning was a surprise—instead of the expected storm the wind had shifted into the south and the landscape was hazy with a golden haze. There was a tang of burnt leaves in the air from the next farm, the pungent smoke drifted to her on the warm wind.

"I believe it's Indian Summer! Now I'll hustle along on my house cleaning;—I'm going to see if I can't sell one or two of my old antiques to that woman who is buying stuff; she said she'd be back here in a month. If I can, I'll get the roof shingled and the chimney fixed." Her thoughts, as usual, turned

once more to the question, "Where can that money be?"

She ate her breakfast, then went into the closed parlor and started a little blaze in the soap-stone stove to take the chill off.

"I'll begin here," she affirmed. Glancing out of the window, she saw a man far down the road climbing the hill. Wondering who it might be, she watched him as he neared the house and turned into the yard.

"Now, who is that?" she wondered.

She waited until the man rapped, then opened the door, looking expectantly at him. He was shabbily dressed in a worn blue suit, but was freshly shaved. Hat in hand he greeted her with a slightly awkward smile.

"Good morning, ma'am, I—I was wondering if you had any odd job of work I could do for some breakfast. I—er I'm not a tramp, but I suppose you wouldn't believe that so I'll not say anything about it." He smiled at her in a friendly manner showing nice white teeth.

"Why, I don't know," she said hesitatingly, "there's plenty to do—" He looked around the unkempt yard and at the wood-pile.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "it looks as if there was plenty of work for a man. I'll be glad to do anything, ma'am, saw wood, get onto the roof to shingle—anything."

"Well," she said slowly, "I'll give you your breakfast anyway."

The man thanked her and going out to the wood-pile was soon busy, whistling cheerily as he worked.

"He looks a little like Alfred," she thought, "like he would if he were alive today."

While he ate a breakfast of ham and eggs, he told her that he was a weaver and had been working in Lowell; typhoid

had laid him up for three months and used up all his savings.

"I'm trying to get up to my home in Springfield, Vt. for a rest,—my father has a farm there; I didn't want to ask him to help for he's an old man, so I'm hitch-hiking." He looked at her and added, "You couldn't give me work for a month could you?—you live alone?"

Cynthia flushed.

"Why, man," she said, "I couldn't pay; I—I've hard work to get enough to eat," her face flushed and to her dismay, she began to cry. "I guess you think I'm crazy," she sobbed, "and you a stranger, but honest, I'm so discouraged—"

He looked at her sympathetically, laying down his fork and laying his hand on hers as it lay on the table.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You've no folks?" She found herself pouring out the years of loneliness, even telling him about the hidden hoard her father had miserly secreted.

"I'll tell you," he said, "if you will let me stay here a month, I'll work for my board; maybe I can get a few days work in the place by the day."

"Well," she said doubtfully, "I'll pretend I got you from the agency and I'll get old Aunt Hetty to stay with me to satisfy the conventions; even if I am an old maid," she said flushing, "I must not be talked about." He looked at her sweet, withered face and said, "You're no old maid!" Indeed she did look ten years younger with the flush on her cheeks.

So Cynthia acquired a hired man. The days went past rapidly and the three became the best of friends. Aunt Hetty used to watch with a wise look in her old eyes.

"Poor Cynthia," she sighed, "I wish she could find happiness; she's missed everything so far. John seems like an awful nice fellow!"



Not a day passed but the three searched unavailingly for the secret hiding place of the money. Cynthia had made arrangements to sell three or four pieces of the old mahogany. She and John were polishing the high-boy and low-boy that matched.

"Father made me promise that I'd never sell the pineapple bed and that is just the piece she wants," she said dolefully. "I suppose he wouldn't know it now, but," she added thoughtfully, "I'll keep my promise."

"He did?" John said with a strange look. "Let's look it over." She looked up wondering.

"You don't think—?" She followed him up the narrow front stairs into the "spare room." The massive bed stood squarely on its four strong legs.

"These pineapples screw on?" he said meditatively. Taking hold of one he gave a twist. To his surprise it lifted out. Cynthia's eyes were round with wonder. He reached his hand in and pulled out a bill.

"John," she cried in amazement, "oh John, they're full of bills!" She ran to him and threw herself into his arms as if she'd always belonged there.

"There, dear," he soothed her, smoothing the brown hair, streaked with gray. "I'm so glad;—but you see it puts me in an awkward position;—I wish I'd told you before you found your money!" She looked at him blushing like a school-girl.

"Told me?" she said shyly, yet eagerly. "Told me what?"

He came close to her and looked long into her eyes, his own full of light. She looked at him with shyness in hers, but not trying to disguise what they wanted him to read.

"That I love you, Cynthia." He laid his hands on her thin shoulders, adding "I've wanted to tell you for a long time,

but I wanted to be sure that I'd have something to take care of you with, before I asked you to marry me; now, it will look as if I were a fortune-hunter!" his face flushed sensitively.

"Nonsense, John," she said emphatically, "If you hadn't asked me soon, I—I should have you," with a happy little laugh. "Why I'd rather have you than a dozen pineapple beds filled with bills!"

He gathered her close in his arms, kissing the sweet face until it was rosy with blushes.

"John," she said breathlessly, "you don't *act* as if I were an antique!"

He swept her off her feet and held her high above his head.

"What's that you say?—an antique? You're the sweetest woman God ever made,—and I'm the happiest man!"

The old house on the hill has been rejuvenated with paint and a wide sun-parlor; the antiques sold and new reed furniture taken their place. A Majestic radio brings the world to them, and each winter they close the house and go to the city where John works at his trade and Cynthia revels in the movies and shopping orgies.

The day she hired the tramp was the turning point in her life;—since then, her life has been full and happy, with an adoring husband and money to make life worth while.

They stood on the wide veranda, one warm summer night, her husband's arm around her still slender waist.

"Oh, John," she breathed, looking up at him with eyes alight with love, "how glad I am that God sent you here that morning; if it hadn't been for you I'd have still been living alone with the antiques,—in a few years, I should have been an antique—a fossil—gone entirely to seed!"

John kissed the sweet face and said, "It's made me the happiest man alive."

# *Timber and the Cause of Beauty*

HAROLD PINKHAM

THE New Hampshire legislature, lately convening in special session at the governor's request, after ten days adjourned. It was called to consider constitutional methods of taxation for stimulating maturity in growth of timber. It is argued that throughout the state merchantable timber is being cut at a rate to bring rapid depletion. It was proposed to remove the tax upon growing trees and substitute a sales tax at the time of cutting. This proposition, linked up with a personal income and a corporation tax, was sufficient to insure the defeat of effective legislation.

Only one newspaper came out in support of the project. The country weekly papers spoke emphatically in opposition. An impartial Boston daily printed two articles which should have yielded some elementary understanding to the average citizen concerning Mr. George Duncan, the legislator who was the leading exponent of the cause, and the Yale forester, who had carefully contrasted New Hampshire and Sweden in their methods of growing timber and shown why Sweden obtained better results than this state. The prejudice of the general public against the income tax as a nuisance that might grow into a menace was noticeable from the beginning. In addition, there was the suspicion that timber interests were selfishly at work for their own profit, at the poor man's expense. In the town of Milton, where I write, the representative is a lumber dealer, to further prejudice the case locally. The president of the senate, among other prominent ones, frowned upon the calling of

the session at the start. A waste of money, one heard upon all sides, with hard words for the governor. The upshot of the matter was that the legislators went to Concord in no mood to comprehend an intricate problem, simply to kill the obnoxious bill as soon as possible and get home again.

From the newspaper extracts of the proceedings, it was difficult to weigh the merits of the case. Supposed experts testified both ways as they always do, one side maintaining that the forests would continue ample to our needs, the other, that grave inroads had been made needing curbing. Politics was in the air, as a well known Democrat announced his candidacy for governor. Except for what I read in one paper, I personally know nothing more than I did in the beginning about the whole controversy. Therefore, should my ideas have any value, it would be only because I have made local observations from a little different point of view.

There is merit in the desire not to discourage foreign capital from locating within our boundaries. There is much to be said for the small business man and the average wage earner, who are annoyed at the suggestion that they keep accurate account of their net annual incomes. And what touches our pocketbooks seems to touch our souls, today as in the past:

Impartially speaking, however, regardless of what legislation may or may not be enacted, is there any eventual guarantee that the districts will not be the poorer for an absence of plan and a wilful disregard for the highest interest of the community? Some scien-

tific measure there must be for the profitable growing of timber—a self-evident truth is this. But in the hands of materially minded men, many of them eager to exact the last dollar from their holdings, a growth of forty years standing may not justify the ensuing vandalism, when the axe is rampant.

For consider. A steep hill that rises directly off Milton's main street, is an excellent illustration of my meaning. Some years ago this prominent mountain was covered with a fine pine growth. Now one lone sentinel stands to remind us of the beauty that was in our midst. A scarred, ravaged face looks reproachfully down upon the complacent little village below. It was cut off by a man now deceased, who was in no desperately straightened circumstance, as the sight might argue, and it stands for a generation as a monument to human greed.

Now when earthquakes come, we bow our heads in reverent submission. But when a human act of desecration is performed—and this is but one of several locally—a few of us, at least, are righteously indignant. It will seem to many that this is a small matter; in view of our greater problems of existence, hardly worthy of comment. I will show that this is not so; and that no legislation can change a heart that refuses to see the light.

There was once a man in a New Hampshire town who owned a great deal of good standing timber, and a little community all to himself. For a generation he had quarrelled about his taxes, becoming permanently soured upon the town of his nativity. In the hope of reducing these taxes, he deliberately allowed his several houses to rot, until they were fit for no human being. This miser lived in one of the worst, himself, until the end. And the town

obligingly accommodated him in reduction. Upon his death, it was found that he had cut off his only tubercular son with a relatively small income, and had given the remainder of his hoarded fortune to another community. I should be pleased to enlarge elsewhere upon this extreme example of Yankee thrift, for in so doing I can only offend small minds. This man was deeply religious, and—the house still stands. What kind of education will it require to encourage this type of man to plant a tree along our highways, to protect the shores of our lakes from being clipped of their shady pine groves, and, as one of our wisest legislators declared, from "turning New Hampshire into a sawdust heap?"

This, if true, is an extreme case, you say. And let me hasten to agree, lest New Hampshire be besmirched. But that there is a state of mind which doesn't care very much about one of our greatest assets, beauty, is too easily proved. The arguments of many men regarding the timber situation seem to me both specious and rather naive.

What, may we ask, is the intrinsic worth of beauty? Are we merely emotionally moved by the sight of a fair face, or a smiling landscape? Or do we recognize a kinship with the deepest and noblest of human aspirations?

I am thinking, in this connection, not so much about maturity of timber growth as about maturity of human outlook. A year or so back, Andre Siegfried, a discerning French student of American affairs, wrote a book entitled, "America Comes of Age." It dwelt largely upon our aggregate vast influence in the world as a result of material greatness and financial supremacy. It was courteous to us even in the matter of our individual philosophy, when that philosophy endangered the higher values

of the writer's own country. But now, as I ponder the title again in the light of New Hampshire timber and beauty campaigns, I pay tribute to the subtlety of the man. America comes of age. We are twenty-one. Alas, we are at least seven years from maturity of outlook, and barely beyond adolescence. We are at the stage where our pocket-books are of prime consideration, but there is hope that we shall turn the dangerous corner and begin really to live.

There *is* an art of living, and, nationally speaking, I fail to see that we have captured it. Chicago is our outstanding humiliation in this regard, and the best of our New England traditions most nearly approach this art. New England has a sectional greatness of which I am proud. She still has her advantages, if she will make the most of them. But here, too, the art of living is getting away from us, and we must be made conscious anew of our heritage. There can never come any good in despoiling the face of nature, where she has been so lavish in her gifts as in the hills and valleys and lakes and peaceful little villages of New Hampshire.

We are only decadent because we will it so. There is a depressing outlook that rises from little towns, the result of bewailing the contrast between the past and present. And the thought is always a purely hard-headed attitude. So many of our enterprising youth have gone away to the city and the old folks are lonely, conservatively drawing near the end. But what are all our fine colleges for in New England, if not to teach young people something of the

art of living, as well as the skill in making a living? Dartmouth, Harvard—to mention but two—what priceless institutions these are in the moulding of a superior attitude towards life, promoting culture, understanding, vision! May we not be respectful of those before us who in their toiling were deprived of education's intangible assets, and at the same time be jealously alive for the cultivation of a mood favorable to external beauty and the flowering of the creative life?

One of my delightful musings has to do with the bringing back of cultural supremacy to New England, dotted with ancient universities, of inspirational background. Count Keyserling, the German philosopher, has planted the thought that we are spiritually run out; that we are destined to be known for our contribution of hardy settlers to the bare wind swept western prairies; that the new south is the most logical spot for a resurrection of the arts in America. I respect the intuitions of this "Over Soul," as Emerson would say. But I do not see how we can have excellence anywhere until sufficient numbers have directed their supreme endeavors to the implanting of the æsthetic sense in those of us who have the leisure that Henry Ford assures us we shall have.

So I offer one solitary little thought, in connection with this raging New Hampshire controversy over timber taxation:

"Let us be on our guard everywhere in the interest of New Hampshire beautiful."

It is a direct way to the good life that, deep in our hearts, we all esteem.

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## *Editorial*

A MEMBER of the Daughters of the American Revolution recently withdrew from membership in that organization on the ground that the D. A. R. "had sold its birth-right," and was not "patriotic enough to stand with our President in his desire and efforts for world peace and law enforcement." She said she realized the D. A. R. was slipping two years ago. That was the time the "leaders of this organization betrayed the rank and file who trusted them" by sending out the blacklist, much discussed at the time, banning numerous speakers whose talks were mostly on subjects which tended to heat up the imaginations of those who took stock in what the speakers were saying, and made some who did not take stock in it fearful that dangerous notions might take root in impressionable women who heard the dangerous doctrine.

It may be recalled that there was a great hullabaloo raised over that blacklist by dissenting D. A. R. women, but the blacklist was not withdrawn and our recollection is that most of the local chapters accepted the ban more or less gracefully, which leaves it open to doubt if the rank and file felt they had been

betrayed. Many who had small patience with the pacifistic twaddle, the kind words that were being wasted on soviet Russia, the fulminations on various other subjects the "pink" and "red" propagandists were busily disseminating to all who would listen to them, at the same time deemed the blacklist ill-advised. These thought such an arbitrary manner of attempting to suppress the hot air was calculated to exaggerate the importance of a lot of half-baked theorists with, perhaps, a sprinkling of really sinister propagandists who knew what they were doing, and why.

Old Bill Devery, a less polished but very much more efficient head of the New York police department than Grover Whalen, the present incumbent, hit off the popular idea of the way these reformers of the world should be handled, when he ordered his policemen to allow the "reds" of his day to yap away to their hearts' content. Devery was dealing with soap box apostles of discontent, a type of the same species the D. A. R. blacklists and Whalen are striving to suppress, merely a bit lower in the social scale. These self-appointed trouble-makers succeed in stirring up trouble only when some misguided police

official, or over-zealous officials of an organization of the high standing of the D. A. R. try to bottle up the hot air. Throttling free speech has never been popular in this country, and we hope it never will be. The crowd reserves its right to hoot and boo any speaker of whom they disapprove and they have been known to do some effective free speech throttling, but it is an entirely different matter when an official tries to do the same thing.

As usually happens when dictators are bent on doing a thorough job, that D. A. R. blacklist included a number of names which should not have been there, but as a rule these men treated the affair as a joke and no harm was done, apparently, except to this lately resigned member who deplored the loss of the D. A. R. birthright; and those who shared her view. For of course the blacklist applied only to meetings sponsored by the organization. The banned speakers were not prevented from holding forth elsewhere and there was nothing to restrain D. A. R. women desirous of hearing them from absorbing the inspired utterances.

The lady who has withdrawn from the D. A. R. implies that the present leaders lack that courage of conviction that characterized our ancestors. She says, "It was a daring stroke for patriotism that our fathers made and yet today the D. A. R. women are not patriotic enough to stand with our President in his desire and efforts for world peace and law enforcement." That

stiff-necked stand against the agitators on the blacklist might be taken to indicate that the ladies gave a convincing demonstration of "courage of conviction," whether or not one concedes its practical common sense. Likewise the refusal to adopt resolutions endorsing the Eighteenth Amendment, which seems to be the only law that figures in the law enforcement program, in the public mind at any rate, and on world peace savors of courageous convictions. Moreover, it is a debatable question which faction in the D. A. R. is more closely attuned to the spirit of the forefathers who won and handed down our heritage of liberty.

There is evidence that in winning that heritage the fathers were not prone to turn the other cheek nor did their patriotism partake of internationalism. They were strong for Americans running America and resented either advice or attempted compulsion from abroad. The fathers are being constantly held up as examples of one thing or another by advocates of many causes, but some things stand out so conspicuously that it is impossible to accept them as internationalists or prohibitionists. Whether they were right or wrong, and it certainly is not the fashion of modern patriots to call them wrong, they were pretty near as scrappy a lot of go-it-alone fellows as ever threw off a foreign yoke, and they demanded and had their grog in much larger quantity than a pint every two or three weeks by the grace of a complaisant doctor.

# *Capt. John Moor and Gen. John Stark*

## *Two Derryfield Soldiers of the Revolutionary War*

FRED W. LAMB

### THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

**T**HE Battle of Bunker Hill! Who does not thrill as they read accounts of this momentous struggle? At this battle, old Derryfield, now Manchester, did her part, furnishing, it is said, thirty-four out of the thirty-six able-bodied men in the town, who were present on that eventful day. Of these thirty-four, eighteen were members of the company commanded by Capt. John Moor, in Col. John Stark's regiment. This company, comprising about sixty-five men, occupied a position at the extreme left of the American forces, next to the Mystic river, where the British made two desperate charges to dislodge them, without success.

It was on the morning of June 17, 1775. The American revolutionists were inviting the King's soldiers to a test of arms, and with the spectacular manoeuvring of the old world military pageants, the British warriors, veterans of many gallantly won battle days, moved towards the audacious Yankee farmers with the precision and coolness of a dress parade, and with the confidence and fearlessness born of conflict with greater and more learned enemies; the grenadiers and light infantry marching in single file, twelve feet apart, the artillery advancing and thundering as it advanced, while five battalions, moving more slowly, approached the fence, breastwork and redoubt, forming an oblique line.

The best troops of England assailed our thin New Hampshire line, doubtless

expecting those half-armed provincials in homespun clothes would fly before the nodding plumes and burnished arms of the light infantry and before the flashing bayonets and tall caps of the grenadiers. Behind the fence, upon which they had placed grass to conceal themselves, lay, still as death, Capt. John Moor and his men from Derryfield and its vicinity.

The Battle of Bunker Hill gave the occasion for very many deeds of valor and ever since that day we hold a list of names illuminated in our memory. One of these names is that of Capt. John Moor, rightly called the Knight of Derryfield. He and his little band of heroes were the soldiers who faced the famous "Welsh Fusileers," the flower of the British Army and the famous regiment that had fought with such distinction at Minden, gaining thereby the title of the "Prince of Wales Regiment."

Capt. John Moor was from that part of Derryfield now known as Goff's Falls. It was in earlier times known as Moor's village. When this little band of sixty odd men left their homes to fight for the great cause, each man knew that no men were ever led by a braver man than their beloved Captain Moor. His courage and example had inspired many of them in the French and Indian wars of earlier years. So, eagerly, when the alarm came in 1775, they marched with him and his drummer-boy son, to Cambridge, where he was at once made a captain in Col. Stark's regiment.

But to return to the battle. Now and then there came a challenging shot from the brilliant British pageant, singing

over the heads of Capt. Moor's men and cutting the boughs of the apple trees behind them. Behind the fence, piled thick with grass, Captain Moor's company kept their silent vigil. An order had come from Col. John Stark that not a shot was to be fired until the British had passed a stake that was driven a short distance away. With the most perfect confidence in themselves and their captain the farmers waited—waited motionless while that beautiful death-dealing pageant of British soldiers swept grandly toward them.

With the coolness born of their varied experience, the British veteran troops, representing the old world, came to meet the new. The very flower of the British army, full blossomed in the art of war, resplendent in shining arms and waving banners, advanced to meet a little group of men, untrained in tactics of warfare, only half-armed, clad in homespun, hiding behind a breastwork of grass.

At last the dead line was crossed. Bang! Bang! Bang! The rebels were awake at last. Now not the stake but a line of fallen bodies marked the dead line. Thunder and lightning belched forth from that breastwork. A fire, intense, steady, killing, and the brave march of the British soldiers was checked. A slight recoil and the officers dashing up again urged the line forward.

\*Not for one moment did the grass fence cease its voice of fire and shot. One by one the brave grenadiers and their dashing, gallant officers fell to the earth. The ranks finally broke and the once proud host fled before the meagre handful of New Hampshire men. Ah, if we could only have had grass breastworks and Capt. John Moor all along the American line. It is not too much to assume that if the rest of the American

line had been defended with equal success the entire British force would have been driven from the hill or annihilated. And when the smoke had cleared away, ninety-six lifeless redcoats lay before the feet of Capt. Moor and his daring patriots, and nearly every officer and aide of General Howe, the British commander, lay wounded or dead.

One writer describes Captain John Moor's part in the battle as follows: "The New Hampshire troops were opposed by the Welsh Fusileers, a veteran regiment of much service and of the flower of the British army. They deployed in front of the rail fence with the coolness and precision of a dress parade and marched toward our lines with the confidence of men wearing the laurels of the field of Minden, but when they were within forty yards of our lines, the New Hampshire hunters opened upon them a fire so rapid and severe that they wavered, broke their ranks, and fled in confusion."

Rallied and reinforced they again formed and marched to the attack. "Don't fire a gun, boys, till they pass that stick and I say the word," said Stark. "Fire low, aim at their waistbands," rang out the clear, full voice of McClary, major of Stark's regiment. On came the serried ranks of the noble Fusileers. "Fire," shouted Stark, and that sharp, cracking peal that alone comes from well charged musketry, rose upon the air from the New Hampshire sharpshooters, and when the smoke cleared away, the ground was strewn with the dead and dying, and the British line was again retreating in disorder. No troops could stand such deadly fire.

The British officers, becoming aware of this fact after rallying their force for the third attack, gave orders to turn our left, but in this attempt they were driven back with a slaughter far more dread-



ful than before and could not again be rallied. In the excitement that followed the New Hampshire boys raised the cry of victory and rushed over the fence in pursuit of the retreating foe, but Col. Stark restrained his men and, perceiving the fate of the redoubt and that retreat was inevitable, his forces gave ground, and the last to leave the field retreated with the order of veteran troops.

The next day the ground in front of the New Hampshire line was found to be literally covered with the dead. An eye witness counted in front of the wall, between the Mystic and the swarded ground of the hill, ninety-six dead bodies and this was after the officers and the wounded had been removed. Here was where the British troops made their effort to turn our left and here was displayed to the full the handiwork of Captain John Moor and his company. One of the singular outcomes of this battle was that there is no record of a single man of this company being either killed or wounded after being in the thickest of the fight.

The Derryfield men enrolled in this company were Benjamin Baker, private; Nathaniel Boyd, sergeant; Charles Emerson, private; George Emerson, private; Benjamin George, private; John Goff, private; Arthur Hart, private; Lemuel Harvey, private; Nathaniel Martin, private; Timothy Martin, private; David McKnight, private; John C. McNeil, private; Goff Moor, private and drummer; Archibald Stark, private; Caleb Stark, private. The remainder of the company came from the towns of Bedford, Litchfield, Merrimack, Dunbarton and New Boston.

When the dead were counted after the battle day at Bunker Hill, Major Andrew McClary, of Stark's regiment, was numbered among the lifeless and Captain John Moor was called to the

rank of major. He remained with the army only a few months for the state of his wife's health obliged him to return to his farm at Derryfield. In the spring of 1777, Major Moor again enlisted with the men of Derryfield and retired from the army in 1778 when he removed from Derryfield to Norridgewock, Me., at which place and North Auson, Me., he passed the remainder of his life.

Records which have been examined disclose that Major John Moor was a man who stood well among his neighbors as a civilian as well as a military officer. He filled many of the town offices before leaving New Hampshire. After his arrival in Maine, his wife having died, he married Mrs. Eunice Weston, a widow living in Norridgewock. Settling down there he soon became active in the town affairs and was chosen colonel of the Maine militia. His four sons also removed to Maine with their father. He died at North Auson, in 1809, leaving many descendants. The sword which he carried at Bunker Hill he left to his son, Goff Moor. This sword has been handed down from generation to generation until it reached the hands of Justice Albert M. Spear, of Gardiner, Maine. He presented the sword to the state of Maine to be preserved in the state house at Augusta.

"The sword remains.

Its glory growing still.

And twenty millions bless that sire,

And the sword of Bunker Hill."

---

#### SOME ANECDOTES OF JOHN AND MOLLY STARK

Early in life John Stark was captured by the Indians while engaged in a hunting expedition on Baker's River in northern New Hampshire. He lived among them some time, being finally

ransomed for the sum of one hundred and three dollars. On one occasion the Indians set him at work hoeing corn. Knowing that they considered such work unfit for brave men, he left the weeds and hoed up the corn. Seeing that they were displeased at this, Stark flung the hoe into the river exclaiming that "hoeing corn was work for squaws and not for brave men." He was applauded by the Indians, styled the "little chief," and was honored with an adoption into the tribe.

After the battle of Lake George, the fort named William Henry was saved by the ingenuity of John Stark. He was serving at that time as captain of a company of the celebrated Rogers Rangers, a detachment of which was stationed as a garrison at the fort. On St. Patrick's Day the men wished to celebrate, and desired some rum served out to them. No rum could be issued without the written order of the officer commanding the company. Some of the other companies were fortunate, but Stark, thinking the French would choose that night to make an attack on the fort, expecting to find an easy victory, said he had sprained his wrist, and told his men he could not write an order for them. The result was just as Stark had foreseen. During the night the enemy made an attack, but Stark's company was sober and on the alert, and by their prompt action drove the enemy off and saved the fort, the other companies not being fit for duty.

When John Stark received the news of the battle of Lexington, he was working in his sawmill. He did not stop to go home, but jumped, in shirt sleeves, upon his horse, and rode furiously down the valley of the Merrimack, calling upon his old friends and neighbors to follow him. He sent to his wife for his uniform. She at once packed it, mounted a

horse, and followed, but did not overtake him until she had reached Medford, Mass., where she gave him the clothes, stopped over night, and then returned over the lonely way through the unbroken forest to her home and family at Amoskeag Falls.

When the Minute Men began to pour into Boston and its suburbs, after the battle of Lexington, the New Hampshire men, under John Stark, were stationed at Medford. The old Royall Mansion was then occupied by Madam Royall and her daughters, who welcomed Colonel Stark into the house as a safeguard against insult or any invasion of the soldiers. Stark's wife immediately followed him to camp and once during the occupancy of Dorchester Heights was directed to mount guard on horseback and watch the passage of his detachment over to West Boston. If his landing was opposed she was to ride into the country and spread the alarm.

While located in the old Royall Mansion, Colonel Stark found it difficult to keep the negro slaves who belonged to the estate employed. He and all his men were used to blacking their own shoes if they were blackened at all, and the Royall style of living was a curiosity to all the New Hampshire boys who surrounded Colonel Stark. As his regiment was marching across Charlestown Neck, just before the battle of Bunker Hill, they were exposed to a very severe fire from one of the British ships. Captain Dearborn, who was near, suggested that they move faster. "Dearborn," Stark replied, "one fresh man in action is worth ten fatigued ones," and he continued to advance in the same cool manner. At the battle of Bunker Hill, when his volunteers were facing the best soldiers in the English army, some one ran up and told Colonel Stark

that his young son, who was in the battle, had been shot and killed. Colonel Stark's answer was, "This is no time to talk of private affairs; get back to your post." Fortunately the report was erroneous. At the rail fence where the New Hampshire boys were stationed, Colonel Stark stepped out about eighty rods, stuck a stick into the ground just before the British advanced, and gave the order: "There, don't a man fire till the redcoats come up to that stick; if he does I'll knock him down." As the British approached the rail fence Colonel Stark's voice was heard to say, "Don't fire a gun, boys, till you see the whites of their eyes."

Just before the battle of Trenton, Colonel Stark, not liking Washington's methods, told him that "your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pickaxes for safety. If you ever mean to secure the independence of the United States you must teach them to rely upon their fire-arms and their courage." Washington's reply was: "This is what we have agreed upon; we are to march tomorrow upon Trenton. You are to command the right wing of the advance guard and General Greene the left." Stark said in reply, "I could not have been assigned to a more acceptable position." History tells the result.

Speaking of Stark's part in the battle of Trenton, one writer says: "I must not withhold due praise to the dauntless Stark, who dealt death wherever he found resistance, and broke down all opposition before him." At one battle during the Revolution, an officer who had never been under fire ran up to General Stark and said, "General, the enemy are upon us; what shall we do?" The General answered him quietly as follows: "Take a pinch of snuff and go back to your duty." General Stark

was a member of the court martial that tried Major John Andre, and reluctantly favored the sentence that was passed upon him. In his diary he wrote concerning Arnold's treason the following: "Such an event must have given the American eagle a deadly wound. Happily the treason has been timely discovered to prevent the fatal misfortune which did belong to it. This affords most convincing proof that the liberty of America is the object of Divine protection."

Stark was prevented from making an immediate attack on Baum at the battle of Bennington by a furious rain-storm during which Stark was joined by the militia from Berkshire, Mass. They were anxious to engage the enemy at once, and their leader, Rev. Mr. Allen, approaching Stark, said, "Colonel, the people of Berkshire have often been called out to no purpose; if you don't give them a chance to fight now, they will never turn out again." Stark answered, smilingly, "You would not turn out now, while it is dark and raining, would you?" "Not just now," was the answer. "Well," said Stark, "if the Lord should once more give us sunshine and I don't give you fighting enough, I'll never ask you to turn out again." Once, when encamped near Ticonderoga, the weather being cold, the soldiers badly clad and poorly fed, Stark grew disheartened. To make matters worse, smallpox broke out among them. Mrs. Stark immediately sent word to him to send the sick home to her. She made a hospital of her house and performed the varied duties of nurse and physician, and did not lose one of the twenty-odd patients.

One morning while dressing, Molly Stark heard the dogs owned by the family making an unusual noise in the woods not far away. She hurried

down-stairs, secured a gun, and ascended the hill, where she found the dogs had treed an immense bear, which lay upon the limb of a tree. She shot and killed the bear, returned home, and sent the boys with a horse and they hauled the bear home. The family had bear steak for dinner that day.

*(To be continued)*

## *New Hampshire's Mountains*

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Grand mountains of the Granite State!  
Her rocky crests, her wooded hills,  
Which stand like monarchs small or great,  
Environed by vales, lakes and rills.

Adorned by autumn's gorgeous shades  
When leaves are falling one by one,  
These mountains bask beside their glades  
Within the glory of the sun.

Crowned by the winter's spotless snow,  
Or drifting cloud, resplendent, white,  
Or haloed by a sunset's glow,  
They loom far distant in our sight.

O northern mountain, massive, high,  
Increasing yearly in its fame,  
Surpassing other monarchs high  
Which bear a presidential name.

O southern mountain, all alone,  
So beautiful, serene and grand,  
Like monarch reigning on its throne  
Amid a pleasant farming land.

Majestic monarchs, each sublime,  
Surrounded by vales, lakes and rills,  
Surviving age, surviving time,  
New Hampshire's mountains and her hills!

# *A Proposed Amendment to the Constitution*

TWO LETTERS BY HON. JOHN R. McLANE

The opinion of the justices in answer to the inquiry of the Legislature with reference to pending tax bills, indicated that there is sufficient latitude in the Constitution to permit many of the changes in the taxation of incomes, timber, public utility franchises, and stock in trade which succeeding Legislatures may deem wise. Constitutional changes in respect to the taxation of these classes of property are, therefore, not so necessary as the advocates of tax reform have hitherto supposed.

I should like, however, to propose one amendment which might be submitted to the people by the coming Constitutional Convention which would make it possible to increase materially the revenue of the state without imposing any additional burden on any tax payer. This may seem a paradoxical statement, but it will not appear so when the provisions of the federal estate tax law are understood.

The revenue act of 1926 as amended by the 1928 act imposes an estate tax at graduated rates on net estates in excess of \$100,000. The rates increase rapidly as they apply to large estates. The tax on a net estate of one million dollars is \$41,500; on a two million dollar estate it is \$124,500; on a three million dollar estate it is \$227,500, and increases to \$1,334,500 on a net estate of ten million dollars. The individual states first invaded the field of legacy and estate taxation and have always claimed that the federal estate tax was justified only by the war emergency. In recognition of the prior claim of individual states upon revenue of this nature the federal law

provides that the estate tax as computed shall be subject to a credit of all legacy, estate, or succession taxes, actually paid to individual states up to 80 per cent of the amount of the federal tax.

Let us take as an example a New Hampshire decedent leaving an estate of one million dollars. The federal tax under the present law is \$41,500. If the estate is bequeathed to the decedent's wife and children, New Hampshire would impose no tax and the Federal government would collect the entire \$41,500. The 80 per cent credit recognized by the federal law would amount in this case to \$33,200 and if we had a New Hampshire statute which imposed on such an estate a tax equal to the federal credit, the estate would still pay \$41,500, the same amount of tax, but this amount would be divided \$33,200 to New Hampshire and \$8,300 to the federal government. The estate would be under no additional burden and New Hampshire would be richer by \$33,200. Under similar conditions on a net estate of two million dollars New Hampshire would be entitled to \$99,600; on an estate of three million dollars, it would be entitled to \$182,000; and on an estate of ten million dollars New Hampshire's share would be \$1,067,600. Such a law would apply only to estates in excess of \$100,000.

It is impossible to predict the amount of revenue which would come to the state under such a law and the amounts received would doubtless fluctuate from year to year, but it has been estimated that the average would be \$350,000. which would find its way into the state

treasury from such a tax. The expense of collection would be negligible.

This all seems so obvious that one would expect other states would have taken advantage of this opportunity. They have. Among others New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, Missouri, California, Colorado, Ohio, Maryland, Delaware, Georgia, North Carolina, Montana, Tennessee and Virginia have already enacted statutes which do this very thing. Under present constitutional limitations we cannot have such a law and it seems to me that the people, if the facts were presented fairly and clearly to them, would vote almost unanimously in favor of an amendment which would make such a law possible.

In a suggestion recently made public that a constitutional amendment might well be made which would bring into the New Hampshire state treasury 80 per cent of the amount of the federal estate taxes, without increasing the bur-

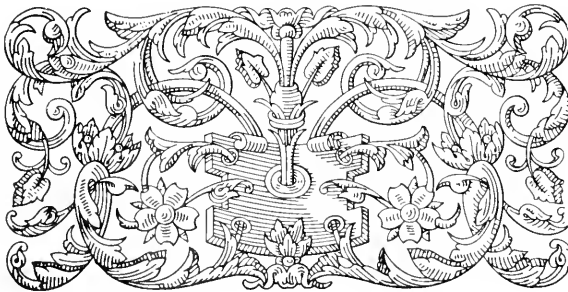
den on estates subject to this tax, I hazarded the opinion that this might bring to the state revenue of \$350,000 per year.

I have secured from the office of John H. Field, Collector of Internal Revenue, the figures of the estate tax payment, as follows:

1925	\$278,974.88
1926	292,094.13
1927	137,101.70
1928	431,514.19
1929	341,099.18

A study of these figures indicates that the average for the last five years is just over \$300,000 and 80 per cent would be approximately \$240,000. It seems to me to be a fair argument, however, that the known substantial increase in the size of fortunes beginning with and continuing since the war period will result in larger estate collections assuming that the law remains in its present form.

It is evident, therefore, that the gain to the state by the proposed amendment would be very considerable.



# *The Magic Island of Haiti*

JOHN EDWIN GOTT

In a tropical gulf, our West Indian mailboat lies.  
From palm-fringed, jagged shores, mountains rise,  
Shrouded with fantastic beauty and mystery,  
Towering towards the early evening skies.

At the water's edge, lighted only by the sinking sun,  
Sprawls the ancient town of Cap-Haitien.  
Our boat so closely to the mainland lies  
That landmarks are distinguished by the fading light.

Here, amid modern structures, may be seen  
Wrecked mansions of the sixteenth-century,  
Mansions of those who had imported African slaves,  
Thus making Haiti most wealthy a colony.

Before us, paved pleasancess stretch along the waterfront.  
Here we have the scene of white massacres,  
When the ignorant blacks rose  
To fight with fire and sword.

From behind the cape a gigantic fortress rises,  
Built by the self-crowned black king, Christophe,  
After every member of the imperial army of whites  
Had either been killed or had sailed away.

I see the red and white flag flowing  
Above the government headquarters.  
The flag stands for black freedom and was made by ripping  
The white from the three-colored French flag.

All this I can see as our boat lies  
At anchor in the quiet little Indian gulf.  
But as night slowly comes on,  
It all fades to vagueness and goes.

Now only the dark mountains remain, in mystery;  
And from the mysterious slopes comes  
Out across the lapping green sea,  
The steady boom of native Voodoo drums.

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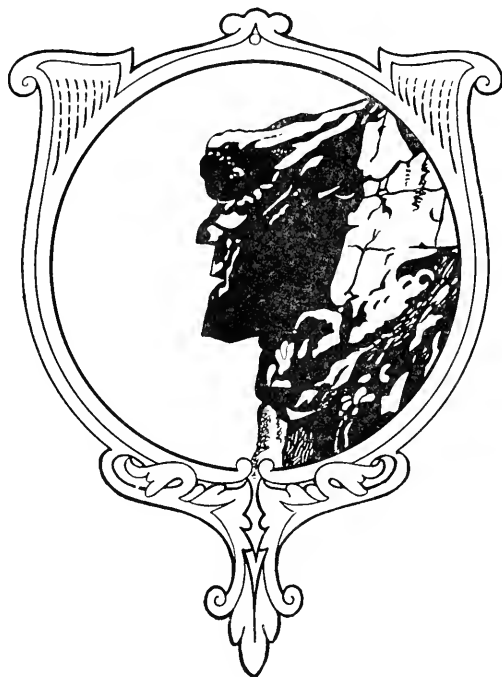
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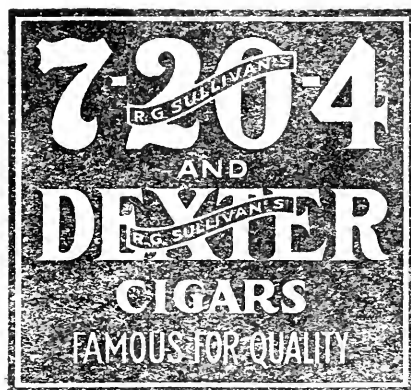
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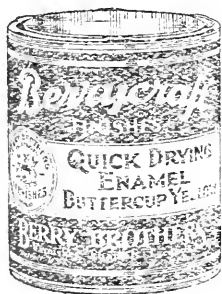
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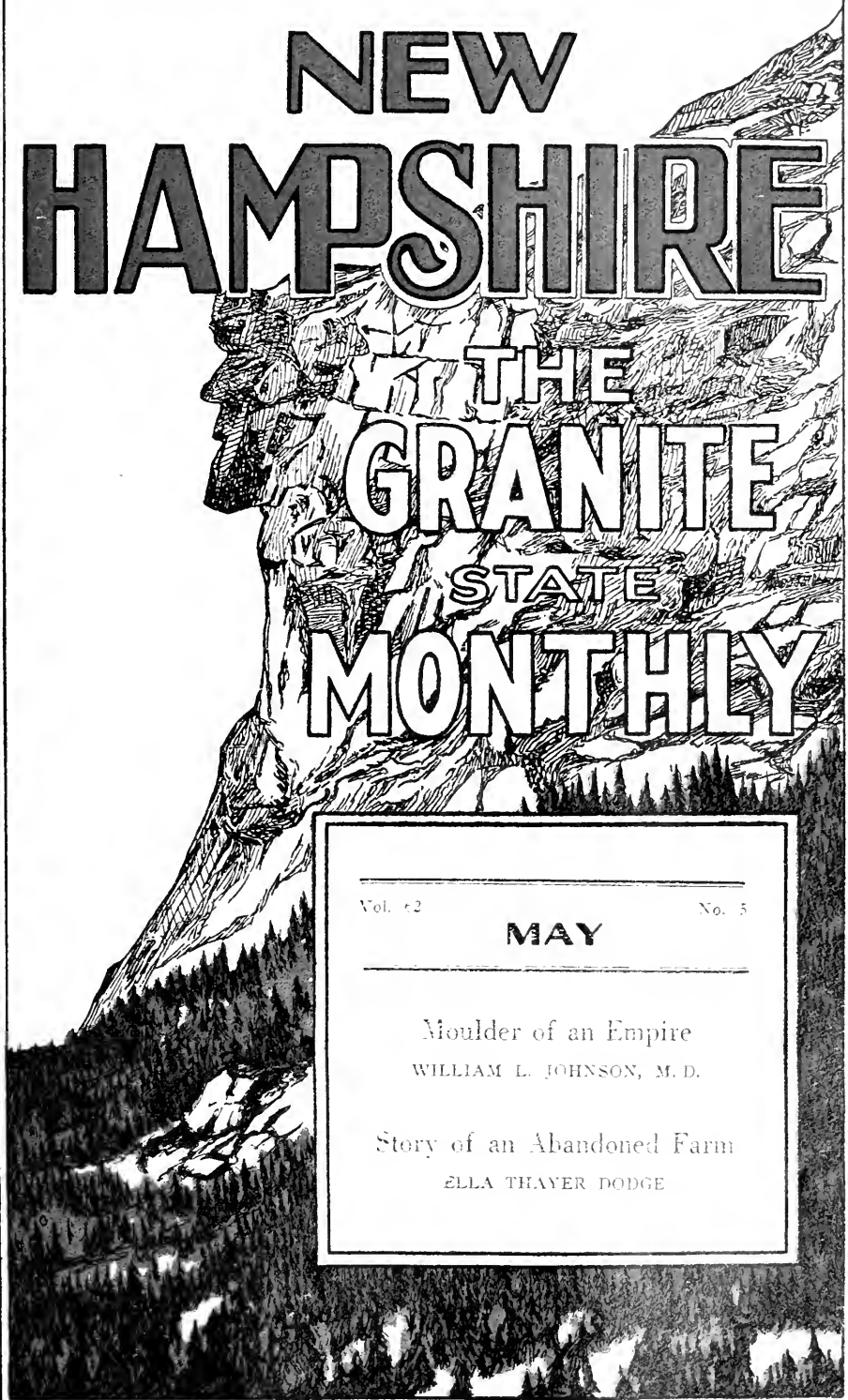
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# NEW HAMPSHIRE THE GRANITE STATE MONTHLY

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Vol. 42

No. 5

**MAY**

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Moulder of an Empire

WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, M.D.

Story of an Abandoned Farm

ELLA THAYER DODGE

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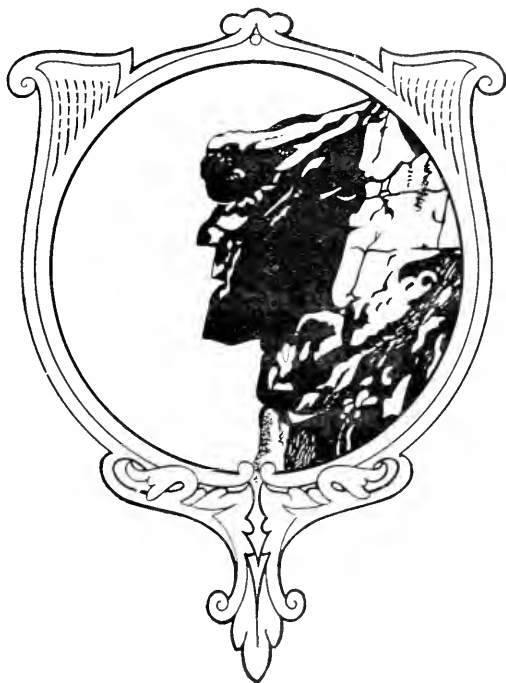
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# *Moulder of an Empire*

WILLIAM L. JOHNSON, M. D.

**I**N THE study of the interesting characters living in the early period of our history, I have been struck with the influence one life has had in the development of our nation, and what the loss of the influence of one man might have made in our progress.

Where indeed would we have been without the lives of Washington and Franklin, to mention only two of the long list of the builders of our great republic? Study Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold if you fail to realize how much one life may retard the onward march! Who can tell what devotion to duty on the part of one person may mean to future generations?

I have been told that, in the present day, there are no such chances for individuals to make a lasting impression for good, as in those remote days; and yet I see the tall form of the immortal Lincoln, the greatest of modern Americans, rising to magnificent heights for the world's betterment! I see even the fiery Roosevelt waking a whole nation to civic righteousness. I see a Burbank, by persistent work and untiring zeal, extracting from nature secrets never before revealed for the comfort and enjoyment of countless thousands! I see an Edison penetrating into the very heart of nature, to bring the light that dispels darkness and evil. I will only admit that in the pioneer days the lives of the great stood out more conspicuously from the mass.

For a brief time let us study the life of the greatest of my ancestors in America, one who did such deeds that he can, without exaggeration, be called a moulder of this mighty western empire.

William Johnson was born in Warrentown, County of Down, Ireland, in the year 1715. He was the eldest son of Christopher Johnson, Esq. His mother was Anne Warren, a woman of strong character and a sister of Oliver and Peter Warren, whose names are prominently identified with the naval glory of England.

The Warrens were possessors of large estates in the County of Down, from the first arrival of the English in Ireland. Here the young man spent the early years of his life. It does not appear that he had a university education, but as was the frequent custom of the better class of English gentlemen, he got his education from tutors, whose duty it was to train the body as well as the mind. He was an apt student, speaking and writing in both French and English, and training his body in athletic exercises, which were to stand him in good stead, in the active life ahead of him in America. He came to this country in 1735, when he was but 20 years of age, to take charge of the uncle's estate in New York. Peter Warren had risen rapidly in the naval profession in England. By purchase and by grant from the Crown, he had acquired a large tract of land in the Mohawk Valley, the most fertile country in New York. His profession disbarred him from managing this property and he turned it over into the intelligent hands of his nephew.

The latter was a real land promoter. With the sanction of his uncle, he divided the land up into small farms, induced settlers to come in and take possession, cleared forests and raised quan-

tities of grain and vegetables. He early saw the value of a trading station and became a storekeeper, supplying from the old country the things needed in this pioneer location.

It is interesting to note how persistent he was in the planting of orchards, and how careful he was in cutting the timber to leave tracts for protection and beauty, and this in a day when most land was cleared by burning and destroying the trees in a most careless manner.

Young Johnson had the industry of a real pioneer, as well as the vision of a seer. His style of living was plain, and he cultivated the Indians and the rude settlers, joining in their sports and encouraging them in all honorable industries. This was by the persistent advice of his uncle, Peter Warren. That his nephew profited by it is evidenced by a letter written to him in 1738, which says: "As to my keeping in with all the people, you may assure yourself of it, dear uncle, for I dare say I have the good will of all people whatsoever, and am much respected—very much on your account—and on account of my own behaviour, which I trust in God shall always continue."

New York was Indian country in 1738. The Mohawks were the largest, and the most warlike tribe, and their chief town, Dion-daro-gon, was only a few miles distant. No Englishman of his generation had the confidence of the Indians in an equal measure. Treating them like equals, honorable and square in business transactions, they quickly surrendered to his winning ways, and their confidence never wavered. He applied himself assiduously to the study of the Indian language, and became one of the few prominent men who were adept in speaking it.

His industry and energy bore abundant fruit. His business largely in-

creased. He became correspondent of the great house of Sir William Baker & Company of London, shipping to them vast quantities of furs, which were brought in by Indians and whites alike. He built a large stone house, on what he called Mount Johnson, and which still stands in the town known as Johnston.

Hitherto all his energies were devoted to his private business, and the care of the uncle's estate. Events were soon to force him into the public eye. England declared war on Spain in October, 1739, and the colonies soon became involved. Spain owned Florida and much of the surrounding country. She was a rival of England on the sea, and Sir Peter Warren had abundance of fighting. He commanded the "Squirrel," a 20 gun ship, and later the "Launceton," a 40 gun ship. With these he scoured the seas and brought immense wealth to London from the hapless Spanish galleons.

The war with Spain was not of much concern to the settlers of New England and New York except for one reason. France, ever an enemy of England, was a close ally of Spain. France held Canada firmly in her grasp, her agents had penetrated into the Indian countries to the west, and her missionaries had carried the Catholic religion and the French gold to these savages, already viewing with alarm the growing strength of the English colonists.

And now commenced that long struggle for the alliance of the New York Indians, the mighty Six Nations. Could they be kept neutral, they would form a powerful buffer between the French on the north and the wild Indian tribes of the west.

Governor Clinton had now taken the command of the English forces in New York. He was vigilant, active, and resourceful. The chief justice, Mr. De

Lancy, was his closest adviser. His daughter was the wife of Peter Warren, and thus an aunt, by marriage, of young Johnson.

The latter was soon brought to the notice of the governor, who was greatly taken with him. In April, 1745, he was commissioned one of His Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Albany. His private business had vastly increased. He had built a large flouring mill on the Mohawk river, and his fur trade had become very valuable. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts had urged the New York settlers to join him in the attack on Louisburg. Governor Clinton seconded his efforts to the best of his ability, but the legislature was against it, and the glory of the capture of that mighty fortress fell to Sir William Pepperell and the Massachusetts soldiers.

But if New England received the major part of the glory in this great capture, they also had the burden of the contest with the French and Indians. All the country was ravaged to the Massachusetts Bay. The French envoys roused all the Indian tribes west of New York, and to the southern border of the country.

The key to the situation was the Six Nations, who were powerful and warlike. No effort was spared, no expense was too great, to induce them to join with the other Indians in a war of extermination on the English. Rum, ever an evil influence in the world's progress, and fatal, far more to the Indians than the whites, poured into every tribe in the north, with the progress of the French and Canadian troops. Men, women and children were corrupted and debauched by it.

The unbounded influence of one man stood in the way. The young braves of the Six Nations, inflamed by liquor and

the presents of the French, were eager to cast their lot against the English settlers, but the prudence of the chiefs restrained them. Johnson, who was now recognized as the most influential man in the colony, boldly took up his residence with the Mohawks, entered into their games and pursuits, and strove valiantly to have them keep the peace. The Mohawks received him as a brother, and adopted him into their tribe and he became one of their war chiefs. They gave him the name of War-ragh-i-yagey, meaning one who unites two nations together, a singular proof of their belief in his honesty of purpose and uprightness of character.

Time will not permit me a narrative of the details of this adoption and the ceremony used, though it is of great interest. The ritual, though rude and primitive, was full of brotherly love and the importance of charity and the care of the poor and needy. Indeed much of it could be used today as the foundation of nearly all the secret fraternal orders, and probably it was used in the various degrees and charges. It had one effect of great immediate value. It gave Johnson the right to participate in every war council of the powerful Six Nations and thus to thwart every move of the French.

He was a large, fine looking man, of commanding presence and powerful physique. He was careful not to make light of any of the Indian ceremonies, and never broke his word to them. His stone house at Mt. Johnson was always open to them, and his hospitality was unbounded. Small wonder that the simple-minded Indians believed he was the power behind the throne of England. Having, as they believed, been defrauded of some of their treaty rights, Johnson induced them to prepare a petition to the legislature. With a large

body of influential Indians, Johnson, as the Mohawk war chief, dressed and painted as an Indian, entered Albany and presented their request. It was promptly granted, which made the Indians more convinced than ever that he was the "Great Father."

Governor Clinton was his staunch friend and through his influence Johnson was made superintendant of Indian affairs for the colony. His private business and wealth had vastly increased with his large responsibilities, and his business capacity must have been marvellous, to have handled all these affairs.

It must not be supposed that his rise to power was endorsed on every hand; jealous of his wealth and influence, many of the English people did all they could to thwart his efforts, while the French were his bitter enemies.

Attacks of all kinds were made upon him and his life was made burdensome by open and covert attacks.

It was at this time that he brought to his mansion Molly Brant, to be his housekeeper. She was the sister of the great war chief Thanendatiga, and her ancestors were all noted Indian leaders. They lived happily together all his life and she managed his domestic affairs with remarkable prudence and ability. They were never married though she bore him eight children.

Curiously enough this union does not seem to have been commented upon adversely by the good people of that day. We read of their having entertained many celebrated people of the land, and all testify to the charm of the Indian maiden and to the perfect love that seemed to infest the household. Nearly every one of Johnson's official papers, sent while he was away from home, allude affectionately to his "beloved Molly." He provided liberally for her in his will and at his death she removed to

Canada and was lost sight of to history.

The vast influence that Johnson exerted over the Indians was increased a hundred fold by the sagacious Molly, who was allied to most of the Mohawk's chiefs, and whose influence was always for peace and on the side of the English. I have no occasion to defend their relationship. History alone shows it was a great blessing to the colony of New York and was the restraining factor in preventing the horrors that the savages perpetrated on the New England colonies.

A singular proof of the confidence the Six Nations had in the power of Johnson and his determination to be guided by justice and fair dealing occurred during the French and Indian war. It also illustrates the simple-mindedness of the Indians and the tact necessary to deal with them.

The Cayugas, one of the most war-like tribes of the Six Nations, living in the extreme western part of the colony of New York and extending into what is now the state of Ohio, had been violently dispossessed of lands guaranteed them by treaty rights, the timber cut off, and their hunting grounds broken up, by settlers allied with the French and influenced by them to make trouble with the friendly Indians. To aid in this outrage, liquor had been freely supplied to the unfortunate savages, and several of them had been killed and their wigwams burned.

Ordinarily this could mean but one thing, a retaliatory war with all its attendant horrors. To the honor of the tribe be it said, they chose to send some of their principal chiefs to lay their wrongs before Johnson, and ask his advice. The scene was full of pathos and worth recalling as showing the native nobility of the Indians and their love of the dramatic.

Johnson received them in state with his councillors and soldiers in their brilliant scarlet uniforms, and with all the ceremony the Indians so dearly loved. It was in the great council chamber at Mt. Johnson, a banquet had been served and the Indian envoys were seated around the council fire.

In silence the sacred pipe of peace was passed around. Then a tall warrior of the Cayugas stood up and commenced his story. He told of the long journey on foot from the banks of the Ohio, to lay their wrongs before the great white chief War-rugh, who had always protected the Indians from unjust laws and from the depredations of the whites. He said they had no confidence in any of the whites but in Johnson.

Producing from his pouch a black belt of wampum, he laid it before Johnson and said, "Brother, with this belt we breathe upon the embers which are asleep, and we cause the council fires to burn in this place and on the Ohio, which are our proper fireplaces. With this belt we sweep the fireplace clean, removing from it all that is impure, that we may sit around it as brothers. The unhappy oppression of our brethren by Colonel Cresap's men, near the Ohio carrying place, is the occasion of our coming here. Our nation would not be at rest, nor easy, until they had spoken to you about it. They have now spoken with this belt."

Pausing a moment he produced a second belt of black and white and laid it with the first. He then continued: "Brother, what are we to do? Lord Dunmore will not hear us. Colonel Cresap and his men, to whom we have done no harm, are coming to clear the forest and cross our free path, which lies from Saint Sacrement to the Ohio, and which path our brothers' belts, which we still possess, have long since swept

clean. What shall we do? Instead of polishing our knives, we have come to our brother War-rugh. Instead of seeking our kin, the Mohawks and the Oneidas, with painted war belts to throw between us and them, we come to our brother and ask him, by this belt, what is left for us to do? Our brother has taught us there is a God. Teach us he is a just God, by this belt."

Once more placing his hand in his pouch, he produced a third belt: black with five rows, and laid it beside the others. Then with manifest emotion, but with superb dignity, he drew himself up to his full height, then quietly seated himself by the fire.

The report was received in absolute silence. Some of the facts were known already, and their truth was apparent. It would be a breach of decorum to reply at once, and none were better acquainted with Indian councils than Johnson. After an impressive pause he rose, and holding the three belts in his hand he thanked the Cayuga chief, praising him and his tribe for their action in not provoking war, and promised an answer on the morrow. Without a word the Indian chiefs arose, wrapped their blankets about them and strode from the room. Adequate refreshment having been provided the envoys, long and earnestly did Johnson ponder on the subject, well knowing that on his reply hung the fate of the English settlers.

The grave ceremonies of the council having again been enacted on the following morning, Johnson arose and produced a black belt with two figures woven in white on it. The hands of the figures were clasped together.

"Brothers," he said slowly, "the clouds which hang over us prevent us seeing the sun. It is therefore our business with this belt to clear the sky.

And we also, with this belt, set the sun in its proper course, that we may be enabled to see the narrow path of peace."

He laid the belt before the Indian chiefs and continued, "Brothers, we have heard what you have said about Colonel Cresap: we believe he has been misled, and we have rekindled the council fire at Johnston with embers from Onondaga, with embers from the Ohio, with coals from our proper fireplace at Mt. Johnson. We uncover these fires to summon our wisest men, so that they shall judge what word shall be sent to Colonel Cresap, to secure you in your treaty rights, which I have sworn to protect by these strings." He then produced a second belt woven with various colored strings.

"By this third and last belt, my brothers, I send peace and love to my brethren of the Cayugas, and by this belt I bid them be patient and remember that I have never broken my word to those within the Long House, nor yet to those who dwell without the doors."

With these words he laid beside the two belts a third large black belt with seven rows.

Not yet was this strange ceremony over and every eye was fastened on the host, as he drew from the folds of his robe a magnificent belt of wampum, pure white and glistening like silver. "Who mourns?" he said gravely, and the Indians arose and answered, "We mourn, we of the Cayugas, we of three clans." "What clans shall be raised up?" asked the host and the Indians replied, "Three clans lie stricken, the Wolf, the Polver and the Eel. Who shall raise them?"

"Brothers," said the white man slowly, "with this belt I raise three clans. I cleanse their eyes, their ears, their mouths, their bodies, with clean

water. With this belt I clear their path so that no longer shall the dead stand in your way or in ours. With these strings I raise up your head and beg you will no longer sorrow. With this belt I cover the graves."

It is impossible not to be impressed with the dignity and pathos of this council meet. It reveals the Indian at his best. Indeed it might serve as a model for conference, even in our day, and perhaps contains far more truth than some of the finished orations of our great men. It surely indicates that one who did not understand Indian customs, traits and expressions, could make but little headway with them, and perhaps in a measure makes clear why the whites have constantly misunderstood and ill-treated them.

But if Johnson was the one person who thoroughly knew and rightly interpreted the Indian nature, he was apparently not above joining the white settlers in using his skill in matching wits with the natives. This most amusing story is apparently well founded. Soon after Johnson's appointment as superintendent of Indian affairs, there arrived from London for him some richly embroidered robes. Hendrick, the great war chief of the Mohawks, was at his house when they arrived and was fascinated by their gorgeous color and richness.

The next day he appeared before his host and said that he had dreamed the previous night that Johnson had given him one of the suits. Johnson could not refuse and the delighted chief returned to his tribe with the most wonderful robe they had ever seen.

Johnson's turn came next. He was too shrewd to neglect such a good opening. Meeting the Mohawk chief a few days later, he said that he also had a dream the previous night. Politely the chief asked its nature. Johnson replied



that he dreamed Hendrick had presented him with a certain tract of land, comprising 500 acres of the best land in the Mohawk valley! "It is yours," said the chief, shaking his head. "But I will never dream with you again, yours are too strong."

But even this episode did not cause the slightest break in the friendship between the Mohawk chief and his white ally. Johnson's ability as an organizer and his influence with the Indians caused him to be made a colonel in the British army and his skill and activity soon raised him to be commander of his majesty's forces in New York, a position of great responsibility. He built Fort Edward and opened a military road from Lake George to the Hudson River.

Governor Clinton backed him with all his power and he had in his service the noted Indian scout Israel Putnam, John Stark, the future hero of Bennington and Robert Rogers, the organizer of Rogers' Rangers.

It was the activity of these men that prevented General Johnson from falling into an ambush and suffering the disaster that General Braddock had received in Virginia. Baron Dieskau was the commander of the French troops in Canada. Enraged because of his inability to enlist the Six Nations on the side of France, he gathered a strong force of French Canadians and Indians and made a rapid march to Albany, intending to capture and destroy the city. Johnson was on the alert and sent Colonel Ephraim Williams with 300 regulars and a large force of Indians led by the Mohawk chief, Hendrick, to intercept them. It is interesting to note that this Colonel Williams, before he left Albany to carry out his orders, made his will, leaving all his property to found a free school, which afterwards became Williams College.

Dieskau was a famous soldier, a pupil of Marshall Saxe. He prepared an ambush for the English at Rocky Brook. Hendrick was now 65 years of age, his hair as white as snow and he was regarded with the greatest veneration by the Indians of the colony. Straight into the cleverly concealed ambush rode the English and the Mohawks, with Colonel Williams and Hendrick in front. Suddenly an Indian sprang into their path and cried, "Whence come you?" "From the Mohawks," replied Hendrick. "Whence come you?" "From Montreal," replied the Indian and instantly a murderous fire was poured into the advancing troops. Colonel Williams and the brave Indian chief were instantly killed and the Mohawks fled in terror.

Fortunately the main body of the English had not entered the trap. Colonel Whiting took command of the advance and drew off most of the soldiers. Johnson advanced without delay and a furious battle ensued. Johnson fortunately was supplied with cannon, of which the Indian allies of the French were terribly afraid.

For four hours the battle continued with unabated fury. Dieskau and Johnson were both severely wounded. Finally the French were beaten at all points and but a few escaped. Had Dieskau's orders been rigidly followed, not to fire until the whole company had entered the trap, the result might have been far different. The impatience of the Indians to commence the slaughter saved the day for the British and possibly changed the whole feature of the war.

At any rate it was so regarded in England. Johnson was elevated to the peerage, received the thanks of Parliament, a gift of 5000 pounds in gold and over 50,000 acres of land in New York, belonging to the crown.

Its results were many. Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham and Quebec fell to the English. New England valor drove the marauding savages back into the wilds of Canada, never again to seriously threaten her ever growing townships. New York was spared the horrors of Indian massacres. On all sides the French were defeated.

But if there was official peace between the two countries, there was unrest and trouble all along the border. As new colonists came in, the rights of the great Six Nations were less and less regarded. Sir William was continually appealed to, to protect the Indian rights. He was made a privy councillor of the colony and his powers and duties largely increased. He never failed his Indian allies, always urging them to lay down the hatchet and bring their wrongs to the authorities and he would protect them to the extent of his ability.

He believed thoroughly that the Indians could be taught the arts of the white man and live at peace with him by education. At his own expense he fitted schools for the Indian youths and supported them. He used every effort to convert the Indians to Christianity, founding churches and supporting missionaries in their uphill work to change the savage nature.

His enemies, who were numerous and active, accused him of doing these things to promote his fur trade with the Indians, which had grown to an enormous extent and which yielded a great profit. The truth is Sir William refused to cheat the savage, treated him as an equal, paying him a fair price for his furs and his home was always open, his hospitality unbounded.

He founded the town of Johnston in the most fertile tract of the Mohawk valley, and the kindly relations he was

known to have with the Indians attracted many new settlers and increased his own vast property in value to a surprising extent.

The growing discontent of the colonists at the acts of the English crown received in him a kindred spirit. He urged toleration and used his vast influence to keep peace with the mother country. Had he lived he would have been found on the side of Washington, of Putnam, and of Stark, in the great battle for independence.

The last great struggle with the Indians that was to occur in the newly settled country passed over his colony with hardly a scar, and proved that his treatment of the Indians, like that of William Penn in the neighboring state, bore abundant fruit in peace, contentment, and tranquility.

Pontiac's rebellion was directly caused by the greed and avarice of the white settlers, who were pouring into the fertile valleys of the Ohio, and who disregarded every one of the sacred treaty rights of the Indians. Their lands were overrun, their forests cut down, their wigwams burned, their youths debauched by the fatal curse of rum, until that great Indian Sachem raised the war whoop of revolt and again the whole border was threatened with an Indian invasion. Terrible were the horrors of that conflict, but the power of the Indians was broken. Even the eloquence of Pontiac, one of the most powerful orators the Indians ever had, failed to drag the Six Nations from the English cause. For a time the Cayugas, the most western branch of this alliance, joined with Pontiac but the remaining tribes stood loyally by Sir William, and finally even the Cayugas, who had suffered most from the whites, were induced by his persuasion to return to the fold. Pontiac's fierce warfare accom-

plished nothing but to deprive the Indians in the western reserve of whatever rights they previously possessed.

It was fitting that Sir William's last service to his beloved state of New York, which he had helped to mould from a wilderness to a mighty empire, should have been a great council fire with the Six Nations as to their future action. England was alarmed at the ferocity of the Indian war on the frontier and urged Sir William to use every effort to quiet the great tribes in New York.

Over 600 Indians were present at the council and the wrongs done to their nation by the ever-encroaching whites were presented with all the eloquence and ceremony attendant upon such occasions.

It was the twelfth of July, 1774. As was the custom, Sir William promised to give his answer on the morrow. He was enfeebled by his wound and by an encroaching disease, which he well knew would be fatal, but his determination to aid his faithful Indian allies was as strong as ever.

He stood up to speak to them at 10 o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth of July. It was an exceedingly hot day, yet for two hours he pleaded with them for peace, recited his life work and urged them to follow his advice. Never had he poured forth his soul into an

oration as he did on that day, and the Indians were convinced as never before.

As he finished he had to be assisted to his couch. He was seized with a severe attack of what was evidently angina pectoris and in a short time had passed away. The Indians were heart-broken at his death, the whole country mourned. He had given his last measure of strength to serve his country and had accomplished his life work.

Much might be said as to the tributes paid to his memory both in England and in this country. I have time to select but one. Peter Van Schaack, a prominent member of the New York Assembly said in a letter:

"I left Johnson Hall last evening, where everything wears the face of sorrow for the irreparable loss of that great and good man, Sir William Johnson,—a loss at once to the public and a numerous train of the indigent and unfortunate who derived support from his unequalled benevolence and generosity. My trip up to Johnston has given me an opportunity of seeing so many instances of his goodness; the settlement there, compared with what it was a few years ago, so abundantly shows his greatness of mind, and the extensiveness of his views, where a little has, as it were, been made great by his efforts, that I own I consider him as the greatest character of the age."



# *Capt. John Moor and Gen. John Stark*

## *Two Derryfield Soldiers of the Revolutionary War*

FRED W. LAMB

(Concluded)

### THE HOME BUILT BY GEN. JOHN STARK

Through the efforts of Molly Stark chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, an appropriate and lasting memorial, in the form of a boulder, suitably inscribed, now marks the home-stand site of Maj. Gen. John Stark. This historical spot, where the home of New Hampshire's illustrious general stood, from the time of its building in 1765 until it was destroyed by fire one hundred years later, is on the Industrial School grounds, just to the north of Stark Park, bordering on the North River road.

The old well is nearby, and has been permanently preserved by erecting about it a high granite curbing, over which an old fashioned well sweep has been placed. A tablet on the side, fronting the street, bears the inscription, "Stark Well, 1765."

In a previous issue of this magazine a description of the house still standing near the east end of Amoskeag bridge known as the Stark Paige house was given. This house was built about 1747 by one Alexander MacMurphy, of Londonderry and was occupied by Archibald Stark, the father of Gen. John Stark, when he first located in Derryfield, now Manchester. Here Gen. Stark lived from 1758 to 1765, the date of the construction of the house now under discussion.

This farmhouse was a plain, two-story structure, with an ell, a front door and entry dividing it into two equal parts; this with four barns and some smaller outhouses, comprised the farm

buildings. They were erected a few yards above the junction of the present Industrial School road with the North River road.

The house, as stated before, was erected by the general in the year 1765, and at that period was considered an edifice of notable quantities. It had handsome pediment caps to the windows and doors, and corner boards which were generously ornamented, and was, within, of large dimensions and careful finish. The taste of Gen. Stark, when applied to house building, was somewhat peculiar and erratic, for while he had his rooms finished with the best skill and most costly material of the period, he would never suffer paint or room paper to be seen inside of his house.

He took great pride in pointing to the width and quality of native woods used in the large and sumptuous panels in the walls of the rooms, and in the wood carving of a large buffet, or French sideboard, filling one corner of his dining room. When age and infirmity confined him to the house, he chose one of the lower front rooms, where from the window with an eastern exposure, he could see the first beams of the morning sun. To secure more sunlight he gave directions to have one of the front windows enlarged, making it double its former dimensions.

The injury to the symmetry of the building was urged by his friends, but all remonstrances were useless; the capacity of the window was doubled and until the alteration of the buildings

many years afterwards, the strange and whimsical window remained, a memento of the former proprietor. The house was built from the general's own plans.

One feature of it was the presence of large corner cupboards in several of the rooms. These had glass doors at the top and wooden ones below, while there was a shelf which could be drawn out. The cupboard was used to keep the toddy and wines in. The shelf was easily pulled out to set the decanter and glasses on.

The general occupied the north part of the house and was accustomed to receive his callers in the sitting room which was the first apartment on the right when entering the front door. In the southeast corner of this room there was a buffet, the upper door of which was of glass and the lower of wood. Upon the upper shelves were displayed old time drinking glasses and rare decorated china, some of which is still to be seen on display in the rooms of the Manchester Historical association at the Carpenter Memorial Library. Below in this buffet was kept a stock of liquors which the general dispensed to his visitors with princely hospitality.

When the New Hampshire legislature bought a portion of the Stark farm for the establishment of a reform or industrial school, the purchase included the home. After the state building which had been erected had been partially destroyed by fire, on December 20, 1865, through the criminal acts of the boy prisoners, the inmates were removed to the Stark house, but that was also set on fire and it burned to the ground. This fire occurred the following year, in 1866.

In the month of June, 1906, Molly Stark chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, after considering the subject, appointed a committee con-

sisting of Mrs. Fannie Hoyt Sawyer, Mrs. Jennie Abbott Osborne and Mrs. Joseph L. Hosmer to superintend the work of properly marking the site of the homestead. This committee took hold of the work assigned to it and pushed the subject with great vigor.

Such was their success, that October 4, 1906, was the date set for the unveiling of the memorial. It was indeed a proud day for the members of Molly Stark chapter and one which they will not soon forget. Seats had been provided for the guests and they were so arranged as to face the boulder, over which, until the time for the unveiling, was draped a large American flag. While the company was assembling, patriotic airs were rendered by the First Infantry band. At three o'clock, p. m., the following program was carried out:

Prayer.....Rev. Burton W. Lockhart  
Music, "The Old Oaken Bucket".....Band  
Address of Welcome.....

Mrs. Fannie Hoyt Sawyer  
Music, "Hail Columbia".....Band  
Unveiling of Memorial.....

Mrs. Jennie Abbott Osborne  
Oration.....Hon. Henry E. Burnham  
"America".....Band and Audience

Mrs. Jennie A. Osborne, a great, great granddaughter of Gen. John Stark was chosen as the one to unveil the monument, or tablet, properly speaking. She went forward at the proper time and as those assembled about arose to their feet, she removed the flag, revealing the large bronze marker bearing the insignia of the Daughters of the American Revolution, together with these words:

This Stone Marks the  
Homestead of  
Maj. Gen. John Stark  
Hero of Bennington  
He died here May 8, 1822

Erected By  
Molly Stark Chapter  
Daughters of the American  
Revolution  
1906

This boulder had been placed some few feet east of where the old house stood, in order that people driving by may read the inscription without alighting from their carriages. The grounds about these memorials were graded and grassed over so that their appearance is very pleasing. Senator Burnham's eulogy was very eloquent as all of his addresses always were. It has been well said of him, that all his words were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." He closed his effort with great effect. Indicating with a sweep of his hand the little family cemetery on the beautiful slope on the rolling sward, overlooking the silvery waters of the Merrimack, he said, "To my mind the country today holds no more precious dust than that spot in yonder cemetery."

There in the beautiful park, at the north of our city, under the shadow of the pines, lies New Hampshire's "Hero of the Hills."

#### DEDICATION OF STARK PARK

Twenty-four years ago, on June 16th and 17th, 1893, occurred the official dedication of Stark Park. It was an event which awakened memories of the patriotic past, inspiring recollections of that period when this nation was born. The celebration was held under the auspices of the Manchester city government and under their direction the affair was a grand success.

Early in May of that year a committee consisting of Mayor E. J. Knowlton, Aldermen James Lighthbody and Richard J. Barry, Councilmen Joseph Tait, George E. Fellows, Ludger E. Desrochers and Park Commissioners George H. Stearns, Leonard P. Reynolds and

Horace P. Simpson were appointed to make all the necessary arrangements for the exercises and under their direction and that of the board of fire engineers, who ordered the annual parade of the fire department for the same day, all the various details of the program were carried out.

The program really started upon the 16th, the dedication of the park taking place upon June 17th, Bunker Hill Day. On Friday, the 16th, at 3 p. m., the Amoskeag Veterans, together with the Worcester Continentals, of Worcester, Mass., and the Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Conn., held a parade. The two latter organizations had been invited to participate in the exercises and they came with full ranks, the Worcester Continentals having 100 men and the Putnam Phalanx having 131 men. Each organization was accompanied by a band. The paraders received much attention along the line of march. The visitors made an exceptionally handsome appearance and were many times complimented for the large attendance. The line of march took them over the following route, Elm to Pennacook, countermarch to Harrison, Harrison to Chestnut, to Myrtle, to Beech, to Bridge, to Pine, to Lowell, to Union, to Hanover, to Elm, to Lowell, to the Universalist Church.

Upon arrival at the church the men filed in and took seats in the center of the church, the spectators having a few seats in the side aisles and filling the gallery. The interior of the church had been most beautifully and lavishly decorated by the ladies connected with the society and presented a handsome appearance. Here a most interesting program was carried out consisting of music rendered by a largely augmented choir and a most inspiring and patriotic address by the Rev. W. H. Morrison, chaplain of the Amoskeag Veterans. The complete program was as follows:



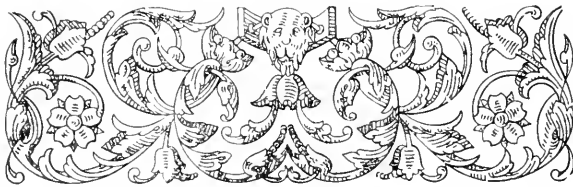
visitors took seats upon the stand erected for the purpose, the First Regiment Band and the Manchester High School pupils taking sections reserved for them. The exercises commenced at 12.40 just when the rain commenced to come down the hardest. Upon the arrival of the head of the procession at the park, the famous old "Molly Stark" cannon, captured from the Hessians at the Battle of Bennington by General Stark, belched forth a welcoming salute of thirteen guns.

Mayor E. J. Knowlton, as president of the day, called the assembly to order and spoke as follows:

"We meet on this memorable anniversary to perform the patriotic duty of dedicating this beautiful tract of thirty acres of land to the uses of the public, and in so doing we commemorate the valor, patriotism and loyalty of Gen. John Stark, virtues which shone so resplendently in him at Bunker Hill, a century and eighteen years ago this day. The ashes of the old hero and his faithful consort, Molly Stark, sleep within this park, and although their forms have passed away, yet do they speak to us from out of the past, and that we have

not forgotten the achievements wrought through sacrifices of the men and women of 1776 is demonstrated by the events of this day."

The First Regiment Band followed with an overture entitled "Recollections of the War." Upon the conclusion of this the pupils from the Manchester High School sang "America." This was followed by the invocation, pronounced by the chaplain of the day, the Rev. F. S. Bacon, pastor of the People's Baptist Tabernacle. Hon. Charles H. Bartlett was then introduced as the orator of the occasion and gave a most finished address. Upon the conclusion of this the "Star Spangled Banner" was rendered by the school children, after which the assembly dispersed. General Bartlett's oration upon the hero of New Hampshire's hills was a great effort, discriminating and historical, and will live when many of the other events of the day have been long forgotten. He was interrupted with applause many times. The heavy downpour of rain was the only drawback to a most successful celebration and as such June 17, 1893, will go down in the history of Manchester.





# *International Peace Garden*

HON. MARTIN L. DAVEY

**F**RIENDS everywhere, today I would like to tell you about the proposed International Peace Garden, which is to be created somewhere on the boundary line between Canada and the United States.

This inspiring project is sponsored by the National Association of Gardeners, an organization of nature lovers, whose lives are devoted to the work of maintaining beauty on private and semi-private places and in public parks. It is one of the most unselfish, and beautiful, and far-reaching undertakings that one could imagine, and should have a powerful appeal to the finest instincts of the people in these two great neighborly nations.

The idea was conceived in the noble spirit of Henry J. Moore, lecturing horticulturist for the Province of Ontario. It was proposed at the annual convention of the National Association of Gardeners in the city of Toronto last August, and was received with moving enthusiasm and with the fervor of a great crusade. Without a dissenting voice and in the spirit of earnest purpose, it was decided to accept the heavy responsibility of sponsoring this monumental project.

For more than a hundred years, peace has reigned inviolate between the peoples of Canada and the United States. No finer example of neighborliness or enduring friendship could be found in the world than that which exists between these two adjoining countries of the North American continent.

How appropriate it is, then, that an International Peace Garden should be created on the imaginary boundary, half

on one side and half on the other. It is proposed that this garden shall be a thousand or more acres in area, and that it be located some place on the line where it will be accessible to the greatest number of people.

In it will be planted all the varieties of trees, and flowers, and shrubs that can be grown in this latitude—beautiful living things that will speak more eloquently of the fact of peace and the will to peace than any towering monument built of cold and inanimate stone. Many of these growing things will be contributed out of the abundance on the private places in both countries, but the work of creating it will require a considerable investment. Then there will follow, in a natural course, the problem of raising a sufficient endowment to maintain it into the long distant future.

It is the plan of the National Association of Gardeners not only to welcome the larger contributions from those who would enjoy helping in a substantial way, but also to make a special appeal to all the school children of Canada and the United States, asking that each one, so far as possible, give just a little so that a multitude may have a part in this great living monument of peace.

It seems to me that no more useful thing could be done than to enlist the school children in this spiritual and intellectual stimulation. To think peace is to live peace. To think it actively and consciously is to build up in the oncoming generation the spirit and the will to peace. If we receive nothing more than the development of this fine phil-

osophy of neighborly living, we will have been compensated a thousand times for all the effort and all the cost.

In Holy Writ, we find a powerful bit of logic: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If in the development of this worthy project, the sponsors of the movement can cause the children of Canada and the United States to think the language of peace and to be inspired by its idealism, the results will be more substantial and lasting than have been achieved by the brilliant statesmen since the beginning of civilization. Nor will it be easy for cunning politicians to undo the effectiveness of this inbred philosophy.

We can visualize this International Peace Garden as a thing of impressive beauty, where in a short space of time foliage and flowers will vie with each other to produce a quiet elegance and a glorious charm that will lure the nature lovers of this continent and the world. Yes, it will be the Mecca of unnumbered thousands of those who love the beauties of nature and those who are moved by the spirit and purpose of peace.

In this garden the living, growing things will symbolize the development of an enduring friendship and will typify the substantial character and spiritual force of two great peoples. This outdoor beauty will be the handmaiden of fine human qualities and will express in eloquent fashion the deep-seated purpose of lasting peace that has operated so powerfully for more than a century, and that is more firmly imbedded within us now than ever before.

About it all will be an atmosphere of admiration and respect that will be akin to reverence. Deep in the hearts of all normal human beings there is a longing for the blessings and the fruits of peace. These beautiful growing things will express in a sublime way the hopes and as-

pirations of the people of two nations that have lived side by side without conflict as an example to the world.

Man could build countless monuments of steel and marble, and place them at frequent intervals along the extensive boundary line, but each one would be cold and forbidding, and could not kindle the fires of enthusiasm in a single human breast, nor inspire one mortal being to loftier sentiment.

There is something about this idea of an International Garden, with living trees and flowers and shrubs, that stirs the imagination. It seems to be so fitting for this purpose. It is such an appropriate manifestation of human ideals. It is so expressive of the finer qualities of human nature.

Year after year innumerable people will travel to see it and will think the thoughts of peace. They will be moved to a keener realization of the fortunate circumstances under which we are permitted to live as friends and mutual well-wishers. They will carry back home with them a new sense of their own responsibilities as neighbors.

Pictures of this International Garden should hang in every schoolroom in Canada and the United States to proclaim its meaning and its purpose. Stories of it should be told in lofty sentiment to every new class of children that will be the citizens of tomorrow. It should be proclaimed from every pulpit and told with enthusiasm in the quiet of every fireside.

This undertaking appeals to me as a thing of highest value and far-reaching possibilities in the thinking and the living of both peoples. It will not and should not detract in the slightest degree from the patriotism of Canadians for Canada, or Americans for America. We expect Canadians to be loyal to their own country, and they expect the same thing of us. No person would be worthy of citizen-

ship in either country if he were not patriotic toward the land of which he is a part. But we have been neighbors for a long time, and we shall continue to live side by side in peace and friendship and in mutual respect, so long as we have the character to understand the rights of each other and the capacity to live and act on the plane of higher civilization.

The National Association of Gardeners deserve the fullest commendation of all peace-loving citizens for their willingness to assume the responsibilities of so large an undertaking in the interest of us all. They should have the lasting gratitude and the cordial support of every manly man and every noble woman, in whose veins runs the blood of honor, and whose mind is ruled by the processes of reason and human idealism. I bespeak for them the most generous and enthusiastic support. Our loyalty to the cause which they represent will be rewarded by an International Garden of peace that will speak powerfully to the people of our own time, and carry the message of friendship and good will to many unborn generations.

It is said by some that there will always be war, and it is possible that mankind as a whole has not reached that stage of development where the scourge of war can be permanently removed from the world. It is also possible that crafty and selfish tyrants may disturb the peace of mankind here and there. It is conceivable also that in some places self-seeking and designing politicians may lead their people astray. But it will not be in response to the popular will, except where people are deceived and misled.

The desire for peace and its benign benefits is instinctive with every normal father, and is a basic impulse that surges through the heart of every mother who has gone down into the dark valley to bring a new babe into the world,

The people, the great masses who make up each country, want peace. The higher the civilization which they have been permitted to attain, the more definite and fixed is the conviction that they have a right to live in peace, and to work out their individual destiny unhampered and unscarred by the ravages of war.

How appropriate it is, in this significant period when sincere efforts are being made by the leaders of the great nations of the world to arrive at mutual understanding and to provide a more permanent basis for world peace, that this International Garden should be projected! What a happy thought it is that inanimate steel and marble should be eliminated from its being, and that no cannon or other sign of strife should have any place in its creation or existence! It is to be just an immense garden of growing things, where beauty reigns and where friendship is the theme. It seems to me that in such a place, where the nobility of two great peoples is merged in a common undertaking, that the foliage ought to be more luxuriant and have greater luster, and that the colors in the flowers should be richer and more glorious. The birds should sing more merrily, and the sun shine more brightly. Even after the storm clouds have passed away, the colors of the rainbow should be more brilliant and should cast their radiance far beyond their usual limitations.

Canada and the United States have offered to the world an example that is worthy of admiration and emulation. We have lived as neighbors without the necessity of armed strife for more than a century. There lies between us an imaginary dividing line of some three thousand miles in length. Not a fort or a battleship has been found necessary along that far-flung border. Not a soldier needs to be stationed there. We

have business and social and political intercourse without the remotest necessity of military maneuvers. We understand each other. Each people forges ahead to its own logical destiny in its own way, and each respects the rights of the other.

These impressive facts constitute a magnificent tribute to the character of the people of both nations, and are evidence of a form and degree of civilization that should be a source of enduring satisfaction to all who are permitted to be citizens of either country. What a lesson it is to the world, and what a challenge to the cynics who have no faith in the capacity of human beings to live right in relation to their neighbors.

There could be no more fitting evidence of the friendly spirit and the understanding of the people than the creation of this significant International Peace Garden on the boundary line, where men, women and children may go

to admire the living, growing things and to be inspired by the beauties that they see everywhere about them, to live and act the ideals of peace, both as individual citizens and as essential parts of either great nation. All the eloquence of Demosthenes, all the logic of Cicero, and all the mastery of Shakespeare cannot compare with the powerful appeal of the International Peace Garden to the hearts and minds of those who live upon this continent, and those from other lands who come to see, with minds that understand and hearts that comprehend. The language of trees and flowers and shrubs, though mute and inaudible, will be more eloquent and more convincing than the language of statesmen, philosophers and poets. This International Peace Garden will proclaim the lofty spirit of two great countries. Yes, it will be a glorious and beautiful picture of the soul of the people.



# Neighbors

BERTHA LEAH CROSS

STEPHAN LANE stood in the clearing looking off over the valley, an inverted bowl with a pastoral landscape painted on its surface. The neat piles of cordwood which he had been splitting and piling through the winter had assumed a size that would soon warrant hauling out to the sawmill. The woods where he was working were on the north side, the ground being still frozen in places where the sun did not penetrate. Even here, however so near was spring, the sodden leaves were beginning to curl and tiny green shoots were worming their way up through to the warmth of the sun.

After a long scrutiny of the wood road that wound out of sight merging with the lane lower down, he turned around with a little sigh and took up his ax again. With a deft swing, it bit deep into a rock maple. After many swings, the tree toppled and in due time was cut into more four-foot lengths and piled with the rest. His thoughts were on the road.

"I wonder if I am not going to see Jennie today? Darned lonesome twelve hours if I don't!"

Determinedly he kept to his task, his mind bringing her image to him. He grew ever more dejected and every few moments stopped to glance at his watch.

"Perhaps she's having an early dinner. Her father may be going to the village," he thought. "I'll finish this tree and then stop for my lunch!"

His actions were full of nervous activity. Again and again he scanned the road, and it was not until the hands

pointed to half after eleven that his face brightened.

"There she is!" He watched the little figure in a red mackinaw that came out of the back door and skirted the house, keeping close to the wall. He could see her as she crossed the orchard and watched her climb under the barbed wires of the cow-lane. Then she was lost to sight in the alders that bordered the brook.

He watched the red coat with eager eyes until she waved and was lost to sight in the woods.

In a few moments he saw her again and waved his hand. Putting down his untasted dinner, he hurried to the wall and stood waiting.

"Hello, Jennie," he called. "I thought you weren't coming!"

He lifted her over the wall. She was smiling, but out of breath.

"Oh, I hurried so, Steve, I'm winded!"

It always took them a few minutes to get used to each other's presence. Always her nearness caused his heart to beat suffocatingly. It was a continual warfare for him to keep from taking her in his arms. As yet he had not as much as held her hand. He feared to destroy her confidence in him and destroy her shy trust.

"See, Jennie, I've fixed you a throne!" He put his coat over a giant stump and lifted her gently onto it.

"This is great, Steve—and oh, it seems as if every time I see it, the view is lovelier!" Her eyes swept the panorama before her with face alight to its beauty.

He looked down at the heights following her rapt gaze. His glance took in

the two farms that adjoined each other—each one containing a bitterly hating old man.

"It's too darned bad! For twenty years those two neighbors who were once inseparable friends have been bitter enemies. And the worst of it is, Jennie, if your father knew that we were—friends, he would send you away; and if my father knew it,—I don't know what he *would* do, but he'd surely do plenty!"

Her face grew sober. She met his eyes with a troubled look.

"I know it, Steve," she said soberly. "It makes it hard to be forced to be enemies with some one whom you—like!" Her voice fell on the last word, a blush mantling her cheeks. She knew it was not just a friendly liking she and Steve felt for each other.

Steve sat down on a near-by stump and opened his dinner pail.

The fields below were like a carpet of mingled greens and browns with occasional patches of white. Crows flying low over the fallow ground, were raucously uttering short cries of glee, sure that soon the fields would yield them food; succulent, tender, green things.

Nearby, the little spring hidden under the leaves was murmuring like the breath of sleeping things, restlessly stirring.

"Jennie,—"

At the intensity of his voice and at the look in his eyes, she drew back retreating into herself,—unconsciously fending him off, her head thrown far back against the trunk of a tree that was near enough for her to lean against.

He came over and drew her up so that she stood facing him. Her eyes fell at the ardency in his.

"Ever since you were a little tot that I used to help over the brook on the way to school, I've loved you. Why,

Jennie, I've never even looked at any other girl,—you know that I have always kept away from them?"

She nodded mutely.

"I love you," he said passionately. "What are we going to do? Raise your sweet eyes, Honey, and let me look in them; shall I see love in them for me? Do you love me, dear?"

Obediently she did as he bade her, the shy color going and coming in her cheeks. Her eyes told him what her lips could not say.

"Are we going to be parted just because our fathers hate each other?"

Her eyes were on her nervous fingers that were pleating folds in her apron. He took the hands in his.

"I've never yet made love to you, my dear. I've kept my hands off of you till now, but—"

He drew her up close to him.

"Look at me, Honey," he said softly. "Look at Steve. I love you, and I am going to have you for my wife, fathers or no fathers!"

She reached up one hand and laid it against his lips. He covered it with kisses.

"This little hand,—it's mine, Jennie?"

She looked at him with love in her eyes, and shyly nodded.

"I love you, Steve," she said low, "and—my lips are yours, too."

He kissed the face that was looking at him so sweetly.

"Darling," his voice was trembling with emotion, "I'll never let you go!"

"I'll never want you to let me go!" she answered. "Nothing else matters but you!"

With his arm around her, they sat down on a log. Each was unaware of time or place so rapt were they in their newly expressed love. The one o'clock whistle at the village awoke him. They stood up.

"We'll find a way to marry. If there is no other I'll steal you! Now you must go, darling!"

With a last long kiss, he helped her over the wall and she went down the path. He watched her skirt the field and fancied she waved to him but could not be sure.

"Bless her sweet heart!" he murmured.

After she had gone, the sound of the ax rang once more in the clearing, waking the echoes. Steve was working in feverish haste as if his very life depended on the amount of wood he chopped that day. His thoughts were racing,—busy on the problem of how to make their love and marriage possible against such fierce odds. Well he knew the opposition that would be brought to bear on them if either his father or hers were ever to be cognizant of the fact that they even ever saw each other.

"I don't like it! I don't like this clandestine business and sooner or later they'll find it out and then the Devil will be to pay. I've a good mind to go right down now and tell the old—"

Recollection that it was Jennie's father checked the name that was on his lips,—also the fact that her father was no more to blame than his.

"There's got to be a way," he said with firmly compressed lips, "for I love her and I am going to marry her."

He attacked a giant tree as if he were hewing his way to his heart's desire. He chopped steadily for several moments, and then giving way to the exaltation that was in his heart when he realized that he had won the girl he loved—that she loved him as he did her—he suddenly straightened up and shouted aloud,

"She's mine,—I am going to marry her!"

A startled squirrel ran out on a limb

and sat there derisively scolding at the disturber of his peace. Steve laughed and threw a chip at the saucy bit of striped fur.

"Well, she is, gol darn ye!"

At five o'clock, he started down the wood road following the brook that was gleefully babbling along beside him, now under ice and snow, through dams of twigs and leaves, now running clear.

Everywhere he looked spring was rampant. In his heart was a joy and happiness in keeping with nature.

The weeks passed and summer had come bringing much work and also bringing long, languorous evenings. Steve and Jennie met at the dances and festivals at the church. They were always quietly friendly and not one in the village was cognizant that these two were deeply in love. No gossip ever linked their names. In that way, only, were they safe until they could work out the problem.

One evening they were under the big pine down the lane where they met whenever there was any opportunity. They had been discussing the situation for a long time.

"If only they weren't so dependent on us, Steve," she said tearfully, "especially my father. There's no one in the world to do for him but me, it would just kill him!"

"I know, Honey, just how you feel. Of course we've got Aunt Hattie to do the work in the house, but I don't know, lately, the last two years my father seems to be failing. He depends on me for everything now. I don't think he is well."

They were thoughtfully silent for a long time looking down across the fields to where the two houses were so chummily snuggled together. Twin farms, all the outlines similar.

"It's too bad!" Steve said abruptly.

"Why, Jennie, how wonderful it would be if the boundary fences could be taken down and the farms made into one big ranch. There'd not be another farm like it in the country!"

Her eyes were starry.

"Oh, Steve, wouldn't it be wonderful!"

She looked at the smoke rising from the two houses, just a thread from the kitchen chimneys.

"What started the trouble? I never knew what it was all about."

"Oh, all a matter of the lower field. My father put up a fence when your father was sick, the summer he had typhoid. Your father claimed that he run it onto his land. They had it hot and heavy and your father took it to law and my father won. I guess there was a mistake somewhere, but I don't know nor care which one was right."

"How dreadful!" she said in a shocked voice. Then meeting his eyes, she burst into a gale of laughter. He looked at her in surprise for a moment and then he, too, saw the absurdity of the situation. He rolled over on the ground laughing heartily.

"Those two ornery old cusses," he said. "They ought to have their heads knocked together!"

One morning, Jennie awoke at day-break and heard the rain swishing against the panes. The trees were tossing and swaying in the wind that was blowing in at her window sweeping the rain across the floor.

"Oh, darn," she said as she closed the window, leaning far back at the side to keep from getting wet. "I can't go to the dance tonight, nor see Steve in the lane!"

She hopped back into bed and lay looking out into the rain-swept yard with a rueful face.

One of her Leghorns crowed lustily

and was answered by one of Steve's Plymouth Rocks. She smiled.

"It's a wonder they'd let the roosters crow at each other!" she thought. "If they could help it, they wouldn't!"

Jennie was a fine housekeeper and did not allow herself to be disconsolate. All day she worked with a song on her lips determinedly looking forward to the time when the work she was doing now would be a labor of love for Steve.

At supper, her father seemed to have something on his mind. After the dishes were done, Jennie went to the door to see if it were clearing. To her delight, the sun was breaking through the clouds and the wind was blowing strong from the west.

"I guess I can go to the dance after all, father!" she said happily.

Her father spoke to her abruptly, "Sit down a minute, Jennie, I want to talk to you."

She wonderingly obeyed, casting a quick glance at him.

"What if he's heard something about Steve and me!" she thought in quick alarm.

"You're twenty-two, ain't you?" he said abruptly.

"Yes, last June," she replied wonderingly. "Why father?"

"'Bout time you's thinking of getting married, ain't it?" he said with a smile. "You ain't aiming to be an old maid?"

She laughed nervously. What a splendid chance to tell him that she and Steve wanted to marry. She glanced up into his face, but noting the grim jaw and keen eyes, her heart failed her.

"No, father," she said in a low voice, "I hope to marry soon!"

After an interval of silence, he said abruptly, "Silas Hawkins wants to marry you; he asked me at the auction yesterday if he might try to make you like



him." He did not look at her but fixed his gaze out of the window.

"Silas Hawkins! That old miser! Why, I'd not—"

Her father interrupted her, "I know he's nothing to look at but he's the richest man for miles around these parts and I guess you'd find you could do 'bout as you wanted to with his money, if you'd only marry him!"

"The old beast!" she said with flashing eyes, "I'd not marry him if he was the last man on earth!"

Her father took his hat down from the hook.

"Well, you think it over, Jennie, and remember this, there's one fellow I'd put off this place pretty quick if I ever saw him hanging 'round here! That's Steve Lane!"

The door slammed to behind him!

Jennie went up to her room with a troubled heart. She dressed for the dance in a little flowered chiffon gown she had made herself. The lovely little face that looked back from the mirror, its expressive brown eyes framed in dancing curls, assured her that she was looking her best.

"I can't have a good time," she thought. "One thing is sure, Steve must take me soon, or something will happen to part us!"

Her thoughts traveled on in a circle of fears.

"That old Silas Hawkins will be there! I'll give him a snub that he'll not forget! My father must think lots of me, to even listen to him!" Angry tears sparkled in her eyes.

Some near neighbors down the road were going to call for her. She was ready and waiting when they drove into the yard in the old Ford.

They arrived a little late. The first person Jennie saw was Steve standing by the door, tall, handsome and broad-

shouldered. Her heart skipped a beat at the look in his eyes as he greeted them.

"I think that you promised me this dance, didn't you, Jennie?"

The girls laughed. Alice, her friend, stepped back to wait for a partner.

"I think I did, Steve," she replied happily.

He led her onto the floor amid the swirling dancers.

"Sweet," he whispered, "my sweet!"

She looked up at him with happy eyes. "Don't look at me so rapturously," she whispered. "Old Silas Hawkins is glaring at you, he wants to marry me, Steve!"

He lost his step.

"Wants to marry you!" He glared over at the man who was watching them with furtive eyes.

"Be careful, Steve! He will be saying something to my father if he gets suspicious."

Later she was forced to greet the man who had spoken to her father for her, meeting him in a quadrille. Her flesh recoiled from the touch of his hands on her bare arms.

"Will you give me the next dance, Jennie?" he whispered, as he swung her in the ladies' chain.

"My dances are all engaged ahead, Mr. Hawkins," she answered coldly.

Her eyes caught a glance from Steve. He was watching her from across the hall.

The next morning her father again broached the subject.

"Silas is coming over tonight to see you, Jennie," he said. "He was here last night after you had gone. I tell you he means business."

She looked at him with flashing eyes.

"Understand this once for all, father! Rather than marry Silas Hawkins I'd go to the County Farm! I can't under-

stand how you, my father, can even think of such a thing. What do you think mother would say if she knew that you were trying to sell me? Do you want to get rid of me?"

He flushed a little shamefacedly. His face was troubled.

"You see, Jennie, Silas holds the mortgage on the house. I—I never talked to you much about business but, to tell the truth, I've not done very well the last five or six years and I've had to put a mortgage on the farm. He holds it. I'm afraid if he gets mad, he might be kind of nasty."

Jennie's face was troubled. Here was a new complication.

"There will be some way," she said slowly. "I cannot bear to have him even think of me in that way. I shall not marry him." Her face was set and cold. "I will do any thing I can for you, father, but that! He reminds me of a fat, oily, green-eyed snake!"

Her father went to the mill soon after breakfast and as soon as he was gone she hurried out to the lower field where Steve was mowing.

"Oh, Steve," she sobbed, "father is trying to have me marry Silas Hawkins! He holds father's mortgage and he is afraid if we get him mad, he will make trouble!"

"Well, I'll be darned!" Steve said in surprise. "I don't see how it came that your father would ever have to put a mortgage on his place. That's queer! But anyway, Honey, he's crazy to think of ever making you the goat!"

They sat down on the log and talked the situation over. Jennie's face was troubled.

"I'm afraid, Steve. I wish we could be married now. I—I am afraid that something will happen!"

"The time has come to act," he said decidedly. "I'm going to take you away

tonight. I have my plans all made."

She looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"I think that father is beginning to mistrust something," she said anxiously. "He was looking at me so queerly this morning. Maybe Silas has told him something." They talked for an hour before she said good-by.

The moon was rising, filling the meadow with silver light and bringing each twig and branch into bold relief. Wraith-like mists were rising from the meadows, as Jennie stood by the window in her room, waiting.

At eleven o'clock she stole down the back stairs. She heard voices from the living room and hesitated. How queer that her father should have callers so late! Down by the lilac bushes, at the lower end of the yard, Steve would be waiting for her.

"I'd like to know," she said undecidedly. "I think I'll look in and see who it is!" Stealing softly up to the house, she cautiously peeped in at the window. "For goodness' sake!" she whispered in amazement.

Rushing across the yard, she threw herself into Steve's arms.

"Come see, if you see, what I saw!" she said incoherently. He followed her wonderingly. "Look!"

Through the window he saw two men playing checkers, their heads closely bent together. Drawing back, they looked at each other and burst out laughing. Claspng her in his arms, they stood looking in at the two men.

"What do you know about that!" he whispered.

Hand in hand they retraced their steps around the house and quietly opened the door into the kitchen.

"Father!" Each spoke, not waiting for the other.

The men arose.

"Ye thought you'd put one over on us, did ye?" Her father said laughingly. "Well let me tell ye something! To get ahead of us two old codgers that hev to be called yer fathers, ungrateful as ye be, ye'll hev to git up earlier in the morning, than ye ever hev yet! I saw ye whisperin' an' makin' love the other day an' I thought 'twas time we stole a march on ye, unless we wanted to be left with no children! So I buried the hatchet an' went over 'n talked with Tom. We didn't callate on yer goin' quite so soon though. Wall, will you two onery cusses change yer minds an' stay to home where you belong? Tom

an' I thought 'twould be a good idee to sort of consolidate. We figured thet we'd all move into one house an' rent the other to a hired man. If we're goin' to make a ranch out of this place, 'twill take another one, and the man's wife could help Jennie."

Jennie went into her father's arms, while Steve walked over to his father who put his hands on his shoulders.

"We'll all be one family!" she said happily. "Will Aunt Hattie stay, too?"

Steve's father laughed.

"No," he said. "She's goin' to marry Silas!"

## *Meeting*

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

Although the road of circumstance  
May run between  
Holding us thus apart,  
Our thoughts and dreams,  
The branches of our souls,  
May reach and touch  
In beauty overhead.  
And, oh, dear one,  
The purple shadows cast  
Are closely intertwined  
Across the space  
Mingled in exquisite  
Harmony and grace.

# *The Story of an Abandoned Farm or The House in the Woods*

ELLA THAYER DODGE

**T**URNING aside from the Hartford Pike with its electric line and lively automobile traffic onto a narrow, rough, country road which leads up and down hill through a thick woodsiness with an occasional open swale, in about half a mile one comes to the ruins of an old house. On every side the woods are encroaching on what were once fertile fields of the farmstead.

It has been deserted for many years. Nothing of the house remains except the splendid masonry of the foundations and the massive stone chimney where one can still count six fireplaces embedded into its bulk. The place has been so long deserted not even a trace of its timbers can be seen nor any of the shrubbery and fruit trees that once must have surrounded it, except a very jungle of lilacs and an occasional wild apple tree. The ruin might be in the depths of the Great North Woods for all signs of humanity to be seen from it. Nothing but forest is visible whichever way one looks.

I became immensely interested in its history, for history it surely had in this wild romantic setting. So one day having occasion to look up some old records at the town clerk's office in Cananohet, I asked the man in charge, about the place—who its owners had been, and why what was evidently such a fine old homestead was allowed to go to decay.

He said it had belonged to a family by

the name of Arnold, but no one had lived there for fifty years. . . . that the present owner, John Arnold, a grandson of the builder, lived in Philadelphia, and was a very rich old man, so he had never made any attempt to sell the place. He added that there was some sort of tragic history connected with it, but it was before his time so he could not remember what it was, anyhow John Arnold had never in his remembrance, re-visited his native town.

There was an old, old woman, he said, living out Wigwam Hill way, in a little cottage, and if I was interested enough in the matter to go to see her, she could tell me all about it for she and her husband worked there for many years, so he had been told.

It was a charming day in early fall and I had nothing in particular to do, so I walked out to see Mrs. Haig, and was lucky enough to find her enjoying one of her good days, as she said. She was gray and wrinkled past belief—all of ninety I should say—and her memory for what had happened recently was vague and weak, but for the events of sixty or seventy years ago she retained a vivid remembrance of even insignificant details, and sitting out on the steps of her little unpainted cottage in the warm September sunshine she told me the following story which I have clothed in my own language and to which I have added some details gathered later from other sources.

The Arnolds were people of impor-

tance and wealth in Canonchet. When old Amasa Arnold built this house it was the finest for miles around, and it set proudly in the midst of fertile fields, pasture, and swale, but then as now the forest surrounded it. However, it was a busy place. There were six children, hired men and maids, and no one ever thought of its being lonely. The Arnolds were hospitable. There were always guests coming and going. Amasa was a town officer besides doing much business in wood, lumber, and trading of various kinds, so it was a thriving, hustling household, almost a community in itself.

As time went on one after another of the children married and went away. Soon no one was left with the old folks but Richard, or Dick as he was called, and the youngest daughter, Jane, a frail young girl who after a long illness died of consumption soon after her sister Anna's marriage.

Dick had always been a great favorite with the girls round about but had reached the age of thirty without marrying when one night at a small dance at Putnam he met Molly Gregson of Hartford, just eighteen and a picture of loveliness in her city-made gown of white organdy with pink rose buds in her brown hair and pink roses on her cheeks.

Dick fell desperately in love that night, and after a brief and impetuous wooing, amid more or less opposition from both families, married her. Molly's family were people of some consequence even in Hartford. She was one of a large flock of brothers and sisters, and while her people all admitted Dick's charms, they said a large farm was no place for delicate, city-bred Molly.

Dick's people objected because Molly had neither the training nor the physique for a farmer's wife. Mrs. Arnold was

growing old and quite feeble, and on Dick's wife would devolve the care, responsibility, and much of the work of the farmhouse. But opposition only fanned the flame of Dick's love, and he brought his pretty girlish bride home to the farm before harvest was over.

Molly adored Dick, and tried her very best to meet the many cares and responsibilities thrust upon her, but it was a losing fight the bitterness of which Dick, having spent all his life on a farm and with farming people, never understood. Poor Molly's failure in her hard task soon changed much of his love into pity for himself that he should have burdened himself with an incompetent wife. As a result of her hard physical work and discouragement Molly's fine health gradually vanished, and the children who came were either dead at birth or lived but a few feeble ailing months before their frail lives flickered out. The old family doctor either did not understand or feared to speak the truth so conditions remained unaltered.

Five years after Molly came to the farm old Mrs. Arnold died after a prolonged sickness, feeling aggrieved to the last that Dick had not chosen one of the robust farmer lasses of the neighborhood for his wife—one who could have kept the farmhouse work up to its old standard of efficiency, and have borne healthy children to play about the old place.

Amasa Arnold lived several years after his wife's death, a driver and hustler to the end. But when that end came, the large property he had accumulated had to be divided among the several brothers and sisters and Dick, against all Molly's tears and pleadings, took for his share the home place.

When two work together, one is al-

ways the leader, and old Amasa had been very much that. Dick had been contented to be a sort of foreman under his direction. Now deprived of his father's counsel and keen business sagacity, and also without the old man's capital, things no longer prospered as they had done. Dick, who in his young manhood had made the life and gayety of the place, became sullen and grouchy, laying much of his ill success to Molly—that he had a wife who was no help to him. So Molly found sympathy nowhere except in the heart of her maid, the old woman now telling me the story. She was too proud to complain to her family who had advised against her marriage. Besides her own mother was dead. But she had one comfort. One of her babies, after a sickly year or two when the mother and her maid simply fought inch by inch for his life, developed a tough strain of vitality and after his babyhood was over grew into a handsome, happy little fellow who was the delight of his mother's heart, and even made his gruff father forget his surliness.

The farm was no longer the money bringing success it had been. The fields began to look neglected and the buildings to show lack of paint and repairs. However there were always fast horses in the barn and a classy buggy, and more and more frequently would Dick drive away with these. Ugly rumors began to creep about of his attentions to the red-cheeked wife of a farm laborer over on Wionkiege, by name of Nason.

Nason was of the acquiescent type of husband, and the money and gifts Arnold brought and the jobs he obtained for Nason—always at a distance—made him look with tolerant eyes on his wife's lover.

In the old days no one had thought of the Arnold farm with its teeming life as a lonely place, but now Haig and his wife, Jane, were the only help kept, mistress and maid planning to have Jane do much of the out door work so Dick would not discharge her as unnecessary. Little John as he grew up was at school, and Haig often away in distant field or woodlot. This left the two women alone on the place with the all encompassing woods, and no one in sound of their voices. The road was now an unfrequented one and the loneliness was appalling.

Molly, brought up in the city and used to a large lively household, could never get over her fear and terror at the silence and isolation. Jane who, in spite of her rough exterior, had a very tender heart tried never to leave her mistress alone, but sometimes conditions were too much for her to circumvent.

Arnold, absorbed in his own business and pleasures, paid no attention whatever to his wife's wishes and scoffed at her loneliness while young John, though he worshipped his mother in his boyish way, yet did not realize the unselfishness that never let her needs stand in the way of his wholesome pleasures.

John's education was assured—a little fund of his own had been left him by his grand-parents, and his father's fast horses and women could not encroach on that; so when he had finished at Lapham Academy in Groton, he entered upon his college course.

It was during his senior year he had a serious talk with his mother and realized more than ever the hardships and tragedy of her life. Various remarks by his youthful friends and some downright talk by the Haigs had shown a situation not to be ignored. Then, too,

something had happened this summer which had opened his eyes to conditions. It was a lovely day in August. The Haigs were called away to attend the funeral of a relative. John himself had gone into Providence on a business errand for his father, leaving him at home working in the garden.

But Arnold did not continue long at this occupation—the day was too fine. A ride with Mazie Nason and a supper and dance at one of the numerous taverns round about appealed to him as the only way to fittingly celebrate such a glorious day. So he went into the house, finding his wife on the lounge resting while she watched the cooking of dinner. When he came out of the bedroom dressed in his best, his wife asked him where he was going.

"To town on business," he said.

"Can't the business wait 'till tomorrow?" she asked. "Every one is away today and I am afraid to be left all alone."

Seeing his face grow black like a thunder cloud, she added quickly, "Or if the business can't wait, take me with you. Perhaps," with pitiful hopefulness, "the drive would do me good and I would be better for the fresh air."

"I can't bother having you around," said he. "I may not be back 'til late. What is there to be afraid of here?"

"I'm afraid of the stillness and robbers. I'm not well and I don't dare stay alone," she cried.

"Damn your fears," said he, "spunk up and try to be good for something besides muling around like a sick baby," and slamming the door he left the house and harnessing King Cole into his shiny buggy, drove rapidly away.

Molly sobbed weakly as she saw him go and feebly taking the cooking food

from the stove, she locked and bolted and barred every window and door she had strength to reach. Then by busy-ing herself with the accumulated household tasks tried to drive away her fears.

All the lonely afternoon no one passed by and about four as she was sewing upstairs she heard a thunderous pounding at the back door. Looking out she saw two ugly looking tramps. Her heart beat so it almost suffocated her but she had strength enough to close the door of the room she was in and draw a heavy table against it while the tramps, not able to break in the locked doors, prowled around the house, and finding a window insecurely fastened, crawled in. Molly could hear them as they proceeded to help themselves to eatables, then going into the dining room, ransacked the silver closet.

Fearful every moment that they might discover her whereabouts, she listened in agony while they started up the stairs, but hearing a team in the distance they opened the door on the side nearest the woods and were far away when the Haigs and John reached home about six, to find the house in terrible confusion, and Molly upstairs in a dead faint from which their combined efforts could not arouse her.

A doctor was hastily brought from Canochet who did finally succeed in restoring her, but it was several days before she recovered sufficiently to be about the house.

It had been in the "wee sma' hours" of the night before Arnold got home, and confronted his son, pale from anxiety and watching at his mother's bedside.

This incident opened John's eyes to the conditions at home and several talks with the Haigs showed him plainly how affairs were going, so before he left for

college in the fall, although he was easy-going, and in a way selfish as most young fellows are, he had a talk with his father, for he dearly loved his delicate little mother, and it was unbearable to go away and leave her to his father's carelessness and neglect. In their talk one thing led to another, and in conclusion, with flashing eyes and a sternness which made him look like his grandfather, Arnold, and twenty years older than his age, he told his father to be careful. That if anything happened to his mother through his neglect he should have him to deal with.

Perhaps if there was anything Richard Arnold cared for beside his own sinful pleasures, it was this handsome young son of his, so for some months he was more careful and the Haigs more devoted than ever. But with spring he was more and more away. More than once it happened Molly was left alone. She had never since the tramp episode quite regained her nerve strength. Then, too, Mrs. Haig had been quite often called away to her sister who was very ill, so she had a larger burden of household cares.

One windy, gray day in early April she was left entirely alone. Mrs. Haig was at her sister's. Haig himself had gone with a load of wood to Providence. About ten Arnold harnessed up and announced he had to see a man in Gorham. Molly had learned the uselessness of asking him to stay at home so said nothing, and he drove away leaving her all alone on the isolated, desolate farm. Whichever way she looked there was nothing but woods—not a single cheering sign of humanity could she see. The house creaked and groaned with the wind, the trees thrashed their bare arms together, and the sky looked as gray and

hard as the earth beneath. The nearest neighbors were a mile away, and even if Molly had had strength to reach them they were busy, uncongenial people. Never could she get accustomed to the loneliness and today at every unaccustomed sound her heart nearly stopped beating. But somehow the miserable day wore itself to a close and still neither of the men had reached home.

Supper was waiting and gradually grew cold, and the swirling wind of the angry black night, as it beat against the windows of the isolated farmhouse, was laden with hail and sleet. Almost benumbed by fear, about ten, Molly was aroused by a beating at the door. Thinking it was the faithful Haig, she hastened to open it, and was confronted by an ugly, repulsive looking negro who thrust her aside and made at once to the stove to get warm. Then he seated himself at the table and made the trembling woman wait on him while he ate like a wolf until his appetite was satisfied. As he ate Molly noticed a big scar on his head and that part of one ear was missing, and with sickening dread remembered the description in last week's paper of a murderer escaped from the state's prison at Howard.

After he had finished eating he turned with an ugly leer, and asked her to show him where the money and silver were, but she refused though her mouth was so dry she could scarcely articulate the words.

At her refusal he knocked her down with his big fist. As she toppled over, her head hit the corner of the wood box and the blood flowed over everything. With a horrible grin at the success of his blow, the negro turned to ransacking the house. He made a very thorough haul of all the valuables in the



place and returning to the kitchen to pack them into a bag he had found, he saw Molly was just beginning to regain consciousness, and either out of fear of her disclosing the direction of his escape to the authorities or out of pure devilish lust for killing, he hit her over the head with a heavy hammer, and poor Molly's pitiful, unselfish life was stilled forever. She had gone where the lonely night winds and the gloomy forest would no more terrify her—where neglect, nor unkindness, nor pain, nor failure would no more torture her.

Seeing she was in truth dead, the murderer took up his bag, and without even closing the door in his haste, ran for the nearby wood.

About two the next morning Arnold returned. Mazie Nason had been particularly alluring, and they had had a gay time of it at Gorham, where he had met her and some of her friends, and afterwards at her home on Wionkiege. He was still thinking of the day's pleasures as he drove into the barn. The storm and wind had died down and a full moon was sailing high in the sky overhead.

He was astonished as he turned toward the house to see the back door wide open. Cursing at somebody's carelessness he went in. As he stepped into the kitchen he saw a sight that turned his blood cold. There in the full moonlight lay Molly. She lay in a dark pool of blood but her face was mercifully untouched. The moonlight brought out its beauty, purity, and tenderness, and the peace that had now fallen upon her gave her back the beauty of her girlhood days. Arnold rushed to her side and felt her forehead, her wrist, her heart, but she had been several hours dead and he shrank back in a fright as he

felt the icy coldness of her. With trembling hands he struck a match, but it flared and went out. It was only after many attempts that his shaking hands finally made out to light a lamp. Then he saw the havoc that had been wrought—that he himself was covered with blood where he had knelt by Molly's side—that all through the house was dire confusion.

Then to *him* came a sense of the terrible loneliness and isolation of the place. Perhaps the robbers were still about waiting to murder him. If they were who could hear his cries—there was nothing but interminable forest in any direction. He knew he ought, he *must*, summon help, and he started back to the kitchen, but as he approached, the thought of his little wife lying in that pool of blood so unnerved him he shook all over, as with the ague and the lamp fell out of his trembling hand. Left in the dark he felt the unseen hands of the murderer were grabbing at him in the black passageway and he frantically stumbled into the kitchen where in the moonlight lay Molly. As he looked it seemed to him her lips moved. He knelt at her side trying to get her to speak to him, but never more in patience or entreaty would those lips answer his. The mother of his son lay there foully murdered because of his neglect. As waves of remorse rolled over him, dulling his fears, dark squally clouds covered the moon and the wind rattled the windows. Shrieking with fear, he called and called but no one heard. He could hear stealthy foot-steps approaching and scurried into a corner to protect himself against his assailants.

When Haig, who had been delayed by a series of accidents and misfortunes, reached home at daylight he found him

cowering in the corner shrieking with terror. Horrified at what he saw, and thinking Arnold had killed his wife, he drove as though the Evil One were after him, the long mile to a neighbor's. They in turn roused others and a little after sunrise the yard was full of people who handled Arnold with no gentle hands. But investigation proved it had been a robber who had done the dastardly deed so Arnold was released. The sheriff held firmly to the belief that the escaped negro convict who had been seen in the dense woods hereabouts was the murderer. The negro was never captured, but many years after, contractors, in digging a trench through a bog near the old Bowdish Reservoir, came upon a skeleton near which were found pieces of family plate with M R G, Molly's initials, on them.

After Molly was laid at rest on Acote's Hill and they had returned to the silent, empty house, John came into the living room where his father was sitting, bag in hand ready to start for the train. Arnold exclaimed in dismay, when he saw him about to go, and then John told him some bitter truths about his treatment of the woman he had vowed to cherish and protect, swearing never to darken his doors again.

The next day the Haigs also left. They were to run her sister's farm. No one could be gotten to take their places for the house got the reputation of being haunted and was so lonely no woman could be hired to live there. At Arnold's father's death there had been legal troubles over the settlement of the estate which had antagonized those of his family who lived in that section. They would not respond to any overtures he made. As for Mazie Nason and her sort, he had

no more interest for them for it soon became known that he was in financial difficulties as well as in popular disfavor. Mazie had a new lover before the week was out.

When the ugly story of the murder was bruited abroad, men at a distance became aware of the life Arnold had been living, and insisted on the payment of the debts he owed them. Mazie had been an expensive proposition in other ways than the money he spent on her. A New England farm requires the undivided attention of its owner to make it a paying proposition, and the Arnold farm had for years lacked the skill and attention needed in its management. So one by one the cattle and fast horses, the carriages and everything salable, went to satisfy creditors. The mortgagee took the fields and surrounding woodlots leaving Arnold the house as no one would buy a place with such a history. So he lived alone in the old place which in his memory had been filled with the laughter of young voices and the sounds of happy labor.

If he had still had money to spend, if he had still had position and wealth, his neglect of his wife who had been murdered while he was off with his mistress would have been overlooked, at least seemingly, but as he was shorn of all these he was shunned by everyone.

One cold, blustery day in April, just one year from the date of Molly's death, a neighbor called to collect a bill for work. He had called several times before but been put off each time so this time he was determined to get his money. He pounded on the door with right good will, but no one answered, so he went to the kitchen window, and looking in saw Arnold on the floor just where he

had found his murdered wife a year ago.

The man hurriedly smashed the window, then climbing in reached Arnold's side, but he had been many hours dead. On his face was an expression of hideous terror. The cause of his death, the hastily summoned doctor pronounced as heart failure, produced by some sudden shock or fright. What caused the terror no one knew, but every one thought it was the vision of his wife's murder. All about were evidences of his fear in his loneliness. Windows and doors were barred, bolted and barricaded, and a whole arsenal of weapons was found.

John, who had never entered the door of the house since the day of his mother's funeral, was summoned from Phila-

delphia where he had gone immediately after his graduation to work for his mother's brother, a manufacturer there.

After his father was buried, he locked up the old house and left it, never to return. And there it has stood gradually falling to decay, shunned even by tramps on account of its tragic history, a home for birds and beasts of the field. The wild flowers and trees of the forest, pitying its loneliness, have crept shyly up to it. The timbers have rotted into the earth from which they sprang, but the granite masonry, like the eternal principles of life and death, still stands and shall stand eternally the buffeting of wind and weather, the sins of man and the harshness of Nature.

## *Vespers at St. Paul's*

ALDINE F. MASON

High vaulted arches span the cloistered nave,  
 Rose-hued the light athwart the chancel dim,  
 The carved altar towering over all,  
 Sends back the echo of each glorious hymn.  
 What memories must arise in those  
 Who come once more and kneel to pray  
 Before this altar as in days long past,  
 With faith undimmed, tho' near life's closing day;  
 The organ peals! The choir in serried rank on rank  
 With voices blent in unison, take up the mighty chant,  
 And as the arches echo with the last whispering breath,  
 A voice in invocation speaks, "There is no death!  
 The sword of life falls from our nerveless hands,  
 We sink into Azrael's deep embrace,  
 And rest, till at the Master's clear command,  
 We rise again, each to his destined place.  
 Having fulfilled the law of brotherhood,  
 Forgiven earthly wrongs along life's way,  
 Given loyalty and comfort where we could,  
 We bow before Him in humility,  
 In silence kneel, and wait his word of grace,  
 These are my chosen ones, and they shall see my face!"

# *A Blue Diamond in New Hampshire Skies*

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

**Y**EARS and years ago, in Belknap County, near the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, a man stood studying the bespangled heavens. Years and years ago, in the Weirs, on a hill-side, this man was standing. It was an August evening in summer.

Below him, unseen, lay Lake Winnepesaukee. Its refreshing coolness was felt. He stood within a meadow, amid its verdant grasses. Quietude reigned. Peace and contentment surrounded him and city cares were forgotten. Below him there sparkled the lights of the Weirs; above him scintillated the stars of the darkened firmament.

Hundreds of stars were visible to this man's unassisted sight with millions more beyond them. No moon, no clouds; it was a perfect August night. Now and then a breath of fragrant air fanned his face. It was as though he were in a wilderness alone. No human voice disturbed him.

Hundreds of stars were visible to his unassisted eyesight. Golden Arcturus glittered in the west, red Antares gleamed south-westwardly, yellowish Altair sparkled south-eastwardly, the Big Dipper in Ursa Major was revolving northwardly and the Northern Cross of Cygnus spanned the Milky Way. Beautiful indeed were the star-bespangled heavens!

This man stood looking upwards, higher than golden Arcturus, higher than red Antares, higher than yellowish Altair. He looked to the zenith and beheld an insignificant constellation, Lyra—Lyra the harp. In this firmamental harp he saw a bright and beautiful star,

a brilliant, blue beautiful sun, sparkling like a blue fiery diamond.

Vega of Lyra! Vega, also called Wega. Azure Vega, which the poet Willis likened to a "woman's eye burning with soft blue lustre." Vega at the zenith in August. A star jewel of first magnitude, the fourth brightest sun of night and many, many times more brilliant than our own sun and brighter than golden Arcturus in the western sky. Beautiful, beautiful Vega!

Alpha of Lyra is more than 60 times larger than our own sun, and our own sun approximates 1,300,000 times the size of our earth. Nevertheless, Vega is comparatively not a large sun. Alpha of Lyra, a sky-furnace whose surface temperature equals about 20,000 degrees, Fahrenheit. Our own sun is distant 93, 000,000 miles while Vega Lyra is distant 150,000,000,000,000 miles. Accordingly, we do not see Vega as she exists this evening but behold her as she existed a quarter-century ago. This is so because light-rays take 25 years to travel from brilliant Vega to our earth.

Years and years ago, this firmamental blue diamond shone upon Lake Winnepesaukee. Years and years ago, a man stood studying the bespangled heavens, in the Weirs. It was summer, an August evening. Tonight this same firmamental diamond still shines upon the Weirs, upon Lake Winnepesaukee. Years and years hence Vega of Lyra will shine upon the lakes and mountains of New Hampshire, and will sparkle the same in New Hampshire skies as she scintillated in the times when only the Indians dwelt around the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee.

# *Legends and Traditions of an Old New Hampshire Town*

MAYBELLE BURROUGHS

**R**ECENT events can be recalled by the people of the present generation if time can be spared by them, in the rush for motion pictures, automobiles, airplanes, and the like, but there are some facts and traditions which are almost forgotten and have never been recorded. Some were told me by old persons who have passed away, but to A. O. Robinson, an old school teacher, now 79 years old, I'm indebted for most of the history of Wakefield, N. H. He is unable to furnish exact dates so no attempt will be made at chronological order.

East-Town was the original name of this tract of land and questions have arisen relative to that name and also about the outline of the town which is somewhat of a diamond shape. Tradition says that a grantee of a large tract of land agreed to run three townships, each of a stated length and width, and he was to have the remaining land. He laid out in diamond shape the three towns of New Durham, Middleton, (then Middle-Town) which includes Brookfield, and East-Town, which name was afterwards changed to Wakefield by the influence of Gov. Wentworth, in honor of the town by that name in England.

The intention of the grantor was to have three "rectangular" towns of the stated length and width, but by the accidental omission of the word (rectangular) the grantee took advantage of that omission and saved to himself a

large tract of land which afterwards became a part of the town of Alton.

John W. Sanborn, superintendent of the Conway division of the Boston & Maine railroad and from whom Sanbornville was named, told the story of the so-called "Stealing of the Old Meeting House." After the new church at Wakefield Corner had been built, the old meeting house ceased to be used. There was a branch of the same religious denomination at Union Village and not having a desirable place to worship, the people there proposed to move the old meeting house to their village and Major Hall, one of their leading men, came up with a crew of men and teams and proceeded to take the building down and haul it to Union. A large number of people in this vicinity came to the scene in remonstrance. They felt that as the house of worship was dedicated and consecrated on that particular spot, it would be sacrilegious to remove it. The women knelt upon the ground and wept and prayed, and perhaps some said strong words to themselves, but all without avail. Mr. Sanborn said no violence was offered in opposition, as the church members thought that would be an additional sin.

The house was hauled away and set up at Union where it has served ever since as a place of worship. About forty years ago a steeple was built on to the old church, and Mr. Alonzo Kimball gave a bell which was put in it. The original location of the old meeting

house was on the west side of the road which leads into the old part of the cemetery on the north side. Some pines are now growing in that place.

The exact spot where the old parsonage stood is on the east side of this old road and where the burial lot of Marshall E. Knight is located. Miss Almira Haines said that her father's family lived there at one time after it ceased to be used by the minister. Mr. Sanborn also told of another instance of peculiar ideas which the old people had. They said when Capt. John Lovell killed the ten Indians on the island in the pond here named for him, and when the last surviving Indian asked for mercy, the captain, thinking more about the bounty for his scalp than he did of compassion, killed him; then "his luck turned," as he himself was killed, not long afterwards, at Fryeburg, Maine.

Reference might appropriately be made to the Congregational church at the "Corner," whose steeple extends a hundred feet or more upward into the air. The old style of church architecture shown in the tall steeple is still admired not only by the inhabitants of the town, but by summer tourists, many of whom stop to look at it and visit the old church. When it was constructed years ago, the steeple was considered to be the best and handsomest for a good many miles around. A resident of Philadelphia said, "The steeple would not disgrace a thirty thousand dollar church," and money values were different then from those now.

The second story of the church served for many years as an academy. The instructors were educated and practical persons and the academy was well patronized. The principal was Edward Payson Hodsdon, his assistants were

James W. Garvin, Martha E. Lincoln, Harriet N. Hobbs, and Martha Paul. A list of all teachers and pupils would make an interesting chapter.

During the fall of 1866, the church was painted. Jerry Lord and his crew from Great Falls (Somersworth) did the work. Jerry painted the spire himself, and to gain the top he nailed pieces of boards across the east side, making a temporary ladder. Around the top he fastened a rope from which his swing chair was suspended. Some of the ornamental brackets above the bell deck were found decayed and were cut off and dropped to the ground. The pupils were warned to keep from under when they fell. About fifty years ago through the efforts of Mr. George W. Dow and other members of the church, the large clear toned bell was hung in the belfry. It came from the famous Meneely Bell Foundry of Troy, N. Y. Mr. John T. Varney was the first bell ringer.

A humorous incident connected with the church may be of interest. The east end of the basement was open and some people stored their farming tools there. Now, years ago, several of the younger members of the F. F. W., chafing under Puritanical restraint, went to the basement of the church and cut a square hole up through the floor and under the choir gallery, where was quite a sizable room. They constructed rude tables and benches and by the light of tallow candles, had many interesting games of "High-Low-Jack" and "casino." A member of the later generation showed Mr. Robinson the place, also mentioned the names of the Clandestine club. Shades of Parson Baker! Let us hope that he never knew the secret.

The old mansion home of William Sawyer, Esq., deserves to be mentioned.

It was of the Colonial type, two stories high, low pitch roof, large and imposing in appearance, and was located at Wakefield Corner near the spot where Mr. Simon Blake's new barn stands. The spacious hall door had a semicircular portico, the pillars of which rested upon a large piece of split stone which with the two stone steps were presented to the town by Mr. Blake and may now be seen at the entrance of the town hall at Sanbornville. Some pieces of the split stone underpinning were bought by Mr. John W. Sanborn, who put them under the Pioneer building. In front of this old house, by the side of the highway, were stone posts, a dozen or more, set about a rod apart and connected by iron chains, also an iron gate in front of the doorway, thus forming a barrier between the road and front of the lot. The stone posts were sold to different persons and some of them may be found and easily recognized. The work was done by Chase Perkins, a resident of the town, who was a stone mason.

All of the windows of the house were large. The panes were medium size and were of the "wavy" kind of glass,—that is, the glass was not exactly flat, like the window glass used now. The house was never painted and it had an ancient and venerable appearance. There was an ell and other additions which extended from the rear in a northerly direction parallel with the road. At one time Seth Low wanted to buy the place, for a summer home, but did not succeed. More is the pity. This property was owned at one time by Mr. George Gage, who tore the building down perhaps forty years ago or more. In Mr. Robinson's days, he can remember seeing Mr. Sawyer, then an aged man, who had retired from law-practice. He came from

Portsmouth, and his wife, a Miss Yeaton, came from the same place. Before her marriage she received a legacy of one thousand dollars, which she used to furnish her new home. Part of the furniture was solid mahogany and a number of those pieces are still preserved in town.

Squire Luther Sawyer, at the Corner, in speaking about the town, used these words, "Wakefield is noted for longevity of its citizens." That fact would apply to the adjoining towns because the conditions are similar. Mr. Robinson can remember a good many persons who lived upwards of eighty years, and quite a number more than ninety years, and four who passed the century mark, as follows: Mrs. Joseph Bickford and her grandson, John W. Mathews, Mr. David Evans, and Miss Lucy Maria Sawyer. But the oldest person who died in this town was Mr. Robert Macklin. It is recorded that he was born in Scotland in the year 1672, and that he died in Wakefield in 1787. These dates would make him 115 years old at the time of his death, but old people of the town said he was "well nigh up to 116 years old when he died."

There is a tradition that when he was a boy in Scotland, he was stricken with a contagious disease, which they called "the Plague" and that he was buried in the ground, all but his head, with the idea that the ground would absorb, or neutralize, the poisonous disease of his body. He survived and the story continued that he was never sick afterwards, but died of old age. At one time he was a baker in Portsmouth, and it is recorded that when he was eighty years old he walked from Boston to Portsmouth in one day and the second day to Wakefield.

The location of his house was on the old discontinued highway west of the railroad and some distance south of "Fellows' Crossing." The Macklin Brook, so-called, runs through a culvert under the railroad. There was a small wooden bridge, also called "The Macklin Bridge," about eight or ten feet in length which spanned the brook. The bridge is gone, but the rock abutments may still be seen. Mr. Macklin's body was buried in the "Old Meeting House burying ground." Miss Almira Haines said that the rude stone, now standing at the head of his grave, was placed there by her direction. Perhaps Mr. Macklin was the oldest white person who ever died in the state of New Hampshire. (A suitable stone bearing his name and the name of his native country, together with dates of his birth and death placed at his grave would be a fitting tribute to the memory of this very aged man, who undoubtedly was a worthy person.)

The history of Wakefield would be incomplete unless prominent mention was made of Parson Piper in giving him considerable credit for his efforts in the development of the town in its early days. Mr. Asa Piper was a Harvard College graduate and perhaps was the first highly educated man in this vicinity. In addition to his theological acquirements he studied medicine to enable him to give first aid to his parishioners and others in the absence of a regular physician. A portion of his library was presented to the Wakefield Public Library by the later members of his family. Parson Piper had a well cultivated and productive farm, a good orchard, a large garden where he raised a good supply of vegetables and various kinds of berries. He also kept honeybees. Besides his spiritual teaching he

took a lively interest in the general welfare of the town affairs, always for the good of everyone. He took a great interest in education. He specially induced some of the young men to take advanced studies and come to his home and recite to him, they paying for their tuition by work on his farm and in his garden. Thus quite a number of young men were enabled to take studies beyond those taught in the public schools. Benjamin Cook (afterwards known as Col. Ben) became a land surveyor of considerable note. Some of the town maps and plans bear his name. Josiah Robinson, Jr., born in Brookfield, was fitted for Phillips' Exeter academy by Parson Piper. After attending the academy, he became a lawyer in the state of New York. The influence of Parson Piper is still felt, even at the present time, though perhaps unrecognized, and his memory ought to be cherished among those of other citizens who have labored hard to bring Wakefield to its high position among other towns of this state.

Wakefield has always been a progressive town and has ever given much attention to education of the rising generation as they came along. It was said at one time, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, Wakefield had more college graduates than any other town in this state.

An interesting tradition has been handed down relative to the method used for filling the quota of men apportioned to this town for service in the Revolutionary War. It has been told that all of the men in town liable for military duty assembled at the house of Col. Jonathan Palmer, which stood on the east side of the highway, south of Parson Piper's house, and at the northeast corner, where the Milton Mills road, go-



ing over the Copp hill, branches off. The house was of the square type, with the chimney in the middle. Slips of paper equal to the number of men present were prepared, with the word "go" written on a number of slips equal to the quota. The other slips were blank. All of the slips were put into some one's tall hat and mixed up. The hat was put on the mantle piece "and the men marched around the chimney." Each man put one hand into the hat and took out a slip of paper. The man drawing a marked slip was obliged to go to war unless he could induce some one to take his place. Years after that the old house caught on fire and was burned down, but the foundation may be seen at the present time.

Among the early industries of the town and not mentioned by any other records, was the manufacture of potash near the brook by that name which ran into Arthur Paul's ice pond, south of the Kennett Garage. Also potash was made near the place where Charles Nutter lived. Asa Brackett said that bricks were made many years ago in his father's old farm from clay found near the Brackett shore at Lovell's Pond. There was a small mill for sawing shingles on the stream in their pasture. There was sufficient water for that purpose when the snow melted in the spring. Another ancient industry, almost forgotten, was the distilling of whiskey from rye and potatoes by Mr. Washington Copp, on the farm afterwards occupied by his son, John, beyond the Copp hill on the road to Milton Mills. One year Mr. Copp raised three hundred bushels of potatoes which he made into whiskey. A field known as "the still" field was highly fertilized by the waste product from the distillery.

There was no "Volstead law" in those days, but the old people said the whiskey business was no benefit to the town. The mention of the "Volstead law" brings to mind the fact that most of the stores sold liquor. New rum was retailed at three cents a glass. Then it was a favorite drink. Rum was brought into the town, sometimes in hogsheads, but generally in barrels. The man who kept the store, afterwards occupied by George Gage at the Corner but since burned, had one barrel on tap in his back store and another in reserve on the blocks. Some of the customers noted the exact spot where the barrel rested against the building, and one dark night went and bored a large hole through the boards and a smaller hole into the barrel and with a long spout drew out part of the contents and carried it away in pails to be used on the sly. The story was told to Mr. Robinson by a descendant of one of the said customers. But they also did have a temperance wave in those wet times and about a hundred years ago some farmers cut down part of their apple trees so as not to be tempted to make cider and they used cold water for their beverage.

On the east side of the road leading from here to Wakefield Corner, inside of the fence line, at the foot of "Sanborn Hill," now occupied by Mr. Urkuhart, is a boulder of considerable size, which Mr. Charles W. Sanborn said was brought there from Ossipee Mountain in the Great Ice Period, which some scientists claim was more than twenty thousand years ago. The electric light people have guyed a pole to it.

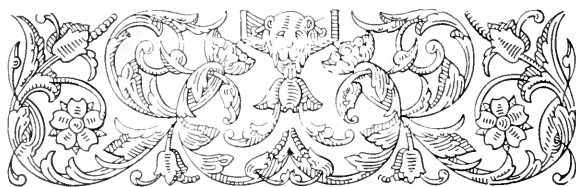
The question has sometimes been asked where Union Village got its name. Mr. John S. Adams told Mr. Robinson the story—that when the citizens there

were intending to petition for a post office they met at a convenient place to select a name, but it seemed that each person had in mind a name different from any other. In despair they decided to go home without agreeing upon a name when Andrew J. Hayes stood up in a chair and speaking in an ironical but facetious manner said, that, "inasmuch as we are all of the same mind I suggest that we take the name Union," and every one shouted, "Yes," and the name has abided ever since.

In the olden times, a saw mill, known as the "Mathes Mill," located at the outlet of Pine River Pond at North Wakefield did a large business. "A gang of saws," sixteen in number of the "up and down" kind, was hung in the saw frame, so that many boards could be sawed at the same time. That was before the advent of the swift turning circular saw, which rendered obsolete the old way. A little west of the Sanborn

saw mill in this village on the same stream, and on the south side of the road also before arriving at the Fowler grist mill, so known originally, stood a small mill used for sawing shingles. The large wheels of the mill were made of wood and when running ground together making a noise which sounded like the words "Fuddy-duddy." The mill was known as "old fuddy-duddy."

Another question—Whence the name "Witch-trot" for the road leading from Sanbornville to East Lake? It has been thought that it was borrowed from an earlier road in the east part of Rochester known by that name, and originally came from the name of a lane in England. Some "old timers" say it was called thus on account of an old woman who was regarded as a witch who went trotting up and down this road on her old white horse after she had bewitched the housewives' cream so that it would not turn into butter.



# *Sounds*

LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW

I love the notes that nature took  
From the harp of eternity,—  
The song of a bird, the sound of a brook,  
The boom of the calling sea,

Or the "elish" of pebbles. I delight  
In taking a handful of crystal snow,  
On a silent winter's night  
And flinging it over the ice below ;

For each crystal resounds as it hits the ground  
Like a fragile fairy bell,—  
I love to listen for the sound  
Of murmuring waves in a shell.

I love to listen to the drone  
Of humming birds and bees,  
Or the wail of willow branches blown  
By a vagrant evening breeze ;

To the rustle of autumn leaves that fell,  
And now swirl as the wild winds blow ;  
To the distant knell of a wintry bell  
Or the crunch of crusted snow.

But what of those vague elusive things  
That are not, and yet are—  
The vibrant hush that twilight brings,  
Or the rythmical whir of a star?

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED  
BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Statement of *Granite Monthly* published monthly at Manchester, N. H., for April 1, 1930. State of New Hampshire, County of Hillsborough.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edward T. McShane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the *Granite Monthly* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. The name and address of the publisher, editor, and business manager is Edward T. McShane, 94 Concord Street, Manchester, N. H.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Edward T. McShane, 94 Concord Street, Manchester, N. H.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EDWARD T. McSHANE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1930.

EDW. I. LITTLEFIELD.  
(My commission expires December 16, 1931)

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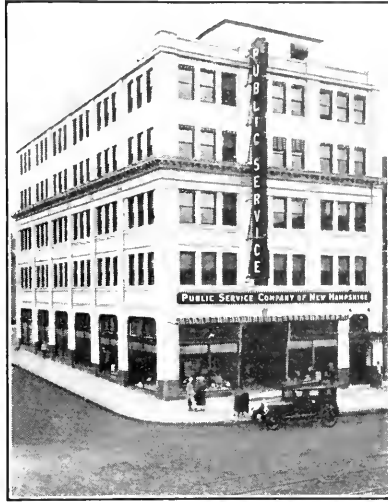
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